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MEN" by Theodore Dreiser



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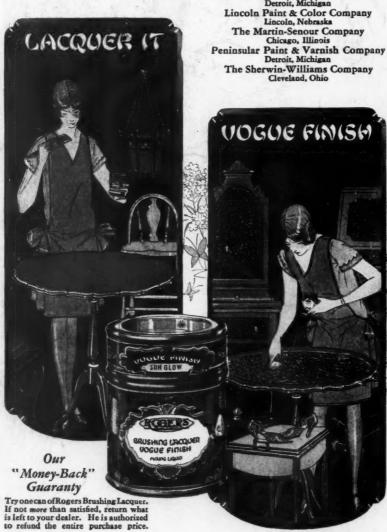
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VOL. LXXXIV NO. 4

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Parties

RIENDS who drop around to call these days are a little surprised to find me puttering around with a broken chair, tinkering with a tap in the bathroom or perhaps polishing the piano. I have become quite a home boy.

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For years I would drop everything to go to a party. No need to come out openly with an invitation. Just a hint was sufficient. As I look back on the days in East Liverpool, Dayton, Cincinnati—oh, I've been around—my life was a constant succession of parties.

Indeed it seemed to me it wasn't quite a party until I arrived. I knew a lot of clean funny stories, could do all sorts of tricks with cards and strings to say nothing of my killing imitation of a fat piccolo player whose piccolo had suddenly clogged.

Parties in those days were worth while. You didn't awaken with a start the following noon and call up your host frantically to find out if you had married anybody. Ten days later you could call off the names of those present. You went to your office next day with a head as clear as a bell and filled with pleasant memories.

If you can go to a party these days without getting cock-eyed and making a jackass of yourself, you are my hero—with love and kisses.

I have seen crisp men of heavy affairs who hem and haw in double clef arrive at a party as aloof as the sphinx.

An hour later with a garland of roses in their hair they would be doing one of those leaping-for-buttercup dances. And then there are those other dignitaries who invariably when they become plastered think it is funny to wear a lady's hat. Of all the sillies!

I have been to parties where grandma had a gin giggle. The flapper daughter moved around in an alcoholic blur. The mother was hilariously pickled. And so was her old man.

mother was hilariously pickled. And so was her old man.
All of this may not be true of other sections of the country, but if you do not believe it happens in this metropolis you do not know New York.

A party in Manhattan without liquor is a dud. The guests "die on the vine" and make their excuses early. And don't expect them again.

Something is wrong somewhere. I do not pretend to know what. You hear it blamed on the war, prohibition or a high-speed civilization. But if you ask me, I think we have all gone slightly goofy. We merely prefer cir-cirrh—oh well, liver trouble—to pleasant old age.

If you are not going anywhere, consider for the moment the average day in New York. A luncheon with a few high-voltage cocktails, a five-o'clock tea where everybody gets blotto, dinner with more cocktails and what passes for wine, the theater and then the night club where you empty the flask. And so to bed if you can catch it when it comes around.

This is not an exaggeration. Thousands are keeping that up



(With a garland of roses in his hair he does one of those leaping-for-buttercup dances.

By O. O. McIntyre

day after day until some morning the butler cannot awaken them.

It used to be an opprobrium to be referred to as one who drinks like a fish. Today it is a trade-last. Less than a week ago a reigning young débutante drifted out of a smart restaurant and a gentleman at an adjoining table observed: "A beautiful child and holds her liquor like a major."

I'm not such an old softy but I confess to a lump in my throat. It just so happens a big part of my job in life has been watching from side lines what liquor does to folk. If all this sounds as though I have climbed upon the soap box, make the most of it. We were never so badly in need of preachers anyway.

If ALL this wild partying is the texture of the rich romantic stuff we call humanity, then we need a new deal. I for one—and I've had my fun—refuse to believe a group of normal human beings cannot get together

and have a good time without awakening the next morning with

a quinine taste and a groan.

Life is not altogether the complex thing we imagine it is. We have simplified our dress, our means of transportation and even our work, and it would not require a Herculean effort to simplify our amusements. And we would not have to go back to bean-bags either.

I often hear it said America does not know how to play. It is now, as I write, two o'clock in the afternoon and I wish you might hear the goings-on and whoopees next door.

I can hear it above the popping corks and rattle of the cocktail shaker. Somebody they call Freddy arrived two hours ago with a booming laugh. Howza folks? . . . Certainly looks like a regular party . . . Down the hatch . . .

But for the last five minutes Freddy has been in a corner sob-

Someone carelessly brought up the nearly forgotten atrocities of the Turks among the Armenians and that almost broke Freddy's heart.

Poor Freddy! In his own way he symbolizes the modern idea in America of a good time. He is the spirit of "the party." And he's still sobbing.

By GHARLES



Extras

DANA GIBSON



The OYES & TRAGEDIES of a GENIUS Told in a New Biography by UDWIG

OW it trembles and turns—how the the mill pulsates!

As a child he scarcely thought of it; he was born here and he played here—and all he knew was that it was forbidden to play in front of the mill, where the sails were turning. A little fence kept back the children. But inside, they could clamber up and down the stairs, chase one another, and hide.

He was sitting inside now, hidden for a different purpose—a fifteen-year-old boy who blinked in the flickering light of this vibrant house. He kept peering into the fluttering darkness with his back to the little slits of windows, seeking to capture this magically uncertain light made by the unremitting tremor. For he held a board on his knees, he had

held a board on his knees, he had colors beside him, and he was groping to produce a likeness of this

Then he grew tired of his work; and putting away his things he walked across to the window. With blank and unseeing eyes he surveyed the landscape. He knew it well, and it held no fascination for him, though from up here

on the edge of the town he could look down from the dam and see the land and the river extending for miles in the bright sunlight. It was the Rhine which, after a long pilgrimage, would soon empty into the great ocean.

would soon empty into the great ocean.

Far up in the Alps, when it was young, and leaped over boulders, it was undoubtedly a more cheering spectacle. Pondering with subdued unconscious envy, the boy was thinking of the joys



Rembrandt liked the little He laughed, and when

of youth which he had read about in the Latin school. And he felt heavy-hearted, felt as old as the Rhine itself.

To be sure, he was descended from a plodding race. His forebears had been accustomed to a life of toil. They had ground meal for a livelihood; the tireless wooden windmill was old. It was called simply Rijn, after the great river.

The memory of their past was transmitted by word of mouth alone. For the homeless have no such records and pictures as are collected by the wealthy burghers in the near-by town. They did not even have a family name, but were known merely as the sons of their father. Thus the boy's father was called

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BRANDT



blonde Trisian girl with her bright eyes and her frail body. Saskia looked up, for the first time, she saw him as a lover.

Harmens Gerritszoon, or Harmens son of Gerrit; but because the mill stood near the Rhine and went by the same name, he added in the official records: "van Rijn."

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y as lled The miller, as was fitting, married a baker's daughter. As they worked steadily, and lived in thrift and quiet, things went well with them after a time. They inherited a little house near by; the miller was chosen administrator of his district; and when the wife went to church, she wore gold earrings and a beautiful lace kerchief.

In seventeen years she brought into the world eight children, most of whom lived. Three sons had already learned a trade,

Islustrations by W.Smithson Broadhead

as baker or shoemaker, when she bore her fourth. No one kno vs what was in her mind when, with so much of the monotonous .a. her own daily life, she gave her youngest child his unusual name.

She called him Rembrandt; and since the father had by now made a home for himself in this dull environment, the beginnings of a family tree were formed, a step nearer to the middle class had been taken—thus, feeling the need to give their son a real name, they called him Rembrandt Harmenszoon van Rijn.

As the boy grew up after the others, and seemed gifted and willing to learn, the old people thought: This one should rise above the lowlands of our toil; he should go to the Latin school.

and might possibly even become a doctor in our famous academy here in the home town of Leyden; and would become the pride of the family. Thus, while his brothers and sisters were hammering, filing and sewing, this one son attended Latin school every morn-

ing for seven years.

So perhaps it was his father's sublimest day when he went with his son to the city, accompanied him into the lofty and impressively solemn edifice of the university, and stood by while the boy wrote with strange letters in the big book: "Rembrandtus Harmenni Leydensis. 20, May 1620. Student. Living with

BUT the student was not to remain here. Was the spirit of these halls too Puritanical, for all their erudition? He was attracted more by the pictures in the library than by the books. He would stop before the portraits there, and in the armory. With wealthy comrades he would linger over engravings and prints; but preferably he stood before the great "Last Judgment" by Lucas in the town hall. Rembrandt wanted to become

a painter.

He went to his father, who thought the matter over. An honorable living, if a person had the knack for it, and also a lucrative one. Had not the city only a short time ago refused the offers of a king who wanted to purchase Lucas van Leyden's "Last Judgment"? For some years people had been going in for collections, and for having portraits of themselves painted; and the guilds had been doing the same, so that there was a chance to get both wealth and reputation—and the boy seemed quiet and very industrious. Perhaps he might even do as well as Swanenburch, who was highly thought of, since he was classically educated, having spent quite some time in Italy. The boy should be turned over to him for instruction.

For three years Rembrandt studied under this sterling man. There everything was classical. The master had obtained his education, his subjects, his method of paint-

painting, also etching—yet he felt cold and alone. But then a companion came home with him; this was Jan Lievens, who had studied for sometime in Amsterdam. He had much to tell about. Rembrandt was seventeen; vaguely, he saw the meemerging; tropolis he wanted to go to the new teacher, Lastman, who was younger, more gifted and more famous. did not know who the teacher of this Lastman had been, any more than Lastman's teacher knew whose pupil his teacher had been. It was Mathias

Grünewald.

Again the father was willing, and sent him there for "mainte-nance and instruction." For For a while the youth studied how to arrange groups, and learned how Oriental fabrics could be utilized in painting. But everything here was too completely formed, too beautiful, and the city too loud and brilliant for his heavy Nordic temperament. He was too old for his former teacher, and too young for the city. After a couple of months he fled back home to the mill.

At home his parents and friends shook their heads. Perhaps he wanted to go on a pilgrimage to Italy, like all the rest? He emphatically refused. Go there to paint dark arbored walks, bright clouds and blue inlets? It was just such things as that which they brought back with them from Italy and which disappointed him so thoroughly in his teachers! Besides, princes and collectors had been transporting so many pictures across the Alps that he could learn everything here. This was home; he would stay here, studying and painting, by himself.

And Rembrandt remained seven years in the miller's house,

learning without a teacher, alone with his enormous energy. We have pictures by him since the age of twenty-one-over fifty canvases in four years.
What did he paint? What did he draw?

In the barren room where he kept his colors, canvases and plates, there hung on the wall an old piece of glass. It was irregular and tarnished, perhaps with one corner missing. It

was Rembrandt's first mirror.

For by preference he painted himself. Why reproduce the trees and the rivers? What was so enigmatic about them that required his explanation? What was the soul of a meadow, or a cloud? And if there was no soul to paint, then why paint at all? Are we really always beautiful, as Lastman seems to think, and as they imagine in the South? But that is certainly an uncouth fellow in the mirror; somewhat broad and squat, with short legs, bony wrists, strong neck and heavy head; puffy lips, bulbous nose, unkempt hair. What was worth painting in this creature, who had formed himself in the blood and smoke of a prodigious

Perhaps the inner life. So that is how the face is distorted when a person laughs? Alert eyes, flat lips, corners of the mouth turned down a little—is that pensiveness? And how is sadness? How is cupidity? For people have felt all that—and it should

REMBRANDT made a dozen sketches and paintings of himself.

No man has ever manifested greater diversity, the pictures often preserving no resemblance whatever to one another. Facing his old fragmentary mirror, he analyzed the expression of every mood as disclosed by the creasing of the skin, the distribution of shadows, the turn of the body, the posture, the eyes. He seems expectant at one time, resigned at another, domineering or cynical, grinning or sorrowful, yet with no hint of the actor, but always with the authenticity of a man whose capacities

expose him to every emotion. Yet is there not one all-pervasive element?
How is light handled? If it is poured down upon the head, everything becomes clear and simple, just as in the landscape out yonder. If he could only get something like the flickering light up there in the quaking mill! A candle, perhaps? And now the head in the mirror rises suddenly out of the darkness, half

obscured by its own shadows! But the pallor of these cheeks cannot mirror the light!

Did not Lievens recently bring him a steel collar for use in fitting out the model? It lay there, concentrating upon itself whatever meager light was in the shed, first absorbing it, and then ejecting it.

Rembrandt donned this knightly ornament; and for the first time he saw how clothes can make the man. He smiled, tucked in a small piece of lace which his mother had lent him from the clothes-press, combed his tousled hair into a tumble of curls, and carefully smoothed out the heavy mouth. Could not this be a young nobleman? How readily a person could be transformed! When he visited friends, or thought of

his teachers, he found everywhere the attempt to capture the effects of youth, particularly of robust

young women, often nude and always smooth-featured. Was life so rosy and smooth? Did not life carve into the face creases and furrows which marked the course of experience like the signs of destiny?

His mother, prematurely aged, sat reading the same Bible which she had used in teaching her children. The son depicted her again and again, in every mood, sometimes smiling, more often reserved, the severe even mouth drawn as if by care into a hundred wrinkles, each of which the son's needle traced devoutly,

ing, even his wife in Italy; and though his name was quite simply Jakob, the signature on his paintings read Jacopo. The pupil learned the rudiments of his trade—drawing,

How Rembrandt Looked to Himself in a Portrait Painted about 1666

More model. others, as Saul a group He ap mother apostles was ove disciple poor old

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THE ! 1 ema knees o silver, t priests 1 all these But w and dens though t as the cr Yet h

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THE NIGHT WATCH, one of Rembrandt's most famous paintings today, but one which got him in hot water when it was done,

as though the slightest embellishment would do her an injustice. Moreover, the father must submit and serve repeatedly as model. The aged miller van Rijn must impersonate, among others, a Hebrew king. With spear and turban he sits enthroned as Saul before David. For now when Rembrandt set out to do a group picture, he always took his subject from the Bible.

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He approached the task masterfully and simply. He made his mother a prophetess, and got old people from the street for apostles. Leyden was filled with transients; the prosperous city was overrun with beggars. Out of such beggars Rembrandt made disciples in Emmaus or servants of the high priest. Draping such poor old men with mantles, he painted them as Paul studying, or as Jeremiah in sorrow.

The themes he chose from the Bible dealt with suffering. Paul, Temaciated, is sitting in prison. Samson is betrayed upon the knees of Delilah. And when Judas brings back the pieces of silver, the remorse of this sinner claims full sympathy while the priests look on coldly in vengeful self-righteousness. Moreover, all these Biblical groups are treated with arrant theatricality.

But what seems most remarkable of all is the fact that these groups are surrounded by darkness. In his churches, grottoes and dens, the light is concentrated on some piece of metal. It is as though this young man felt some secret enmity towards the sun as the creator of beauty.

Yet he was soon known. By the age of twenty-one he had pupils, one of whom was afterwards to become famous. This Gerard Dou, now fifteen, painted his master at the easel in an affected and rhetorical posture, the right leg placed to the fore, and a few weapons near by.

At twenty-two Rembrandt passed for a kind of boy prodigy. As his picture of the repentant Judas became known, his fame

rose simultaneously with that of his friend Lievens; and a contemporary, writing of them both, asserted that he had never before seen young men so industrious.

An art dealer from Amsterdam had already come to the mill, and as the pictures began circulating in the metropolis it occurred to one person and another that this talented

young man might paint a good portrait of him cheap.
"Orders from Amsterdam?" Rembrandt thought. Was not de Keyser, the fashionable painter, reigning there—and yet they sent for him?

The young man felt something leap up within him. The time was ripe. There were no longer ecclesiastical pictures or nobles here as in Catholic Flanders. In this young democracy the people liked to see portraits of themselves, both singly and in groups. Amsterdam was big and prosperous. There was work to be done here—a young painter of talent could get ahead rapidly!

Rembrandt, at twenty-five, said farewell to the old mill above the Rhine and journeyed towards the metropolis.

29



The broad bustling harbor gleamed in the morning light. Countless spars pierced the bluegray mist; the dark, tranquil hulls of endless ships blotted out the view of the sea!

As Rembrandt went rambling through the narrow passageways, down the hot streets, he came to a big building with a pointed tower. It was the Amsterdam exchange, where five continents did business.

He entered and the shrill polyglot cries of the tradesmen pierced his ears. But as he looked more sharply at the burghers standing about, he observed that they were not all merchants. Among them were physicians and artists, who dealt in tulips, speculated in peat bogs and dams.

"I will paint them all," the painter was thinking as he left the tumultuous house, "and when I have earned enough, I will buy fabrics and gems, and some day I will be sitting in a house of my own and painting only what I please. Here the world is mad—and if you dare to set your price

you will finally get it!

"Rubens! Why could not I be as fortunate as that Rubens, not a hundred miles from here? He was not of noble birth either, and he is now enthroned in his castle like a king. He never lowered himself to play the courtier, not even when the Queen of France had summoned him; and if there is a master in the North who adds the quality of naturalness to Southern beauty, then he is the man! Now he must be over fifty, and yet has just taken a very young woman as his wife. He is fortunate in everything! It can be done also without kings and without churches; Amsterdam is rich, and I am twenty-five years old!"

He hunted a place to live and work in, and found lodgings with Hendrick Ulenburgh, who was less of a painter than an art dealer, and an ingenious man. He soon undertook to market the etchings of his roomer, who borrowed



Rembrandt's wife's relatives were amazed by the fantastic by silver candlesticks and women in

beauty



beauty of his private life ... He liked to sit surrounded costly silks, and lose himself.

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money from him. They did well, with complete diversity of temperament. For on the same page of an album on which Rembrandt had written in his beautiful artist's hand, "The upright will esteem honor above wealth," the dealer put beneath it, "The average stands firm." The course of events was to substantiate their mottoes, though this was as yet known to none but Providence.

Soon orders began coming in. Rembrandt became up-to-date. Merchants and shipbuilders, savants and ecclesiastics, officers and architects came to the house and paid good prices to have their portraits painted by the young master from Leyden. Just why, precisely, did they want Rembrandt?

People felt that he could make them seem more interesting than they were. To be sure, the contemporary fashions—the stiff hats which they particularly wanted to have included in the particularly wanted in the particularly way of combing back their hair—would do the utmost to provoke a painter. But he adapted himself, for he wanted to get rich and to establish a reputation in the city.

tion in the city. Yet he learned things under these conditions. Here a mild clear light was demanded, and he dared not stray off into experiments. These people wanted definite contours and an unmistakable expression for their Confined within such money. narrow limits, the genius was trained in a difficult discipline; and though the art here is seldom equal to Rembrandt's best, these pictures served as very important exercises for him. And, since he had become the fashionable painter, he received astounding prices for his pictures—as much as 300 guilders apiece.

He had particularly become the talk of the town since finishing a large group picture. Doctor Tulp, the leading physician of the city, equally famous as surgeon and mayor, had ordered this of him as a gift (Continued on page 153)



Ibere are s) miles-

T THE busy corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty - sixth Street there was, last summer, a traffic policeman who made you feel that he didn't have such a terrible job after all. Lots of traffic policemen seem to enjoy abusing you, sadistic complex induced by exposure to bad weather and worse drivers, and, possibly, brutal wives. But Ben Collins just natura happeared to be having a goo. time whether he was scolding you or not; his large freckled face fairly beamed with ioviality and refused to cloud up even under the most trying condi-

tions. It heartened you to look at him. It amused you to hear him talk. If what he said wasn't always so bright, the

way he said it was.

Ben was around thirty years old. He was six feet four inches tall and weighed two hundred and eighteen pounds. This describes about eighty percent of all the traffic officers between Thirty-second Street and the Park. But Ben was distinguished from the rest by his habitual good humor and-well, I guess you'd have to call it his subtlety.

For example, where Noonan or Wurtz or Carmody was content with the stock "Hey! Get over where you belong!" or "Where the hell do you think you're going?" Ben was wont to finesse.

"How are you, Barney?" he would say to a victim halted at the curb.

"My name isn't Barney."
"I beg your pardon. The way you was stepping along, I figured you must be Barney Oldfield."

Or, "I suppose you didn't see that red light."

"Well, what did you think the other cars was stopped for? Did you think they'd all ran out of gas at once?" Or, "What business are you in?"

"I'm a contractor."

"Well, that's a good, honorable business and, if I was you, I wouldn't be ashamed of it. I'd quit trying to make people believe I was in the fire department."

Or, "How do you like London?" "Me? I've never been there.

"I thought that's where you got the habit of driving on the wrong side of the street.'

Transgressions at Ben's corner, unless they resulted seriously, were seldom punished beyond these sly rebukes, which were delivered in such a nice way that you were kind of glad you had done wrong.

Off duty he was "a big good-natured boy," willing to take Grace to a picture, or go over to the Arnolds' and play cards, or

just stay home and do nothing.

And then one morning in September, a dazzlingly new Cadillac roadster, blue with yellow trimmings, flashed down from the north, violating all the laws of common sense and of the State and City of New York. Shouts and whistles from Carmody and Noonan, at Forty-eighth and Forty-seventh, failed to check its



crazy career, but Ben, first planting his huge bulk directly in its path, giving the driver the choice of slackening speed or running into him, and then, with an alertness surprising in one so massive, sidestepping and jumping onto the running-board, succeeded in forcing a surrender at the curb half-way between his post and Forty-fifth Street.

He was almost mad and about to speak his mind in words beginning with capitals when he got his first look at the miscreant's face. It was the prettiest face he had ever seen and it wore a most impudent, ill-timed, irresistible smile, a smile that spoiled

other smiles for you once for all.

"Well——" Ben began falteringly; then recovering something of his stage presence: "Where's your helmet?"

She made no reply, but continued to smile.

"If you're in the fire department," said Ben, "you ought to wear a helmet and a badge. Or paint your car red and get a

"Maybe I look like a bobby. Maybe you thought you was in London where they drive on the left side of the street."
"You're cute," she said, and her voice was as thrilling as her smile. "I could stay here all morning and listen to you. That is I could, but I can't. I've got a date down on Eighth Street and

I'm late keep ea "Oh, "Whe "At I

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Some Eventful Days in the Life of a TRAFFIC COP

By RING W. LARDNER



-and that's on the way to Rye, where I live, so I might

Thanks. When I die, I want to die of old age."

"Oh, I'm not a bad driver, really. I do like to go fast, but I'm careful. In Buffalo, where we lived before, the policemen all knew I was careful and they generally let me go as fast as I

"This ain't Buffalo. And this ain't no speedway. If you want to go fast, stay off Fifth Avenue."

The girl looked him right in the eye. "Would you like that?" "No," said Ben.

"Four o'clock," said Ben.
"Well," said the girl, "some afternoon I may be going home about then-

"I told you I wasn't ready to die."

"I'd be extra careful."

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His relief, Tim Martin, appeared promptly at four, but Ben seemed in no hurry to go home. He pretended to listen to two new ones Tim had heard on the way in from Flushing, one about a Scotchman and some hotel towels and one about two Heebs in a night club. He managed to laugh in the right place, but his attention was on the northbound traffic, which was now none of his business

At twenty minutes past four he said good-by to Martin and walked slowly south on the east side of the street. He walked as far as Thirty-sixth, in vain. Usually he caught a ride home with some Bronx or north suburban motorist, but now he was late and had to pay for his folly by hurrying to Grand Central and standing up in a subway express.

"I was a sucker!" he thought. "She probably drove up some other street on purpose to miss me. Or she might have came in on one of them cross streets after I'd walked past it. I ought to stuck at Forty-fourth a while longer. Or maybe some other fella done his duty and had her locked up. Not if she smiled at him,

But she wouldn't smile like that at everybody. She had smiled at him because she liked him, because she really thought he was cute. Yes, she did! That was her regular line. That was how she had worked on them Buffalo fellas. "Cute"! A fine word to use on a human Woolworth Building. She was kidding. No, she wasn't; not entirely. She'd liked his looks as plenty other gals had, and maybe that stuff about the fire department and London had tickled her.

ANYWAY, he had seen the most wonderful smile in the world and he still felt warm from it when he got home, so warm that he kissed his wife with a fervor that surprised her.

When Ben was on the day shift, he sometimes entertained Grace at supper with an amusing incident or two of his work. Sometimes his stories were pure fiction and she suspected as much, but what difference did it make? They were things that ought to have happened even if they hadn't.

On this occasion he was wild to talk about the girl from Rye, but he had learned that his wife did not care much for anecdotes concerning pretty women. So he recounted one-sided arguments with bungling drivers of his own sex which had very little foundation in fact.

"There was a fella coming south in a 1922 Buick and the light changed and when it was time to go again, he thought he was starting in second, and it was reverse instead, and he backed into a big Pierce from Greenwich. He didn't do no damage to the Pierce and only bent himself a little. But they'd have held up the parade ten minutes talking it over if I hadn't bore down.

"I got the Buick fella over to the curb and I said to him, 'What's the matter? Are you homesick?' So he said what did I mean, homesick, and I said, 'Well, you was so anxious to get back to wherever you come from that you couldn't even wait to turn

around.'
"Then he tried to explain what was the matter, just like I was used to a regular gear shift.

"I said, 'That's fine, but this ain't no training-camp. The place to practise driving is four blocks farther down, at Forty-second. You'll find more automobiles there and twicet as many pedestrians and policemen, and besides, they've got street-cars and a tower to back into.

"I said, 'You won't never learn nothing in a desert like this.' You ought to heard the people laugh."

"I can imagine!" said Grace. "Then there was a Jordan, an old guy with a gray beard. He was going to park right in front of Kaskel's. He said he wouldn't be more than half an hour. I said, 'Oh, that's too bad! I wished you could spend the weekend.' I said, 'If you'd let us knew you was coming, we'd have arranged some parties for you.' said, 'I've got a notion to report you for being too fresh.'

"So I said, 'If you do that, I'll have you arrested for driving without your parents' consent.' You ought to heard them laugh. I said, 'Roll, Jordan, roll!' You ought to heard them."

'I'll bet!" said Grace. Ben fell into a long, unaccustomed silence.

"What are you thinking about?" It came out against his better judg-ent. "There was a gal in a blue ment. Cadillac." "Oh! There was! What about her?"

"Nothing. Only she acted like it was her Avenue and I give her hell."

"What did you say to her?"
"I forget."

"Was she pretty?"

"I didn't notice. I was sore."

"You!"

"She all but knocked me for a corpse." "And you probably just smiled at her."

"No. She done the smiling. She smiled—" He broke off and rose from the table. "Come on, babe. Let's go to the Franklin. Joe Frisco's there. And a Chaplin picture.

Ben saw nothing of the blue Cadillac or its mistress the rest of that week, but in all his polemics he was rehearsing lines aimed to strengthen her belief in his "cuteness." When she suddenly appeared, however, late on the following Tuesday afternoon, he was too excited to do anything but stare, and he would have lost an opportunity of hearing her enchanting voice if she hadn't taken the initiative. Northbound, she stopped at the curb a few

feet above his corner and beckoned to him.

"It's after four," she said. "Can't I drive you home?"
What a break! It was his week on the late shift.

"I just come to work. I won't be off till midnight."

"You're mean! You didn't tell me you were going to change." "I change every week. Last week, eight to four; this week, four to twelve.'

'And next week eight to four?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, I'll just have to wait."

He couldn't say a word.

Next Monday?"

He made an effort. "If you live."

She smiled that smile. "I'll live," she said. "There's an incentive."

She was on her way and Ben returned to his station, dizzv. "Incentive, incentive, incentive," he repeated to himself, memorizing it, but when he got home at half past one, he couldn't find it in Grace's abridged Webster; he thought it was spelled with an s.

THE longest week in history ended. A little before noon on Monday the Cadillac whizered post his Monday the Cadillac whizzed past him going south and he caught the word "later." At quitting time, while Tim Martin was still in the midst of his first new one about two or more Heebs, Ben was all at once aware that she had stopped right beside him, was blocking the traffic, waiting for him.

Then he was in her car, constricting his huge bulk to fit it and laughing like a child at Tim's indelicate ejaculation of surprise.

"What are you laughing at?" "Nothing. I just feel good."
"Are you glad to be through?"
"Yes. Today."
"Not always?"

"I don't generally care much."
"I don't believe you do. I believe you enjoy your job. And I don't see how you can because it seems to me such a hard job. I'm going to make you tell me all about it as soon as we get out of this jam.'

A red light stopped them at Fifty-first Street and she turned

and looked at him amusedly.
"It's a good thing the top is down," she said. "You'd have been hideously uncomfortable in one more fold."
"When I get a car of my own," said Ben, "it'll have to be a Mack, and even then I'll have to hire a man to drive it.
"Why a man?"

"Men ain't all crazy."

"Honestly, I'm not crazy. Have I come near hitting

anything?"
"You've just missed everything. You drive too fast and you take too many chances. But I knew it before I got in, so I can't kick."

"There isn't room for you to, anyway. Do you want to get out?"

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"No." "I doubt if you could. Where do you live?"



"There was a gal in a blue car," said Ben. "Was she pretty?" asked his wife. "I didn't notice. I was sore. She all but knocked me for a corpse."

"Hundred and sixty-fourth, near the Concourse," said Ben.

"How do you usually go home?"
"Like this."

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"And I thought I was saving you from a tiresome subway ride or something. I ought to have known you'd never lack invitations. Do you?"

"Hardly ever."

"Do the people ask you all kinds of questions?"
"Yes."

"I'm sorry. Because I wanted to and now I can't."
"Why not?"

"You must be tired of answering."
"I don't always answer the same."

"Do you mean you lie to people, to amuse yourself?"
"Sometimes."

"Oh, that's grand! Come on, lie to me! I'll ask you questions, probably the same questions they all ask, and you answer them as if I were a fool. Will you?"

"I'll try.

"Well, let's see. What shall I ask first? Oh, yes. Don't you

get terribly cold in winter?"

He repeated a reply he had first made to an elderly lady, obviously a visitor in the city, whose curiosity had prompted her to cross-examine him for over twenty minutes on one of the busiest days he had ever known.
"No. When I feel chilly, I stop a car and lean against the radiator."

His present interviewer rewarded him with more laughter than

was deserved.
"That's wonderful!" she said. "And I (Continued on page 130)

The First Gallery of WOMEN



This story, innately truthful and self-revealing, was outlined to me one evening in Greenwich Village many years ago by an American poet who has since died; and before him by his wife and the girl to whom he referred. Since no names appear, and his quondam fame, as well as name, has dimmed with time, there can be, to me, no conceivable reason why the sketchy transcript I made of it then should not now be enlarged upon according to the mood in which he related it to me.—The Author.

HENEVER I think of Rella I think of a backwoods state such as Arkansas: Those round knobs and tumbled earthen breakers called the Ozarks; the V great fields of wheat and corn and oats amid which her young life was laid; and the tumbling, sparkling rill of a stream which ran diagonally across a corner of the large farm owned by her father.

Samuel Howdershell, her father, was a successful farmer as well as a politician of sorts. At least he had contrived to secure from the leaders of his party the position of United States marshal. When he was not able to look after his farm in person, the shrewd and talkative little woman who was his wife, and who obviously liked the world in which she found herself, was there to do it for him. And she did it with a will and with skill, assisted by her two ruddy and vigorous sons, who seemed to look upon her as their guide and mentor. In winter they were away at school, as was the girl about whom I am writing.

I was married at the time—presumably happily married. And yet the truth was that, at thirty, and only two years married, I had begun to realize that for me marriage was a mistake. Either mine was not a temperament which lent itself to marriage, or I had erred in selecting the mate with whom it might have proved a success. Being young and far this side of an adequate conception of the mysteries of life and the harsh comadequate conception of the mysteries of life and the harsh compulsions of society and the state, which invariably seek to preserve themselves at the expense of the individual, I was at a loss to understand my predicament. Perhaps I was suffering for my early ignorance and folly. And the laws of society were immutable, of course. Once married, always married. "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder". . . These and similar decrees and ordinances and injunctions of our derived society haunted me like the voice of fate.

However, I could not but hope against hope. I had just had a play accepted and was writing poems and stories and getting them published—finding myself, as it were. My wife, as I could plainly see, was pluming herself on the fact that I had a future and that she was to share in it in an interesting way. But, as often I thought, she was entitled, certainly, to all the joy that

life might bring her.

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by Theodore Dreiser American Tragedy"



It was June of a lovely summer that found us visiting my wife's relatives in D——, a town situated in one of those great states which lie between Oklahoma and Wisconsin, near the region pictured. Previous to this I had met nearly all of my wife's people, and had liked them—as I still do. They were a pleasant, home-loving, if conventional, company, highly respected for their honesty, industry, and other admirable virtues.

My object during this holiday season was to write, and this I did when the holiday-making would permit. After a few days I was quite in love with the country—its broad, hot fields, the slent streets, the long, dusty roads, the farmers and citizens and

And then one day, to greet the new "in-law"
—and to see what he was like, of course—came

a brother-in-law, that same Howdershell aforementioned, with wife and daughter, the latter a girl between seventeen and eighteen years of age and as pink and laughing and vivacious as one would wish to see.

How truly simple and lovely youth can be at times—shapely, graceful, rhythmic, ruddy, with—in her case—a wealth of corncolored hair, large, melting, gray-blue eyes, and small hands and
feet. In short, one first glance and with a romantic and emotional
ache because of my own lorn state, I decided that she was exactly
the type of physical loveliness of which I had been dreaming.
Yet with no least knowledge of life or books, as anyone could

see; on the contrary, she conveyed-to me, at least-a gaiety of spirit based on inexperience and illusion.

Those innocent, non-coquettish smiles! That ringing laugh! That almost deranging sense of health in abundance!

quick, easy, graceful movements! There was about her an innocent pertness, without a trace of brassy sophistication. Indeed, as I said to myself at once, hers was the natural geniality of one who knows all too little of life and assumes the world to be rather better than it is.

But her father! That tall lank weatherindurated soul! Positively, he looked to have the tensile strength of whip-cord and the ignorance of ten. He was lynx-eyed, self-opinionated, recessive and suspicious, as becomes a United States marshal, I presume. Thus far in his career, as I now learned, he had captured one or two criminals of import and, if I recall aright, had "justifiably" slain two. Vain, courageous, yet reserved of speech, he stalked about in a long-tailed frock coat, his head adorned with one of those wide-brimmed sombreros so treasured of all American ruralshis hips carrying a pistol or two, I am sure. Yet among relatives and friends he was the soul of geniality and, no doubt, clannish affection. Woe to anyone who should chance to injure any of his! I have a feeling that a Kentucky feudist would have done no more.

But it was the girl Rella who alone held my attention. I could scarcely turn my eyes from her as she moved here and there, running errands to the store or from one to another of her relatives, and finally, and gaily, setting the evening table for her grandmother.

Truly, I thought her startlingly beautiful. But, as always in those days, I decided forthwith that she was not for me, and prepared in a dreary way to make the best of it. Incidentally, I was conscious of the eyes of my wife, watchful and jealous. No least show of interest on my part, however innocent, could escape her, as I knew, and it would at once be interpreted as evidence of potential, if not plotted, unfaithful-Her manner at such times was most disturbing to me, and fiercely and instantly now I resented this espionage.

To be sure, from her point of view she was right, or at least within her rights, in trying to defend her interests or forfend against a destructive affection of any kind. But what about myself? My dreams? And to preserve this present and only seeming stability of our relationship required a great deal more than watchfulness, I thought—a reflection which made me sad. That love should fade! That one's happiness should end! Anyone's! And only love, as I knew, could preserve one's dreams. Not self-interest. I registered a sorrowful and yet useless sympathy for her. For of what value is sympathy to one who has no

power to compel a real affection? The first night passed, and by morning I was doubly conscious of an irritated mood in regard to all this-my marriage, my contracted and controlled actions, and, so, life itself. To be cribbed, cabined, confined! Why had I so early To be in life handicapped myself in the race for happiness? What a fool, to tie myself down in this way! Would I never be free again? Here was this laughing, happy, beautiful creature who but for this early mistake might now be mine.

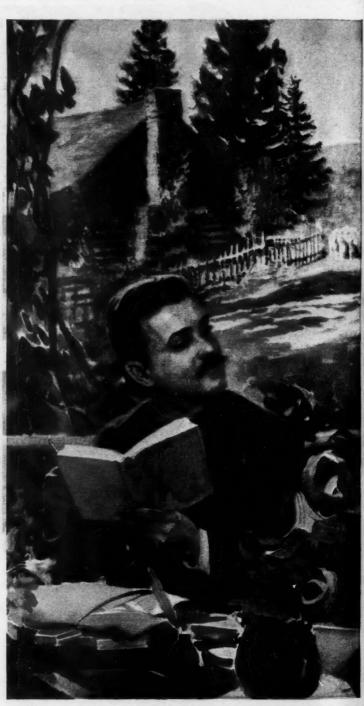
But . . . was I sure of that? Could she be made to care for me?

No, no, no! Married or unmarried, how should I-being as unattractive as I was-attract her?

Nevertheless, it was some satisfaction to me to find that after the first day she was still here. She had not flown, and love or no love, I would still have the delight of looking at her. And to my intense delight, on the second day I discovered that they were to remain for a week.

Yet that very morning, just the same, I went sorrowfully to my

desk, thinking that it were best, perhaps, if I were to shut myself away from all this. I could not ever have her, anyhowbrood? But that afternoon, idling because idleness seemed in the air, I sat in a hammock and watched this girl and her cousin, the



C."Rella managed to pass and repass, touching

daughter of the politician over the way, race about quarreling over the possession of a trinket. Later, because of a friendly laugh from me, they came to the hammock and sat with me, each taking an arm and proceeding to examine the book I had been reading. And this soon gave way to a determination to swing me in spite of a wish on my part not to be swung.

By this time the mere proximity of this girl was proving toxic. I was made faint, as well as hungry, by the fulness of her beauty. A feeling of languor alternated with one of intense depression over the brevity of so great a joy as this, as well as the inadequacy of any act or qualification of mine to interest such beauty, youth,

A deadly drug could not have acted with greater power.

more than ordinarily playful, springing into the hammock with me and once there attempting to push me out or upset me. And the feel of her arms, body-her glorious young strength! And later she took my book from me and holding it upside down began

to read in a mock-solemn voice, her pretty head pushed close to mine. But when of a sudden, as I also noted, she saw my wife approaching, she straightened and assumed a more distant air.

Now, thought I, what can that mean?

I could not and would not believe that she was becoming in-terested in me. That could not be. And still that playful and yet seeking look; that excited and enticing laugh when we were alone. I went to my desk in the house across the street, dubious as to the import of it all but tremulously elate. Just before six, to my immense surprise and delight she came, bearing a bowl of nasturtiums and a pitcher of water, which she handed through the window before my desk.

"Aunt V. said I might bring these," and with this came a warm friendly glance. And: "You must begin to get ready for dinner now. I'm making biscuit. Do you like

"If you're making them, I'll like them. I said, moved beyond the meaning of words by her charm and the joyous manner in which she did everything. "But how well you do your hair!" I added, for want of another thought.

'Oh, if you tell me things like that, I'll make you lots of nice things!"

You are all the nice things. You needn't make me anything. May I tell you that?" I looked at her pleadingly.

SHE began to move away, but without any suggestion of fear or reproach-rather as though it were quite all right, only not best for her to answer. I sensed her wisdom and said no more. But as she crossed the yellow, dusty road, still warm, though the cool of the evening was at hand, she turned and waved to me, and her figure as she did so suggested that of one who is dancing divinely.

I was beside myself with delight. Could it really be that there was springing up between her and my aged self-this bud and me-an understanding which assuming only that I were free could profit me so

gloriously?

But as I was thinking, my wife came to fetch me, and behold— weariness of soul! What would be the end of this? How could this prove other than a hopeless, fruitless infatuation, ending in negation and enforced regulation?

The next morning, on pretext of bringing me a pitcher of water and more flowers—services which I could not understand my wife permitting-Rella came inside the room to see where I worked. She looked over my shoulder at a half written page.

"Oh, what a small straight hand! You almost write backwards, don't you? You ought to see my scrawl!" She was leaning over me, her face near mine-her cheek. And giggling infectiously. Her voice, like herself, was fire to the blood.
"No flattery, now! I write badly, (Continued on page 199)

me each time. The glory of her bright hair—the exquisite form of her lips!"

In vain I told myself that if by so much as a look I should betray even a trace of what I was feeling I would be thereafter most carefully avoided, not only by herself but by my relatives . . . In vain.

And so-for the nonce, at least-I played the tolerant young uncle, fourteen years older than herself, the while I was made heart-sick by the remoteness of this youthful world which never again could know me as a citizen.

Yet now-miracle of miracles!-it seemed to me that she was

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It was by no means a bad spot. Grouse, partridge, hare and, in due season, quail, duck and snipe afforded a certain amount of rough shooting. There were panther and occasional rumors of tiger, and, near the cantonment, earthen tennis-courts, and a golf course throughout the length and breadth of which there was not a solitary blade of grass. The tees were plinths of earthtopped stone; the fairway bare sandy, gravelly earth; the bunkers were rocky nullahs; and the "greens," circular tracts of clay and cow-dung which the sun had baked as

hard as stone, and in which the rains had channeled little river beds that meandered down to the hole-a sunken jam pot.

Of one of these, more anon. My domestic staff at the bungalow included, among others, my butler, a Surti (a Hindu from Surat), a good and faithful servant to whom I some-times said, "Well done," and a Pathan sycehuge brawny powerful man, who was something of an enigma. I frequently wondered what this free-born, independent moun-taineer (who "trod the ling like a buck in spring and looked like a lance in rest") was doing among servants. my came to the conclusion that he was either badly wanted on the frontier, or else was in India on quite other business

Anyhow, he was a fine horseman and horsemaster, and he was a man.

than mine.

One peaceful Sabbath morn I was seated in a long chair on my veranda, enjoying my cheroot, reading a three-weeks-old newspaper from home, and digesting my eleven-o'clock tiffin of curried chicken. I had risen at five, had chota-hazry (tea, toast and fruit), ridden some twenty miles or so, had a bath, and given reasonable satisfaction to an excellent appetite.

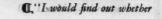
I was comfortable, somnolent, at peace with all the world, and desired nothing less than to be disturbed.

Presently I flung away the end of my cheroot, let the paper fall, and was just dropping off into the slippers. He carried a long, heavy staff in his right hand, and delightful nap that I had justly earned when a voice said: his left steadied a bamboo rod which, resting on his shoulder,

II."I endeavored to treat

the cobra with familiarity

and I think be fainted.



"Huzur! . . . Huzur!" and brought me back from the very edge of slumber and of peace.

I cannot honestly say that I was pleased, nor that the eye I opened regarded the countenance of the speaker with favor. In fact, lovely and beautiful as is my nature, I

was annoyed.
"G'way," I murmured, closing the eye of disfavor.

"Huzur! . . . Huzur!" insisted the voice.
"G'w'out," I breathed, as the

barque of consciousness slipped its moorings from the bank of reality and floated down the river of oblivion.

"Huzur! . . . Huzur!" more loudly insisted the voice, and I shot up from my chair, frankly angry.

This was presumption-impudence-The fellow had no right to be insolence. there at all, much less to dare to wake me up after he had intruded.

"What do you want?" I said quietly, and with the courtesy due to myself and the anger that I felt.

"I am a snake-charmer," said the man who stood before me at the bottom of the three or four steps that led up to the low, wide veranda of the bungalow.

He was a tall lean Hindu, wearing a ragged and dirty white coat, white dhoti (voluminous loin-cloth), large roughly wound turban, and clumsy curly-toed

slippers. He carried a long, heavy staff in his right hand, and

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"Will yo time, I do The Pr



my camera 'saw things' too. I focused it on the snake."

supported at either end a large and very closely woven basket. I stared coldly and without love or welcome at the man's eves, which gave back as good a stare as my own-a most unusual There was nothing shifty, humble or servile about this mendicant.

Far from servile, his attitude and conduct were barely civil. "I am a snake-charmer, Huzur," he repeated. "Well, go and charm them," I requested, "and don't bother

me. I don't want to see your show. Go away.

"I do not wish to give a show, *Huzur*," replied the man, without budging. "I will charm away all the snakes from your bungalow and compound."

"Charm yourself away," I said. "And at once," and I settled back in my chair, closed my eyes, and strove to let the sun of peaceful contentment dissipate the red mist of anger.

"Huzur! . . . Huzur!" came the insistent voice a few moments after I had closed my eyes.

I opened them slowly.

"I really think you'd better go," I said gently, and added slowly, firmly and distinctly, "I do not want to see -snake-charming."

THE man did not move. I closed my eyes again.

Was it possible that I closed them in relief from the steady hypnotic stare of the snake-charmer? . . . Absurd! But he certainly had most remarkable eyes-brilliant, compelling, mes-

And the man undoubtedly had that indescribable quality of manner that comes from a sense of power—something authoritative, assured and self-possessed. This could not arise from physical, external and concrete authority of any kind, but must come from within, and from a sense of some personal power-perhaps some example of that knowledge which is power.

"Huzur! . . . Huzur!" said the voice again.
"Will you go—while the going's good?" I said. "For the last

time, I do not want to see any snake-charming.

"The Presence need not see it," was the immediate reply. "Let

By P.G. WREN

A Record of a

Remarkable Experience in the Life of the Man

Who Wrote "Beau Geste"

the Presence give me five rupees and I will remove the snakes-that he may live in peace."

I am a patient man.

"Give you five rupees to charm away all the snakes that are not in my compound and garden and under my bungalow?" I said. "I have not seen a snake since I've been here, and I haven't seen a dozen a year since I've been in India."

The man smiled indulgently. "The Presence will see more now, I think, unless he has them removed."
"I'll risk it," I said.

"The Presence is in great danger," was the reply. "Then I am not the only one," I answered. "Will

you go?"

"Better five rupees than terror, fear, trembling, horror . . . death," was the reply. "The Huzur is in great danger, and I alone can save him . . . Let him beware of the silent poisoned death."

And not only was there a menacing note in the

voice but a note of superiority!

Was this ragged wanderer actually warning and threatening me—speaking from a higher plane of psychic knowledge and occult power? Was he actually daring to extort money by threats—to blackmail me by playing upon my supposed fear?

I admire courage—and this sublime impudence

amounted to it.
"Look here," I said, "you're playing a very foolish and dangerous game, and you've been luckier with me than you would have been with some people. Now, for your own sake, and for the last time, go away."

He did not move an inch.

Leaning his great staff against his shoulder, he extended his

right hand toward my face, and then, with a writhing motion, made passes to and fro in the air.

"The poisoned death," he said. "The gliding death. Secret, silent, hidden beneath the chair, beneath the bed, in the darkened room, in the rafters above, in the shadowy corners below . . ." Very impressive, no doubt. Very clever. Very hypnotic and

all that. And perhaps I did go a little cold and feel a little un-

comfortable.

I had always been interested in the Indian juggler's tricks, "occultism" and miracle-mongering, because I believed hypnotism to be the explanation of his performance of the impossible; and I had decided mass-hypnotism to be his secret. Otherwise how could a number of people see a man throw a rope up into the air, the rope become as rigid as a rod, a small boy climb up it, and then vanish into thin air?

Anyhow, this gentleman certainly was not going to hypnotize me and conjure five rupees out of my pocket. Had he come in different style and at a suitable time, I might have given him a chance to show what he could do in the hypnotic line, and have backed my will-power against his hypnotic power, with the small sum of five rupees in the balance. But impudence and blackmail were quite another story.

I rose to my feet, yawned and stretched, descended the three or four steps to where he stood.

The snake charmer did not move as I advanced upon him.

"Go," I said, and pointed down the drive.

"Does not the Huzur value his reason and his life at five rupees, even? Or perhaps they are only worth four? Perhaps the Huzur's is not a valuable life?"

And there was actual mockery in the man's voice.

Now I have never struck or hustled a native, for it is a cowardly thing to do, as well as (Continued on page 112)

ELL, that settles that!" And Sue's marriage fell behind her with a dull sickening thud. She folded up the divorce decree which she had been fingering and tenderly tucked it away in a small drawer of her desk. "My most precious document," she murmured as she carefully locked the drawer and deposited the key in her hand-bag.

Then taking up a photograph of her ex-beloved that had somehow escaped her last heartcleaning she began to tear it into bits.

"Blackguard! Liar! Thief! Deceiver! Destroyer! Fool!" She accentuated each tear with her condemnation and then suddenly, when the picture was a mere heap of fragments before her, she began to

laugh.
"Oh, my goodness! He couldn't have
"Oh, my goodness! Not one perbeen as bad as all that. Not one person," she giggled. "I'll bet there isn't a man in Sing Sing could qualify in all those evils."

But Jack Crandall had been pretty much of a rotter-at least enough of one to leave Sue at twenty-five with a distrustful expression in her blue eyes and an astounding bit of cynicism lurking about the corners of her most attractive mouth. And in her heart he had left an almost distinct hatred for all of his sex. Not that Sue didn't still like the company of men. She did. She liked to talk with them, argue with them, match wits with them and go through all sorts of mental gymnastics with their brains. But beyond that they were "out in the cold."

And this really was a tragedy, for no lovely young person with the face of a Madonna but with eyes that could emit alarming twinkles of mischief-when she would let them-and tawny hair that chased itself in bewitching waves all over her head—no such young person should ever endure the members of the opposite sex for

their brains only.

When she had watched the last pieces of the photograph curl up into charred bits in the fireplace she shook her bobbed curls as though to banish the last memories from her head, and then flung wide her arms in abandonment.

"At last I'm free! That is over-completely!" It had been over for more than a year; that is, she had not seen Jack during that period, but the divorce decree which lay safely locked away seemed to have severed the last tie. She had even her own name back. Oh, glorious!

She glanced at her watch. Four o'clock. And Peter would be there at five. Humming a gay little tune she ran her bath and undressed. Then remembering that one must have tea for a teaparty she called into the kitchen.

"Five-o'clock guest, Hattie."
"Yas'm, Miss Lyndon," a good-natured Southern voice answered her. "You-all want an English or American party?"

Illustrations by W. E. Heitland





sense than a chicken-at least, not about men. You're as stupid as an old hen who insists upon trying to hatch out a nest of eggs when there isn't a rooster in the barnyard."
"Well, I'm not a chicken," Sue laughed, "and I have sense

enough not to be taken in by human roosters."

"Who's taken in?" Kathie turned her baby stare upon her friend. "Not papa's darling here. I do the taking. I take 'em like Grant took Richmond."

"Yes, and you'll get burned some day like Richmond got burned.

"Don't be dumb, Sue. I stay clear of the danger zone. I'm twenty-one and I've never had an affair in my life. And what's more, I don't intend to. Some day when the right boy comes along I'll marry him and live happily-until something goes wrong. But in the meantime there's no reason why a girl shouldn't have a little attention."

"Attention!" Sue scoffed. that a new name for platinum digging?"

"It is not. I never dug a piece of platinum out of a man in my life. I despise such obvious methods. But there are lots of other ways."
"I suppose there are,"

Sue murmured as she laid out her clothes, "but I've never been interested enough to inquire. That's a cute hat you have on. New?

"Yes. Just bought it. Rather ducky, isn't it?"
"Quite. Where did you

get it?"

"Blein and Stane's." Sue raised her eyebrows in surprise. "Since when have you been shopping there?"

"Since last night," Kathie laughed.

"What happened? Get a raise at the shop?"

"No; and I guess I never will. I just never will be a decorator, Sue. I don't know a Queen Anne table from an office desk and I don't think I'll ever learn."

"Then where did you get the Blein and Stane pocketbook?"

"From the stock-market. Isn't that exciting?"

"But where did you get money to play the market?" Sue asked incredulously.

"I didn't. One of the boy friends got generous."
"Kathie! What do you mean?" Sue tried to sound severe. She had promised Kathie's mother back in Ohio that she would keep an eye on the

child, but "the child" was proving rather difficult. "Now don't get excited, Mother Grundy,"
Kathie teased. "Nobody's done wrong by our Nell. No, sir!
They done right."

"Kathie, will you please be serious and tell me how you got money to play the market? And in the meantime sit somewhere else so I can fix up my facial defects."

"Defects nothing! Oh, Sue, if I had a face like yours what citadels I could take! What caravans of loot! What captives! Oh, why wasn't I born beautiful?"

"Kathie, where did you get that money?" Sue persisted "Well, darling, I'll tell you. It was very simple." Kathie flopped onto the chaise longue. "You remember I told you about Jimmie Stannard? Well, the sweet thing is on the Stock

Exchange. I've always been frightfully keen about Wall Street anyway-just an instinctive interest in big money, I guess. anyway, every time I've seen Jimmie I've raved about what a thrill it must be to play the market. He was surprised I never had and said it was one kick every person should have in a lifetime He said it was a crime for me to grow any older without having the experience and so that I shouldn't miss it he was going to buy some stock for me. That was a week ago

Well, the darned stuff went up and last night he brought me a check for the two

"Well, there wasn't anything wrong in it, was there? Men ought to do things like that for nice little girls. That's what men are for. "Very pretty-but what do men expect

of nice little girls when they do them such favors?"

ing but this little girl's society. I don't know nor care what they expect."



"You may not care, but you certainly know, Kathie. You're not such a child as all that."

Sue was really very concerned.
"Listen to grandma," Kathie laughed. "Now don't worry about me, darling. Any time they get too persistent with their expectations I'll just give them the air and begin all over again with another one."

"But Kathie, you can't go on doing that all your life." "Sure I can—at least until I find a man I want more than the

"Kathie, you're hopeless!" Sue exclaimed in despair. "I give up.

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Shirley Warde

"Now don't bother about me, Sue," Kathie tucked her short locks under her quite bewitching new hat. "I'm clothed in ashestos. Got to run now-can't keep my chauffeur waiting too

long."
"Chauffeur!" Sue looked up bewildered. "Whose chauffeur?"

"Mine." Kathie replied provocatively.

'Kathie, what do you mean?"

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Well, that nice old Julius Barnvert came to see me the other I had a terrible cold and he was so sympathetic. When I told him I got it riding in the subway, where one could get all sorts of terrible germs, but that I had to ride in the subway because I couldn't afford taxis all the time, he said it was outrageous for a nice little girl like me to be in such danger; and as he had three or four cars just sitting in his garage there was no reason why I shouldn't use one of them.

"So now I have a limousine. Wasn't it sweet of him?"

Sue only shook her head in dismay

"Toodle-doo. See you to-morrow," the "child" called as she flew out of the apartment.

Sue thoughtfully finished her dressing and had just added the last dab of powder when the bell announced her guest.

"Peter!" she greeted him. "I'm so glad you're here. I need a good intelligent brain to consult. I've just had a dose of materialism and I am really quite ill from it. I need a mental tonic and you're the ideal

doctor."

Peter's kindly gray eyes smiled at her. "I don't know that I'm much of a tonic, Sue, I'm a good listener. Supbut I'm a good listener. Sup pose you tell me your troubles. "Oh, I haven't any troubles-

"Well, congratulations!" Peter offered his hand to her. "Thanks. They're very much in order." Sue withdrew her hand, which she felt Peter was holding a little longer than was necessary. "But it isn't me-it's Kathie. She just left, and she always depresses me." "Kathie?" Peter asked rather incredulously.

> as she poked pillows about her and made a little nest on the couch. "It isn't Kathie herself. It's what she seem; to stand for-a clinging vine bit of femininity-sex appeal-I detest

C.We in-

Shirley Warde

Peter laughed: "Well then, I'm afraid you're going to have an unpleas ant life, for the world seems to



C"Take your hat off for a moment, Sue, and let Mr. Blair get a good look at you, 'said Peter.

"Nice bair," was

all the producer said.

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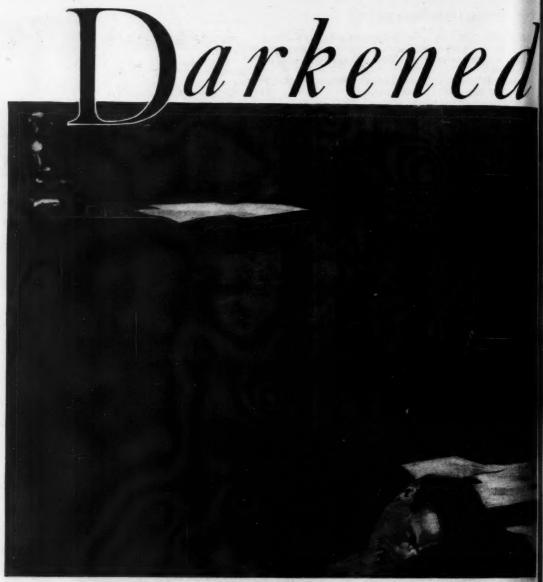
ir. "I

silly, it doesn't. It is only used by women who haven't any brains and men who see in women only pathetic imbeciles." "You're very wrong, my dear." Peter shook his head. "Some of the brainiest

women in history have had the masculine world at their feet through nothing but sex appeal. But they were smart enough to recognize its value and use it."

"Not smart, Peter, (Continued on page 101)

"Oh, don't be



It was the shock of Boyd's life when he saw Mallan

The Story So Far:

ROM childhood Emery Jago was delicate and studious, altogether different from the people around him in his humble London sphere of life. Burning with ambition to be "somebody," he became a schoolteacher, but this failed to satisfy his inner urge. "I want loveliness, joy, art, good music, lovely women, intellectual society, power!" he often declared to his bewildered mother.

Deep down, Emery felt he was gifted with supernormal faculties, and as a mere lad he indulged in occult experiments—thought reading, hypnotism, telepathy—and things psychic became his ruling passion. Even when he quit teaching for photography and opened a little shop on Ezra Road, Brixton, he continued his studies of the world beyond and attended séances.

These spiritualistic dabblings led him into contact with Mrs. Laveray, a professional medium who had a large, and sometimes fashionable following. Tricky as he found her to be, Emery still sensed certain uncanny qualities in the woman. Especially when she gazed into a crystal ball for him and described his personal affairs and activities. But what excited him most was the radiant future she predicted in which a "beautiful lady with diamonds in her bronze-colored hair" would play a part.

"You are psychic, dearie," Mrs. Laveray told him. And with her assistance he decided to become a medium. About that time a half-starved dancing-girl, Belle Chubb, visited his studio for some cheap photographs to use in getting a job. Emery Jago was touched by her proud poverty and then attracted by her fragile beauty. "Look here," he said, "how would you like to be my assistant—thirty shillings a week?"

It was a godsend to Belle Chubb. But the grateful girl litte dreamed that Jago would soon possess her, body and soul Through hypnotic suggestion he soon gained an evil ascendary over her, and against her better instincts she consented to live with him and cooperate in his charlatanry. Loving him devetedly, she despised his spiritualistic trade, but all her pleading and mockery had only the effect of arousing his wrath and cruelty.

Lady Ardington, a devoted follower of Mrs. Laveray whintroduced some of her circle to the young man, was in turn enthralled by the mediumistic powers of Jago. Among the friends whom she advised to attend his séances were Adria Mallard, K. C., a brilliant London criminal lawyer unhapply married to his wife Evelyn; Rose Jaffrey, one of the city's favoria actresses, with whom Adrian was in love; Professor Rupert Boyd, red-headed psychologist; and Wilfred Neal (called "Billy"), a young protégé of Mallard's.

These four cultured, sophisticated persons called on Jago on evening, late. Obligingly, he staged a séance for them, and through Belle Chubb, whom he addressed as "little sister," be spirit of Ivo Mallard, killed in the Great War, communicated with his brother Adrian. The keen-minded barrister rejected the supernatural origin of the performance yet he could not shake off the impression left on him.

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"Belle," hair was l "Well,

Wilfiluxun after lard raised dear"), the respective Adrian M him such most hard "Better"

car, that s Hans Cre "You too, Professo "We ha I'm lectur. Still, a dri

"I think three. "N He yield and said,

A Very Strange Novel by Sir Philip Gibbs



twisted up like that on the floor. "Mallard! Mallard, old man!" he cried.

Illustrations by Sydney Seymour-Lucas

"Belle," said Jago, when the visitors had gone, "that girl's hair was bronze-colored.

"Well, what about it?" asked Belle, suspicious and sulky.

T WAS nearly midnight when Rose Jaffrey, Professor Boyd, Wilfred Neal and Adrian Mallard left Brixton in Mallard's luxurious car, and it would be reasonable to suppose that after taking the lady home to her flat in Sloane Street (Mallard raised her hand to his lips before saying "Good night, my dear"), the three men should have separated and gone to their respective homes for a fair night's sleep. But one of them was Adrian Mallard, and he hated going to bed because it seemed to him such a waste of waking life and he needed less sleep than most hard workers in the world.

"Better come in and have a drink," he suggested to Boyd as his car, that shining symbol of success, slowed down at the corner of Hans Crescent and pulled up outside a block of service flats.

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Professor Boyd laughed in his high-pitched voice.

"We haven't all got your vital energy, old man. Inexhaustible! I'm lecturing tomorrow at ten o'clock—'Ideas and Concepts'... , a drink is a drink."

"I think I'll get back," said Wilfred Neal, the youngest of the

"My chief at the foreign office

He yielded good-naturedly when Mallard linked arms with him and said, "Don't tell me you know what work is—at the F. O.

Not so strenuous as my job tomorrow, anyhow. I'm defending that swine who murdered his landlady after pinching all her savings.

"What a man!" exclaimed Boyd, referring not to the murderer but to Mallard. "No nerves. Health abounding. Dynamic energy at work or play. No wonder he earns thirty thousand a year by arguing that black is white and playing on the emotions of fat-headed juries."

Mallard laughed quietly. "Yes, health abounding—and terrific egotism. Those two qualities have pushed me up the ladder. Health above all."

He ignored the night porter who moved towards the elevator. and ran lightly and rapidly up two flights of stairs. He had already opened the door of his flat with his key before Boyd

joined him, puffing a little.
"These athletes!" groaned Boyd, taking off his black hat and thrusting his long fingers through that red hair which gave him the name of "Rufus" among his students at King's College.

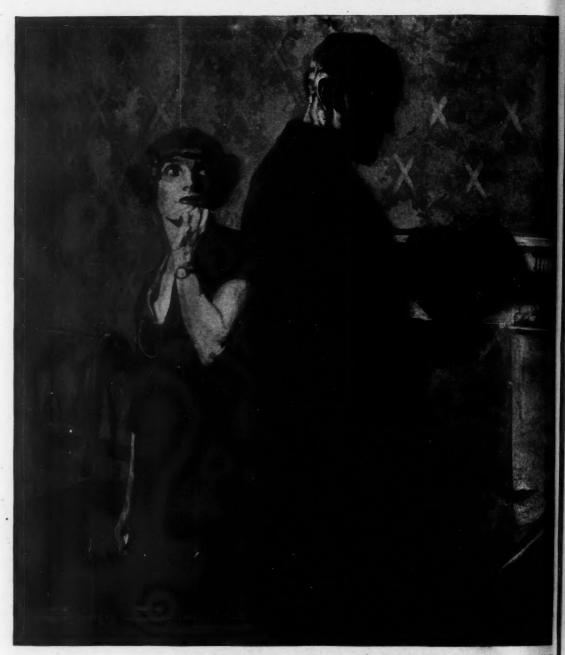
Mallard did not answer immediately. He too seemed slightly out of breath after that long run upstairs, and Boyd who heard his jerky breathing was rather pleased.

"Hullo," he thought, "even our athlete begins to feel the touch

of middle age."

Mallard switched on all the lights he could find in the hall and in the room beyond.

"My man has gone to bed," he remarked presently. "Sensible fellow! And my wife no doubt is at one of those tedious night



C,"These things are uncanny," said Mallard. "I'm not at all convinced—

clubs which will certainly spoil her complexion, as I venture to tell her when we meet—occasionally but not often—in our happy married life . . . Well, whisky's the best drink, don't you think?"

They agreed, and he unlocked the tantalus and took the glasses off the sideboard where they had been placed by some thoughtful servant.

DOYD noticed the bitterness of his voice when he spoke of that pretty wife of his. Things had been going wrong in that direction for some time. It was only at public dinners now and then that one saw Mallard with his wife. Otherwise they seemed to live very much apart, going their own ways. Whose fault? he wondered. Mallard's, possibly, though there was something just a little hard and cattish about the beautiful Evelyn. But Mallard was absorbed in his own personality—an incurable egoist—in his work, in his ambition, in his rapid and continuous success, even in his games, which he played with as much vigor and enthusiasm as he studied his briefs and played his part in court—to the gallery as well as to the jury. Not easy to be the wife of a man who sometimes sat up all night when he had played rackets

all day, or rose at four in the morning to tackle a brief which he had ignored until it was in the cause list for that day.

"Cigarets?" said Mallard, pushing over a silver box.

He flung himself down in the most comfortable chair in the room—that was characteristic of him—and stretched out his long legs and puffed a ring of cigaret smoke towards the ceiling. Boyd watched him and thought he looked melancholy and perhapeven a little ill. Mallard ill? No; that was a ridiculous thought It was more likely that he had been startled by that séance—the "spirit voice" of his brother Ivo who had been killed in the was

For a few moments Mallard's eyes roved about the room as though interested in the pictures and trophies. This was his working-room and it was filled with the record of his personality. There was a portrait of himself by Orpen in flannels open at the neck. That was when he had won the rackets championship. There were framed photographs of the Magdalen crew in which he had been number three at Henley. There was a half-length of himself in wig and gown by Lavery, and some caricatures of himself in court—they exaggerated the length of his nose and the rake of his jaw—by Reynolds of Punch. On the sideboard, each side of the tantalus, were some silver pots which he had take

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"No one ought to be convinced after one or two experiences. It's a question of evidence," said Jago.

for skiing at Murren. He had succeeded in everything he touched just because of his vitality and enthusiasm. It had all seemed to come easily to him, but only because he had done everything as well as he knew how. He had always played a game-to the limit-whatever it was.

"Queer experience—that séance," said Mallard. "Do you think that girl was faking, Boyd? About Ivo, I mean."
"Difficult to tell," answered Boyd in his non-committal way.
"Half these people are frauds."
"Poor old Ivo!" said Mallard, with a sudden quick sigh. "To hear his voice again for Mallard, with a sudden quick sigh."

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hear his voice again from the other side—I'd like to believe it!" "I wouldn't go so far as saying that the whole thing is a delusion or a fake", said Boyd. "As a psychologist, rather interested in

"Is that good enough?" asked Mallard, rather impatiently.

"An open mind doesn't get one anywhere. I'm beginning to want certainty."

Boyd was amused by this desire which seemed to him hope-

"Certainty? One can't be certain of anything since the discovery of radium and relativity."

He was amused by his own epigram and then chaffed Mallard in his argumentative way.

"Regarding you as one of our smiling cynics—a professional pleader of legal sophistries—I'm surprised at you. What do you want to be certain about?"

Mallard answered without flippancy. "Life—and death—and what happens afterwards—if anything. What's the good of you scientific laddies if you can't tell us that?"

Professor Boyd-that red-headed Peter-replied rather ponderously from the depths of his chair.

"Science hasn't got as far as 'afterwards.' We're not prepared et to admit the survival of personality. Although personally I believe we're groping towards a more spiritual conception of life. The old mechanistic ideas-neo-Darwinism and all that Victorian materialism-are hopelessly out of date. We are seeking something like intelligence and design-

"God, do you mean?" asked Mallard bluntly. Boyd shrugged his shoulders. "Creative ev "Creative evolution. Mind working in matter. Call it 'God' if you like."
"I don't call it anything," said Mallard. "I want to know.

I'm darkly ignorant about those (Continued on page 171)

DON'T suppose there has been any personality in the world that during the past ten years has been more speculated about than the Prince of Wales.

Both he and his position have the genius of the front page. Thousands of pieces have been written about him, thousands of stories told about him.

I've run across them myself in almost every corner of the globe—weird and fantastic tales about his personal life, his sportsmanship, his horsemanship, his concern and his unconcern about his job, his snobbishness and his democracy, his clothes and his haircuts—every big and little, true and untrue detail of his existence.

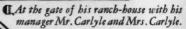
Some of them I believed and some of them I didn't. But outside of meeting him two or three times at formal receptions in London, I had absolutely no basis for assaying this gossip or judging just what sort of fellow this young man really was.

sort of fellow this young man really was.

Then a year ago I became his neighbor rancher up in the foothills of western Alberta.

Now the one way really to get to know a man is to be his neighbor, so I'm going to tell exactly how he, a human being trying to get along in this fairly tough world, struck me.

From his ranch to mine is seven miles the way a crow flies, a good nine the way a horse jogs—and twenty-five by the round-about dirt road. Between the two houses lies a small range of hills and thousands of acres of grazing-lands.



When the Prince was coming out to stay on his ranch last summer W. L. Carlyle, the manager of the Prince's ranch and a valued friend of mine, asked me if I would drive my car over and help him bring out the royal party from Calgary, sixty-five miles away.

We met them at the

railway station, drove them to the country club where the Prince played thirty-six holes of golf, and then we started the long drive to his ranch. The Prince with his youngest brother, the tall smiling young Prince George, rode ahead in Mr. Carlyle's car and I followed in mine with the aides.

Coming in that morning I had hit a bump and broken my rear tire-rack. Having nowhere else to carry it, I had put the spare tire on the left-hand running-board and tied it to the handle of the rear door. It was an awkward and ungainly-looking thing, to say the least.

looking thing, to say the least.

We'd gone just a few miles into the country on the way home when the front car pulled up and a moment later a door opened and the Prince himself jumped out and came running back to my car.

and came running back to my car.

"I'm worried about that spare tire of yours," he said to me, examining the web strap I had used in tying the shoe. "It looks to me as if you'd lose it any minute."

"Well, thanks," I answered, "but I don't believe I will—it's hear riding that "way all mercies."

been riding that way all morning."

"All right if you're sure about it—but I'll keep an eye on it



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EIGHBOR



I.He prefers pitching hay to fishing.

just the same." Ten seconds later he was back in the front seat alongside Mr. Carlyle and we had started off again.

Time and again I could see him looking back to see if we were all rightand the tire was hanging on. He was a good deal more exercised over it than anyone in my car, including myself. We were talking and watching the mountains coming up out of the west to meet us and none of us was worrying about that "spare"—that is, no one except the Prince.

But it didn't fall off after all, and about six o'clock we drove through his

great century-old cottonwoods and plunged across the Middle Fork of the Highwood and drew up in front of his low, rambling, half-timbered ranch-house. I had planned to hurry back to my

own ranch that night.

"Not a bit of it," the Prince insisted. "You're going to have dinner with us and stay the night. Leave your car right where it is and come on in.'

AN HOUR later when we were seated at dinner he turned to me with a twinkle in his gray eyes and asked: "Have you a rawnch or a ranch?"

"How do you mean?" I questioned.

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"Well, a rawnch is something that you support, while a ranch is something that supports you," he answered with a chuckle.

"Well, I certainly still have a rawnch," I replied.
"I'm not telling which I have," he laughed. Then he said seriously: "Few people seem to understand just what I am trying to do here. I want to build up and encourage fine improved live stock in western Canada. I want to do everything I can to help along the cattle and sheep and horse breeder. I really mean

It was a new angle on the Prince to me-this business of doing what he could to help. And this was only one of many serious and fundamental problems he was deeply and sincerely interested in

For a while we talked about western Canada and her great future and then just as if we were old friends he asked me about my ranch and myself. He wanted to know what had brought me out there from New York, and when I told him that the principal reason was that I wanted to write novels, he said:

Well, certainly you've picked a wonderful place to write in. I can understand why a man would want to leave a noisy, highspeed city and get away where he could think things out . . .



My neighbor is a regular fellow.

I'll bet it is a pretty difficult task—to start with a pile of blank paper and end up with a book. How do you do it—do you write straight out on a typewriter?"

I explained that all old newspaper men get so they find it difficult to compose except when they are pounding it out on a

actime.
"You know I've got a little portable (Continued on page 118)
51

By Rex Beach

THE Grant Sisters, Nell and Belle, billed themselves as "Two Little Girls in Blue." The ballad bearing that title was at the height of its vogue, this being in the sentimental 'nineties, and inasmuch as the sisters opened their act with it and dressed in baby-blue knee-length coats of satin and picture hats with white plumes their billing was considered clever.

The closing lines of the chorus ran:

And one little girl in blue, lad, who won your father's heart,

Became your mother, I married the other, but we have drifted apart.

At the finish, with yearning gestures ingeniously suited to the words, the sisters drifted off on opposite sides of the stage reappearing almost instantly, minus coats and hats. They were under-dressed, with short flaring skirts, very chic and Frenchy, and they went directly into a song and dance which began:

Strolling by the brook, right over there, (gesture) I met a maiden young and fair, Golden was the color of her hair, (gesture) And her figure was divine.

The Grant Sisters were young and fair and those short bell-shaped dresses underlaid with foamy ruffles showed off their figures to advantage. By the time they reached the dance proper the act was "over" and the audience was theirs. Their repertory of songs included such chokers as "My Mother Was a Lady," "The Fatal Wedding," "The Moth and the Flame," and wows like "The Band Played On" and "Do, Do, My Huckleberry, Do." They finished with a serpentine dance in yards and yards of filmy white drapery which they manipulated with sticks while colored lights were played upon them.

It was a good act, as acts went in those days, but they had never taken it east of Denver.

Nell Grant, the younger member of the team, was a pretty girl but in the presence of her sister she was colorless and almost plain, for Belle had sparkle and fire and vivacity to an unusual degree. Temperamentally, too, they were quite different. Nell was shy and retiring, Belle was bold and adventurous. Men were crazy about Belle and she was greedy of their attentions.

She had figured in several escapades which greatly concerned her younger sister and the climax in their relations came in San Francisco where they were playing a four-weeks' engagement at the Crystal. Here Belle got completely off the reservation. News of her goings-on was brought to Nell by Arne Hansen, the stage carpenter.

This Hansen was neither a busybody nor a tattle-tale, but he had recently been "saved" by an itinerant evangelist and he was earnestly engaged in doing his duty wherever he found it. Having realized for the first time the wickedness of mirth and frivolity



C," I want to be an actress," said Nellie Belle.

he had found so many duties to perform back-stage, outside of those he was paid for, that the crew of the Crystal and the players, too, were beginning to call him a pest

He came out boldly one night and told Nell that her sister was no fit associate for a good girl.

Nell listened with a white, stricken face.

"I've talked to her," she admitted, "but she won't pay any attention to me. She doesn't look at things the way I do."

"There's only one way to look at things," Arne declared dogmatically. "She's eating the bread of wickedness and if you go around with her and her friends, the first thing you know something will happen to you. This is a wicked business and San Francisco is a sinful city. The snare of the fowler is spread and—and you're too nice a girl to fall into it."

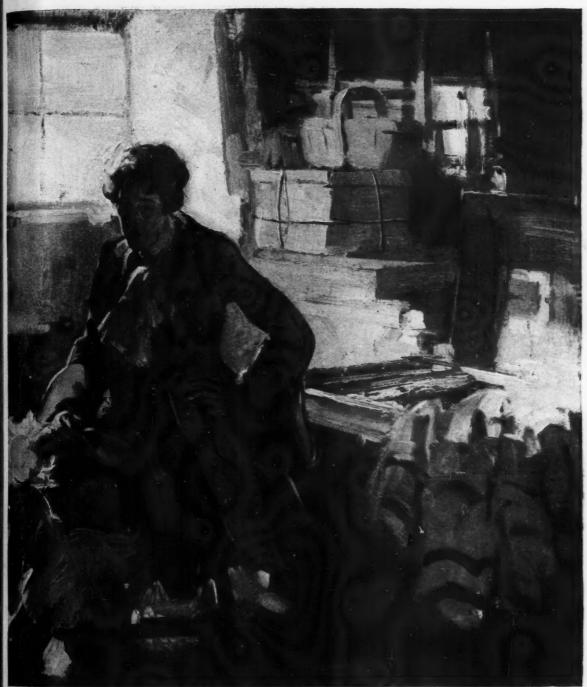
Nell stared curiously at the speaker, for his concern appeared

genuine and it moved her. Arne was a clean, good-looking young

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chap altho aatati Nell was n; she this young I don't "If your You m we her.

You co ecent girl es it pro bet there's Nell flus hen Belle



I you don't teach me I'll—run away and—and join a theater. Oh, Mama! Please!"

Illustrations by Pruett Carter

chap although his head was too small to harbor more than one

Nell was unaccustomed to serious interest on the part of any man; she dropped her eyes now under the burning intensity of this young fellow's gaze and murmured:

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"I don't know what I can do about it, Arne."

"If your eye offends you, pluck it out."

"You mean—break up the act? But—Belle's my sister and I be her. Besides, what could I do alone? I couldn't make a

"You could get married and quit the stage. It's no place for a decent girl, anyhow. I'm going to get out of the business. How does it profit a man to gain the whole world if he loses his soul? I

bet there's lots of fellows ready to marry you."

Nell flushed faintly and shook her head. "Men can't see me then Belle's around. And girls in the show business don't meet the marrying kind. I'd have to think a lot of a man before I'd

Ideas came slowly to Arne Hansen; frequently they were fantastic, but once they had gained lodgment in that small, thick head of his they stayed there. He moved ponderously and in straight lines; there was nothing devious about him. He was harder to swerve than a road-roller.

His disapproval of the elder Grant girl was thorough and in a man of his type disapproval meant dislike and distrust, but the younger sister appealed strongly to him and he was more in love with her than he would admit. In his present mood he considered all fleshly thoughts impure and told himself that his yearnings for her were wholly spiritual. Her soul was in jeopardy; he arrived somehow at the conviction that he had been appointed to save it and he went to work along that line.

His opportunity came as a direct result of his interference.



I Belle Grant saw before her the ghost of her own youth and innocence,

Nell tried to reason with her sister and the latter flared up declaring that she was sick of faultfinding. The girls quarreled. Belle notified her would-be mentor to get another team-mate and two weeks later she sailed for Honolulu with a young man who was concerned with saving neither his soul nor his money. She took four trunks full of new gowns with her.

NELL did not go on with the act. She married Arne Hansen, albeit with apprehensions. She could not wholly believe that he was in earnest about saving her soul by making her his wife.

The sisters never met again, for Arne promptly took his bride to a tiny up-state village and there settled down to the unprofitable practise of his trade. In due time Belle returned home from the Islands with an older and a richer man than she had 54 gone with and for a time thereafter she prospered. She became the favorite of a certain high-rolling set and the toast of San Francisco, if there was such a thing in a city famous for its heautiful women

News of her reached the Hansens, of course. It was of a character to sadden Nell, but it filled Arne with an acrid satisfaction and provoked long tirades against Satan and his wiles, the which were enough to goad his wife into screaming hysterics.

the which were enough to goad his wife into screaming hysterics. Arne always referred to the wayward Belle as "that purple woman," "that Jezebel," "that daughter of hell," terms that aroused grief and resentment in his listener, but when she voiced her resentment he crushed her with the pious declaration that only by the grace of God had she been spared a fate equally dreadful. Mrs. Hansen sometimes told herself that if Belle's prosperity was the penalty of wrong-doing and her own pinched

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Nell gestion to bear his own was ca



and it was smiling, smirking, cutting capers. She felt like screaming, "Stop! Stop!"

married life, with its painful compromises, substitutions and suppressions, was the reward of virtue then there were two sides to this matter of salvation.

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Satan was more than a symbol to Arne, for conversion had neither broadened nor softened him. It had made him narrow and hard. He became a man of rigors and austerities and no doubt Nell would have rebelled in time, would have felt com-pelled to leave him, had it not been for their child. Within a year of their marriage a girl baby was born to the Hansens and her tiny clinging fingers were like manacles upon the mother's wrists.

Nell wanted to name the child after her sister but at the sugsestion Arne flew into a passion. Rather than permit his daughter to bear the name of a fallen woman he would destroy her with his own hands, so he declared. Nell realized with dismay that he was capable of doing even that.

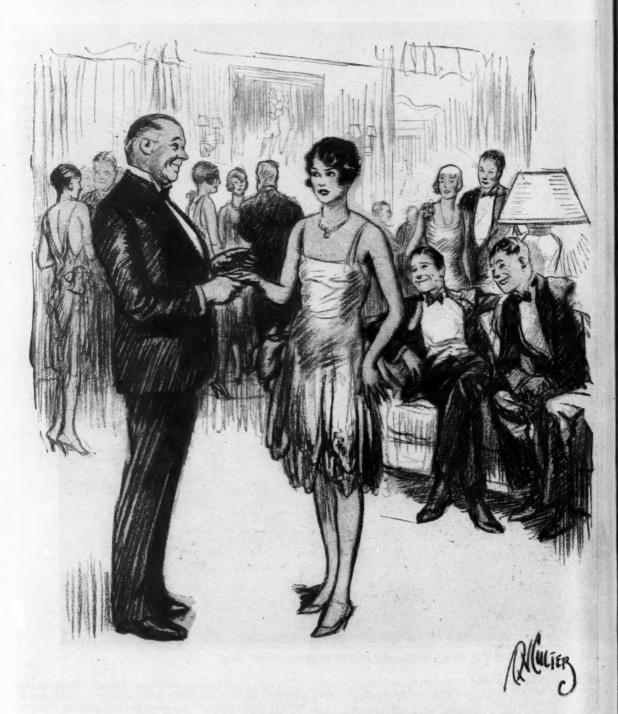
The baby was christened Nell Hansen but privately the mother addressed her always as Nellie Belle and Arne was powerless to prevent the outrage. It was about the only time his wife ever defied him.

Nellie Belle was a darling and she made up for much. Her mother often told herself it was a great pity that Belle Grant had elected to deny herself the pain and the ecstasy of motherhood.

The Hansen girl grew up in a peculiar atmosphere, so far as religion was concerned. On the one side were her father's bigotry and intolerance which were crowded down her throat as food is thrust into a pigeon: on the other were her mother's liberal views of right and wrong. These were unreasoned and unaffected; no doubt they were a theatrical heritage, and certainly some of them were all but heretical.

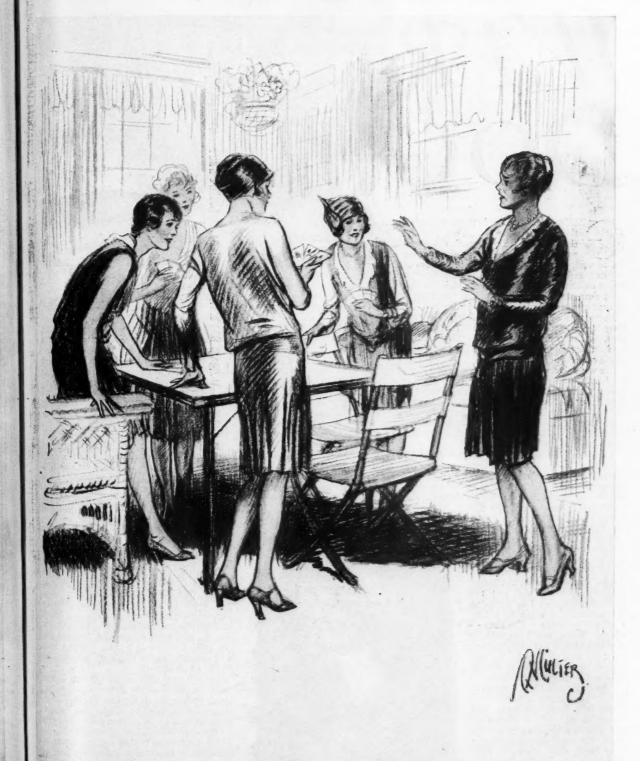
The child believed in a literal Hell; (Continued on page 224)

The Foolish Forties



• Male paragons of virtue who have volplaned into the Foolish Forties suddenly feel an irresistible desire to pat the hand of every sweet young thing they meet—

by Richard V. Gulter



Respect from the younger generation is a positive insult to those new to the Foolish Forties—

MAS

RETA was a war dog in the service of H. M. the Kaiser and King. They bred her in the kennels of a Pomeranian Junker who was reported dead at Contalmaison on

the Somme, in 1916. With the bleak autumn of that year, his widow found that she could not endure alone the rambling old estate on the dark North German plain; so she closed it, and went down to Berlin, where, in the bitter war-time, there was at least company for loneliness and misery.

Greta, with other matters pertaining to the house of a landed German gentleman, came up for sale. A purchasing officer of the signal service, waiting for a train in Pommern, saw her and bought her for the army. She was then five months old, but the

signal officer had a good eye.

She went across Germany and into France, boxed up in a military train, and came to Seventh Army Headquarters, behind Laon. On a winter morning they let her out of her crate into a swept courtyard where there were soldiers and dogs, and you heard the guns along the Chemin des Dames sound sharp and angry from the southwest across the new snow; then someone thrust a mess of horse-meat stew under her nose, and she found no concern for the far-off thunder.

The gross Wachtmeister of the Seventh Army Meldehund-Trupp on detail from a uhlan regiment because of his handiness with animals-observed the lanky puppy while, all legs and appetite, she wolfed her food. Writing down her points in his book as he noted them, he decided that she had a good head and good legs,

and when it caught up with her belly, her chest would be broad and deep enough.

The color, too, was right—grayish, like the good German uniform; you did not want blacks and tans in this war, where the harder you were to see the longer you lasted. And she was the seventh puppy in this draft, so her name must begin with G-Gertrude - Garda - Gretchen -Greta. Greta would do. having polished her pan, she sat back to ease her stomach, and cocked an amiable ear at the big man in the tight cavalry tunic

"Attention, you!" he rumbled at "Your name is Greta. begin with, you will learn that Thereafter, name-Gretathe Prussian Regulations for the Care, Training, and Handling of War Dogs, 1913: Revised, With Notes on the Recent Fighting, 1015, ordered her life.

More than any other detail of modern battle, the war dog has been swamped in sentimental nonsense. The fact is that the German armies found them useful in a certain

limited field and employed them from sound tactical considerations where they were effective; for there was never any sentimentality about the German service.

Illustrations by The Author

Of course you saw nondescript and various mascots among the regiments, since there is a natural affinity between soldiers and dogs the world over; and in the trench sectors where the war settled into routine, the men in the listening-posts in front of the wire used to take out small alert animals that raised a helpful row when people approached from the wrong direction. But the real war dogs, rationed and quartered and borne on the regimental strength, were the clever brutes of the German shepherd breed, selected and trained to carry messages from a regimental headquarters to its battalions on the line.

This German shepherd-dog is a northern strain, as old as history, and until late years entirely utilitarian, the colleague of herders and the assistant of the Continental police. He is sturdy and faithful, he takes kindly to discipline, and he is capable of a high degree of training along open-air lines. Commonly he is called the police dog, and he has other names.

where a man cannot.

His remote ancestors crossed the Rhine with the flocks of the Cimbri and the Teutons, and medieval manuscripts show him exactly in appearance as he is now. More remotely, he is kin to the wolves that roamed the North German plain, and to this day the wolfish look is written large upon him.

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In battle, they found that he could replace to a certain extent the regimental runner, that unfortunate whose duty takes him most frequently across the blazing forward zone of combat, maintaining touch between one post and another. Therefore, it was common sense to use him, because you can grow a dog in two years where a man takes twenty, and a dog may get through

The war dogs, then, in the German service were the affair of the army signal-officer, along with radio, telegraph, the field-telephone, carrier-pigeons, flags, and signallanterns, and all the diverse means whereby a field army talks between its elements. In battle, everything mechanical has a way of going out of commission: there is a heat at

the point of contact which fuses things. A colonel in action might be able to talk over his field-telephone to Berlin, and not be able to get through to his forward-battalion half a kilometer away. To be certain, there-fore, he must fall back on the means of communication that Cæsar used; he







must send somebody with his message. The messenger may be

Buried in the war archives in Potsdam there is the final opinion in the matter: After exhaustive tests it was found that five dogs would do the regimental messenger work of sixteen soldier run-

ners. The arithmetic is plain—five men to look after five dogs, and eleven rifles more for the fir-

ing line. So they used dogs when they could.

The army Meldehund-Trupp—messenger-dog outfit—took Greta and molded her to pattern in half a year. There were two basic lessons: the first was obedience to orders, and the second concerned the gray-green uniform of the German soldier. A puppy idled in the courtyard of the billet with Drina and Blitz and Eric and a dozen or so others, playing gravely after the fashion of the breed and keeping a watchful eye on the soldiers in the light gray shoulder-straps of the communication troops.

When one called Greta, you went swiftly to receive instruction, paying no attention to any other name. You carried things from one soldier to another, things fastened to your collar. First it was just across the courtyard; then it would be around the corner, and, later, your man would deliberately hide, so that you had to trail and cast

about to find him.

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Presently the affair took you out into the fields and up and down ravines, and there must be no loitering on the way. They worked you from one place to another place, and they worked you at night. Simple things, done over and over, they came to be second nature. And through every exercise ran the other lesson-respect for the uniform.

"Because, Liebchen," the Herr Wachtmeister,

The Feld-grau fed and cherished you. It cleaned your quarters and dispensed work and play and food and caresses. With civilians a dog had no contacts—dubious, mean persons, passed aloofly on the street. And once, Greta, carrying a message to the young Gemeiner on the other end of her run, found him in the place he ought to have been, wearing strange blue clothes.

By Gapt.

U. S. Marines

It was puzzling; but the hands and the face and the smell of this private were familiar, and she accepted his blandishments and made him free of the tin cylinder at her neck. She never forgot what happened to her after that, for the Wachtmeister had a way of impressing things.

Again, it was a fellow in an English uniform; and when, the next day, a sorry file of khaki prisoners passed on the street, Greta had to be restrained. The conclusion was inevitable: people in gray-green were all right; otherwise, they were to be avoided if possible and attacked if not. In any case, they meant trouble.

Later, they ran Greta about the firing ranges of the army small-arms schools, and loosed off rifles and machine guns near her, and exploded

things around her. The French planes also helped her education along with the occasional bombing raids that an Army Headquarters must expect behind an active front.

Steady nerves and discipline and custom dissipated any gunshyness she might have had. At the field trials of the new blood, which the Meldehund-Trupp held in the early summer, she got a message over a kilometer of broken ground in less than four minutes, which is classed as good in the Prussian service, and she received the compliments of exalted personages, even officers of the General Staff, turned out to observe the event.

She was a grave, upstanding dog, approaching her full growth, with a fine head and clean hard legs, and a close, grayish-tawny coat, when, in the late summer of '17, they certified her fit for field duty and drafted her to the 40th Fusilier Regiment in the 28th Infantry Division, the old regular division that they called the Conquerors of Lorette.

> The 28th Division had been fignting in Caurieres Wood before Verdun and needed replacements of every kind. They went down into Alsace and entered the line northwest of Altkirch, which was a quiet sector and a suitable place for a division to renew itself; and here Greta had her first combat experiences, sharp enough and not too crowded, as is best for recruits both men and dogs

> The war flickered languidly across the great still valleys of the region. Greta became acquainted with shell-fire and learned to cock an ear and gauge them, proceeding with a

contemptuous flirt of her tail when the thing howled high or wide, and squatting like a soldier when the whine of it increased to a shattering roar and crashed down near at hand

Incautiously quartering over a ridge, between reserve and the forward position, she drew long-range machinegun fire and she deduced from that the wisdom of avoiding the sky-line and keeping away from the open. She watched the war-wise soldiers and

patterned her conduct on theirs.

She followed her occasions up and down black ravines in the night, and under the flares of the front line she learned what dead

men are like.

When the division, much restored, went up into the Cham-paigne around the Butte de Mesnil, Greta went competently with them and did good service with the 1st Battalion of the 40th Regiment, which was her particular assignment, in that wilderness of shell holes and wire and old trenches where the war was always bitter



Her division was one of those which rushed north for the counter-battle at Cambrai, and Greta saw her first tanks—disconsolate monsters, out of gasoline beyond the Nord Canal—and her first fighting Englishmen, and took the rifle-fire of a platoon of them at bay in the wreck of a wood; and there began to be stories about her in the regiment. The 28th wintered in the Ardennes and had a post of honor in the great March drive that rolled down to the gates of Amiens, and thereafter drew out and practised the arts of open warfare in the country behind Laon, through April and early May of 1918.

Near the last of the month the Seventh Army pounded across the Chemin des Dames, and four days later, in a red sunset full of crackling shrapnel, Greta lapped water from the Marne and heard her dusty soldiers, filling their canteens by the blue river, talk of a place called Paris. Then they went back a little way and

rested.

Always keen to the moods of soldiers, Greta sensed the anger

and disgust in the ranks when the division was alerted and moved up to the front barely a week afterwards. It was not their turn, the graygrowled. files green files growled. What was the war coming to, when the 10th Division-which had always been fairly good as front troops wentlost a town to these Yankee amateurs the beaten French were putting in to plug their holes! However, they added with sour pride, the 28th would show them and this is the proper and healthy frame of mind for soldiers.

Greta's Fusilier Regiment took over a narrow front, with the 1st Battalion in the corner of a wood through which the right division prolonged the line, and the 2nd facing down on a battered village where shells were always

falling. Going in with Regimental Headquarters, you noted that things here were quite lively. The columns did not tramp confidently along the roads, but went in hurrying groups across the fields and kept to the woods where it was possible. There was shelling always and everywhere, and many dead men and horses.

Greta's particular signalman—the stubby little private who always looked after her—was killed, taking her over her route the first time. They went from the wood where Regimental lived in holes, down a gully to the road. Then a ditch covered the

way, as far as a railroad embankment.

That had to be crossed; here the enemy got the signalman and came near getting Greta. Bullets flung dust into her nose and ripped into the ground around her, and she fled straight across a wheat-field to the edge of the wood and found her own people, more concerned about her than about the poor Gemeiner who lay now in plain sight on the embankment with his knees drawn up.

She was fired at in the dusk, when she went back, and every time thereafter when she had to move in daylight. There were no trenches; and things happened as often and as sharply as they

did in the Champaigne.

About the third day matters became very bad. All afternoon and all night the shells crashed down on the woods and along the roads. The telephones went out. Greta, catching cat-naps in her hole, as a war dog must, was awakened by the heavy boots of the reserve battalion, brought up to Regimental before dawn, from rest billets in the rear area.

They sent her out when the sky was getting gray, and a machine gun, very near, spat a stream of bullets around her ears when she scuttled across the railroad. She made the shelter of the wood with her tongue out, and was confused. The place had changed its very shape. Some of her best landmarks were gone, and many dead lay about in field-gray uniforms.

In the place where Battalion command post should have been,

there was nothing but a great shell hole and an untidy litter of corpses. One of these was the Signal Feldwebel, who always took her messages. He lay now partly under a fallen branch, with dew on his yellow mustache, and Greta licked his cold jowl and permitted herself to grieve softly in her throat.

She went on with bristling shoulders and cast about through the wood to find her people, as she had been trained. She came to a narrow clearing, where a body lay in a strange khaki uniform, Stepping around it with distaste, she halted at the edge of the

open, some wolfish instinct sounding an alarm.

PRIVATE HENSE JORDAN, of the Fifth Marines, noted with satisfaction that the night was about finished. A sickly bluish light came sifting into the woods. Shredded tree tops and splintered branches grew sharp against a pale green sky. The flailed and broken timber and the trampled underbrush around him took form in the shadows. The dawn chill bit into his bones,

and he shifted himself in the shallow hole he had scooped the night before, and drew his salvaged German blanket closer around his shoulders.

An agonizing cramp in his thigh jerked him painfully on his feet, to ease the tortured muscle. That spasm passing, he propped his rifle in a convenient crotch and remained standing, hunched over, his hands thrust into his breeches for warmth. He yawned and shivered miserably, his teeth chattering and his bony knees knocking together. It was the time of day when battles start and raids may be expected and reveille turns you out, and the time of day a man always feels the lowest!

Of all the duty you got, these listening-posts, out in front in a place like this, were the meanest. And double watches, because the major said there weren't enough men left in the battalion to run regular reliefs... Where, by the way, was that dam' sergeant with his relief? He'd been out here since the Major General Commandant was a corporal.

Meantime, his trained hard eyes searched restlessly in the brush for any movement; Private Hense Jordan was an old soldier, and he had no in-

was an old soldier, and he had no intention of dying for his country—not through carelessness, anyway. It was quiet, right here. Over on the left, towards the Veuilly Woods and Hill 142, the guns of the French division were shelling something, and you heard chaut-chauts and Hotchkiss guns. On the eastern face of this wood, single rifles were going—snipers, most likely; Heine had good snipers.

Some of our machine guns were bickering with the Maxims across the fields from Bouresches. A quiet morning. Well, after last night, Private Jordan considered, everybody ought to have his belly full—and here Minenwerfer shells began to break regularly in the right rear, where the ravine that bordered the southern edge of the wood led back to the town of Lucy.

"Steppin' 'em up an' down that there gully, where the chow detail has to go," considered Private Jordan sadly. "Heine's on the job, an' Gawd help them poor greaseballs, if they's any of them in there—hope some of them gets through with grub—an' oh, Lawd, let there be coffee." He couldn't remember when he had eaten, and he felt too weak to stand. He reached back and shook his canteen, although he knew it was empty, and he spat cotton from a dry mouth, and small irritations graveled him.

It was, he decided, no life for a white man. Lying out, nights.

It was, he decided, no life for a white man. Lying out, nights. And being shelled. And fighting blind in the woods, and never getting any rations. "Gettin' us all bumped off like this, they might at least feed us." He hadn't had his shoes off for eleven days. He wished he was back on a battle-ship, where they piped for chow three times a day an' mornin' coffee before turn-to; and he regretted all the evil things he had said in his time about the navy.

"Leastways, you wear marine uniform, 'board ship." He crooked a torn khaki sleeve and regarded it with disgust. "First thing the army done was take away our Lewis guns an' give us chaut-chauts—take away our greens an' give us khaki—"That last rankled. Every man in the Marine Brigade considered

received uniform in olivities if it we boche danger officers corps. Private of his son of little st

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Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr.

it a blow struck at their morale by the envious army when they were informed that in France they would receive no more of the forester-green winterfield uniforms of the Marine Corps, but would go garbed in olive-drab.

'Jus' like any odd lot of doughboys-veh!" What if it was very like the German uniform? "Time a Boche gets near enough to tell the difference, he's in danger, I'll tell the cock-eyed worl'!" Only a few officers in the brigade clung to the old greens of the

corps. The major was one.

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Private Jordan considered him briefly, the memory of his last court-martial sour on his mind. A hard son of a dog, but he was up here last night with his little stick, when they reorganized after the attack, looking things over. "Well, if I was a major, they wouldn't get me in no army O.D., neither. Wouldn't wouldn't get me in to army O.D., netther. Wouldn't have a chance. Recruitin' Office, Kansas City, Mizzour-i: that would be my billet."

There was, in the brush ahead, something that moved. Private Jordan's rifle was by his knee, and

his hands were in his pockets, which was bad; but he was too old a stager to duck and grab. He froze motionless, every sense alert. The weakness flowed out of him, and his eyes narrowed to slits. Which

way, and what-

It was a dog, a dust-gray, tall fellow with pointed ears, and when it lifted its wolfish head, pale color on its throat. It materialized from around a bush a

dozen yards away and stood, a forefoot lifted, considering the next move. Private Hense Jordan remembered the order, reiterated when they came up to this fight: Kill all dogs. We don't use them, and the French don't. The Germans use them for messengers. Kill them, wherever seen-and search the remains-

they're usually carrying something.

Private Jordan also reflected that the Boche was very close tohim, on ahead through the woods, and he did not want to shoot or otherwise demonstrate from this position, if he could help it. But he'd have to get that dog . . Looked like the critter might come on out into the open, where a snap shot would have a better chance—easy does it. Strictly as an afterthought, he loved dogs. But orders were orders.

Greta settled it for him. The day before, she had been right trough here. There should be a

through here. section of her infantrymen and two light machine guns just past the clearing. She trotted out, her head low, taking a confusion of scents from the trampled ground, and the marine saw that she would come within a yard of him. Try it with

the bayonet—no noise—— He caught up his rifle and lunged in one motion, sudden as a snake's, but she was a split-second quicker, and recoiled.

In her schooled brain, as she faced him. the cold face of her Feldwebel back there. and the little Gemeiner on the railroad, and the mad things that zipped and droned around her in the wheat, all connected at once with this lean brown man. Here was the enemy. She flung herself at him, slashing for the thigh, as a wolf does. He shifted his bayonet and caught her on it; the point slid inside her fore leg and back, the angle of her leap, across her shoulder-blade.

But her weight overbalanced the man, and they went down together in a tangle which the rifle dominated. Rolling clear of her ringing jaws, Private Jordan brought one hobnailed boot down on her head and considered that it was enough. He got up, wrenched the blade clear, shot a quick glance around, and bent over the long crumpled body, which quivered briefly

and relaxed

At her neck, hooked to the leather collar, was a thin

aluminum cylinder.

"Active Hun, all right—in the messenger business . . . Dam' it, I had to do it! An' it's a bitch, too! Arh! But there wasn't ao way out of it—guess that got her in the heart." Kneeling,



much desolated, he investigated the battered head and felt along

A sergeant and a private of marines came noiselessly up behind him. They spoke in husky whispers. "Got one, Hense? Seen anything else? If the mutt's got anything on 'im, rush it on back to the skipper. An' report to your platoon—moved it to the right this mornin'—Corporal Kent's in charge—they got some slum up. Here's the layout, guy," and the sergeant turned to instruct the relief.

Meantime, Private Jordan had noted that the dog's chest still bled, and the flow was bright and not sluggish. "Say," he said,

without looking up, "she ain't dead! I never killed her. She—"
"Well, kill it an' get back from here," snapped the sergeant, in disgust. "This any place to be sobbin' over our dumb friends, you——" And Private Jordan slung his

rifle, picked her up, and dodged into the brush to the rear, where he set her down and clumsily applied his first-aid bandage to stop the flow

Her skull didn't seem to be smashed, and although she was still entirely limp, he thought her heart went a little. Then he walked swiftly down through the position, along a very thin line of men in holes, who regarded him without curiosity and gulped cold slum and lukewarm coffee.

"Battalion?—down that there trail, fella." For he wasn't going to the company commander a man not sympathetic to dogs or to

irregularities.

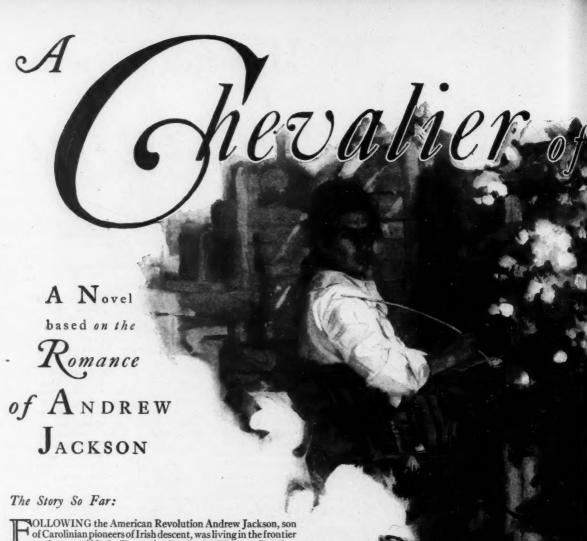
If the skipper says how come I went over his head, I'll tell him I thought orders was to take Boche dope right to the major-major used to have a dog," he planned uneasily; and passed through two platoons of the 2nd Engineers, unkempt and competent and constituting the battalion reserve; and found Battalion Headquarters group disposed in the ravine.

The major sat on a rock and drank coffee from a canteen cup. He was unshaven, and his eyes were red-rimmed from loss of sleep, and the shine had departed from his field boots, but he wore his stained forester-green uniform with an air, and his helmet, the chin-strap looped up over the brim, was slanted at a cocky angle. He conversed casually with his adjutant, and did not look around when Private Jordan, strangely burdened, slid down the bank of the ravine and was halted by the important sergeant-major.

"Private Jordan wants permission to speak to the battalion commander—got a Boche dog here, carryin' messages."

The adjutant, a young man in a soldier's blouse and quarter-master breeches everywhere too large for him, turned to hear, with a cold, bad-tempered eye. "Sir, I'm on listenin'-post on the (Continued on page 207)





OLLOWING the American Revolution Andrew Jackson, son of Carolinian pioneers of Irish descent, was living in the frontier settlement of Nashville, on the Cumberland River. Popular, a democrat of democrats, he acted as prosecutor for the eastern district of the region. High among his friends were an attorney, John Overton, with whom he lived, and a mysterious Englishman called Fowler, who had such confidence in Jackson that he told him he had taken an assumed name, but for honorable reasons.

At Mrs. Donelson's, where he took his meals, the young prosecutor fell in love with her married daughter, Rachel, whose husband, Captain Lewis Robards, detested pioneer life and surlily refused to establish a home for his wife. Robards, violently suspicious and jealous of the lovely Rachel—although Jackson had concealed his fruitless passion and gave no sign—sought to quarrel with him.

The tempestuous Andrew was only too eager to meet his accuser on fighting-ground when suddenly the latter left Nashville. Rid of the brute, the relatives of Rachel sent her away to Natchez so that she might be free of further molestation. Gallant and courteous, still hiding his overwhelmed heart, Andrew Jackson escorted her there and saw her safe among her friends.

Back in Nashville, the hopeless lover learned that Robards had divorced Rachel. Without thought or pause, Andrew hastened to the girl and swept her into immediate marriage. Their union became a byword for perfect happiness. The mysterious Fowler was admitted as an intimate to their little circle, and one evening through an unexpected channel it was disclosed to the Jacksons that he was in reality Lord Melderode, whose wife had presumably deceived him and made of him a voluntary exile.

Suddenly, from the blue sky of their domestic bliss, flashed a thunderbolt—Robards had not really divorced his wife until after Andrew and Rachel had married, therefore they had been living together in an irregular union! Broken-heartedly they parted until the records were searched to ascertain the truth.

Pursuing his legal work in Jonesboro, Andrew brooded and worried over the terrible mistake, finally was taken seriously ill and in raging fever journeyed to Nashville, where Rachel and her mother nursed him back to health. With the exact record of the 62

fortunate of men.

II, Thrilling with his

pride in Rachel, Jackson knew him-

self for the most

divorce before them, Andrew and Rachel again married this time for always.

They built a fine house on Hunter's
Hill. Two years went by, and young
Jackson was acknowledged a leader among
men in the Cumberland region. He was
elected delegate from Davidson County to
Knoxville when it was decided that the territory should seek statehood and determine on a
name for itself. Rachel went with him to the momentous
convention. During the deliberation of the delegates it was
Rachel who suggested to her husband that the name "Tennessee" be proposed for their new state. When Jackson suggested
this to the convention it was acclaimed.

The next step was inevitable. Jackson was elected representative from the new state to the seat of Federal government in Philadelphia. Overshadowing this honor was the fact that Rachel would be left behind. But bravely she urged him to go, for he alone could fight successfully against threatened Federal imposition which would force the Tennesseeans to pay the costs of an Indian campaign.

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vision

By Meredith Nicholson Gumberland

ACKSON was at breakfast in the City Tavern a few days after the inauguration when Norton joined him. The tavern was no substitute for the order and peace of Hunter's Hill. From the windows of his small room he was able to contemplate nothing more inspiring than a brick wall, which was an offense to eyes habituated to the long vistas of the Tennessee hills.

His homesickness became unbearably poignant whenever he sat down to breakfast in the ill-lighted refectory, with its reek of stale pipe-

> He missed Rachel's heartening smile across the table, which was never lacking even on stormy winter mornings when breakfasted by candlelight. And the best city food he had tasted

was savorless compared with the fare at Hunter's Hill. The Tavern ham was green and the corn bread an abomination! Much as he liked Norton, he was not greatly pleased to see him at

this trying hour, and he was not wholly successful in concealing his displeasure.

"Good morning, Jackson! Sorry to be seeing so little of you," remarked the officer affably. "I've been unusually busy or I'd have looked you up. But I saw you at the inaugural ceremonies in very attractive company! There wasn't woman there who looked a whit handsomer than her ladyship!"

"Do you want to know how I came to take her?" Jackson emanded testily. "I met her in a demanded testily. "I met her in a store where I was doing some trading and she hinted that she'd like to see the show. I invited her because that seemed decenter than refusing."

"My dear Jackson! Do pardon me! I wasn't criticizing! I didn't mean to be impertinent."

"Knowing her ladyship, I surmised just how it had happened," Norton replied, chagrined that he had failed to gauge the Tennesseean's sensitiveness.
"I hope I didn't single and the sensitiveness."

"I hope I didn't violate any rules by taking a woman to the inauguration," Jackson persisted. "Other members

"Why, of course it was perfectly proper and most kind and courteous. And so John Adams is President! From what I hear he's not likely to have a happy time of it. I hope when the capital's moved to that mud-hole on the Potomac they've chosen for it there'll be less gossip and lying than we have here."

"This place," declared Jackson fiercely, "is like a filthy stable; I don't like the smell of it. I'd be out of it now only I found a man, David Allison by name, who wants to buy some Tennessee land. I've been waiting for him to decide what he wants to do. You know Allison?"

"Yes; slightly-he's a man of good standing and reputed to be wealthy. I shouldn't think you'd want to sell any of your land when it's bound to appreciate."

"I want to make some money," Jackson announced. "I've got all I want of politics and when I get back to Tennessee I'll be damned if I ever leave home again."

smoke. "I know you didn't, but I don't want you to get the wrong idea about it."

Illustrations by

Joseph M. Clement

At Philadelphia he won this cause. Also, he met many of the notables of the time, including a Lady Melderode whose salon was one of the most brilliant in the city. Though seeking a runaway husband, Lady Melderode was gay and care-free as any social butterfly. She took a fancy to the homespun Jackson, and they together attended the inauguration of President Adams.

But Andrew was impervious to all flirtation and drawing-room arts. His heart was with Rachel on Hunter's Hill and his mind visioned the glorious future growth and freedom of his native land.

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C. There was something terrifying in Jackson's deliberate advance to the tavern

"But you're just the sort of man we need in the Congress! You've already attracted favorable attention by your handling of those military claims. And the friendliness of such men as Ned Livingston and Jimmy Madison is worth having. You fit right in with the anti-Federalist leaders who share your views about the

rights of the people and the future of the country."
"They're bound to make a mess of it," said Jackson with a scowl. "If I don't finish my trade with Allison mighty soon, I'm

Norton groped for some clue to the workings of the mind of this virile, blunt-spoken young man from the Cumberland, who seemed so little impressed by his association with the nation's lawmakers

Every other man he knew was eager for promotion and power, but this singular Jackson, at a time when any hour might bring a tremendous crisis in international relationships, was impatient to escape across the hills to the peace of his farms. He would have thought that a man of Jackson's character

would rejoice in the impending battles over questions of vital

importance to the country.

But as Jackson settled back in his chair and filled his pipe Norton caught a gleam. Jackson was above all else the lover, eager to return to the wife in whom all his thoughts centered. He had been impressed and deeply touched by the devotion of the two as he had seen them in their home and he remarked with all

"I know what's the trouble with you, Jackson. You're homesick for Hunter's Hill and the lovely woman you left there!

Jackson took the pipe from his lips and a look of great tenderness came into his eyes

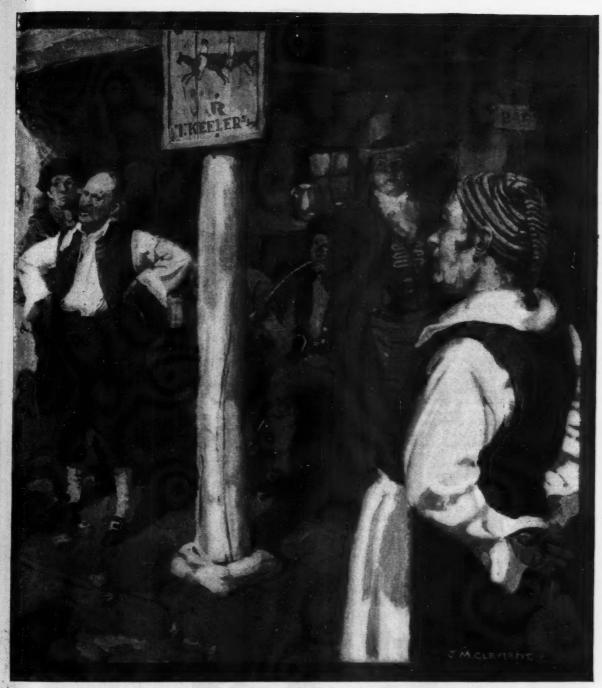
"You've hit the truth, Norton-there's nothing I want in all the world but just to live out yonder—at home—with her. This life down here is not for me; I've got to go home! I'm sorry I spoke sharply to you when you came in, but that Melderode woman represents everything I hate. But she's a woman and it struck me a long time ago that we men have the best of it in

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"Here's the rascal now!" yelled a voice. "Yes; I'm here, you curs!" he shouted.

this world. If a woman's bad, by God, I'm not for kicking her into the road!"

"Well, except for a little very quiet gossip hereabouts, we have no right to assume that Lady Melderode isn't a good woman. Either she left her husband or he left her and I don't know that it's any of our business which way it was."

11

"If she couldn't get on with her husband she ought to stay at home with her mother!" said Jackson. "And she ought to find

Nome with her mother!" said Jackson. "And she ought to indesomething better to do than entertain such young jackasses as we saw in her parlor."

Norton smiled and Jackson, fearing that he wasn't making himself clear, elaborated his views.

"Women," he said, "ought to stay at home with their families, or their friends—or somebody who's responsible for 'em! When some herin running loses they're bound to get into mischief. women begin running loose they're bound to get into mischief. I don't like the ways of these people down here.

With his thoughts hovering over Hunter's Hill, Jackson refused an invitation to dine with Livingston, and other friendly

overtures from fellow members of the House who appreciated his good qualities and wished to cultivate his further acquain-tance. But he was going home! If these men didn't understand that a man might prefer the simple joys of the planter's life to the political storm and stress of the capital, he couldn't help it; he was going home to Rachel! He was courteous in his refusals of hospitality but he was not only going home but he was never coming back!

And so he rode out of Philadelphia with his pack-horse laden with gifts for Rachel, resolved that henceforth the affairs of the nation could be managed very well without his assistance.

At ease on the veranda at Hunter's Hill he gave Rachel a full account of his adventures. Not flattering was his estimate of most of the men who were carrying on the affairs of the government. He thanked God that the mountains lay between the Cumberland and the intrigue, suspicion and hatred that pervaded the Philadelphia atmosphere. He was (Continued on page 208)



Hagerdorn took the first train back to his father's bird store.

O GAIN perfection one must work and make sacrifices and Hagerdorn Yolk knew it. He wanted to get away from middle-class ignorance and the odoriferous limita-tions of his father's bird store. It would not take him very far if he merely knew that a Peruvian bullfinch could not eat artichokes with mayonnaise or that the Malay armadillo was mortally afraid of the Greek unicorn. His father would glow with satisfaction over the shimmering colorings of a Brazilian yak and administer to the ailments of a Russian horse-fly with the grave assurance of the court physician prescribing for the royal family. But this did not get him anywhere with nice people. He was still the picturesque proprietor of a bird store where people had to come for the sake of their pets but where, in sooth, they held their noses

Young Hagerdorn Yolk knew this. So he waved a fond farewell to Julius, the man-eating gorilla, and went to New York. Refined, intellectual associations were an obsession with him. He would prepare himself to penetrate the upper crust of social life and find the chance to exercise the natural mental and artistic

equipment with which nature had endowed him.

For a year he went to every opera and every concert until he could recognize a concerto, a rhapsody, or an obbligato through a smoke screen of hiccoughs and sneezes. He knew the squeak of every great virtuoso's violin and knew when the fourth piccolo player in the symphony orchestra topped his F-sharp. He could talk music better than Paderewski could play it, and even knew the make, design, horse-power and speed of Nero's fiddle.

Next, he devoted his attention to art. He stood on his ear for days looking at the works of French, German and Scandinavian

modernists and could actually tell whether a multicolored canvas represented a Dish of Broccoli or a Moravian Peasant Picking His Teeth at Twilight. He could see intense beauty in subway excavations, and the huddled push-carts on the lower East Side were to him a glittering Oriental caravan painted upon a canvas of metropolitan grandeur by the great hand of a divine providence. He had the names of all the works of Rubens, Michaelangelo and Rembrandt on the tip of his tongue. He knew the exact date when Murillo had the painter's colic. He could discuss art with connoisseurs and have them begging for mercy after the first ten landscapes.

There was nothing that Hagerdorn Yolk didn't learn in preparation for the great adventure. He studied German, French, Italian and Spanish so he would feel at home with the ambassa-dors from distant lands. He delved into the intricacies of law and medicine to be able to meet the great men of science on an equal

A writ of mandamus and a compound fracture of the ulna bone were mere flivvers in his garage of knowledge.

He was far-sighted, was Hagerdorn Yolk. He knew that great 66

men of science, diplomacy and art did not necessarily confine their conversation to their professional interests. They took a healthy interest in the sports of the day. So he organized an intensified assault upon boxing, baseball, football, racing and golf. He contrived to meet Gene Tunney and Jack Dempsey. He asked Tunney about the long count he got from the referee when he was knocked down by Dempsey and in reply Gene gave him a discourse on Plato, Socrates, the Fourth Dimension and

The UtCast

When he got through, Hagerdorn could go before any group of serious thinkers and give them a complete summing up of the

psychology of modern pugilism.

Prohibition.

He studied Dempsey's rubber nose at close range and found that it could run ten thousand punches without a puncture.

He joined a golf club and memorized all the off-color jokes that were told in the locker room. When he got in a trap on the eleventh hole and was unable to extricate himself, he experienced all the sensations of a man buried alive. He dug furiously with his niblick until he uncovered an ancient city and three other golfers who were left over from the season before. He stayed there two days without food or water and was only rescued when a club member, who happened to get in the way of his partner's brassy, came flying by on a divot and saw him. This thrilling experience would indeed make great drawing-room conversation for Hagerdorn Yolk.

Finally, after two strenuous years of preparation, the dream of his life was realized. A simple, but beautifully engraved card

arrived, which read:

Mr. and Mrs. W. Kip Throckmorton Tuesday, March sixth, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-Eight at Seventy-One Park Avenue, to meet Honorable Wellington J. Scrams, D.D.S., Ph.D., E.M.

Just think, Wellington J. Scrams, the great authority on modern philosophy and thought. Mrs. Throckmorton was the acknowledged social and intellectual leader of the great city. She would have everybody there who was worth while. What an opportunity for Yolk to indulge in the brilliant conversation and banter for which he had so conscien-

> The memorable night arrived. What a far cry it was from the bird store of ignoble perfume to the drawing-room of the social elect! Hagerdorn arrived at 71 Park Avenue at nine twenty - one-twenty - one minutes late to give his appearance that tardy correctness which he had studied so thoroughly.

As the butler in the foyer took his hat and coat he stole a glance through the

great door leading into the exotically lighted drawing-room. Most of the guests had already arrived. With a great thumping of the heart he recognized big figures in the realms of business, art, sport and science. They looked just like their photographs which he had studied so thoroughly.

There was Nathaniel Gooseflesh, the great commercial genius, who first thought of the idea of using all the old olive pits for mosaic work in the entrances of apartment-houses. Seated close to him was the noted poet, Ghulka Ptulka, whose lyric spark



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Humorous Words and Funny Pictures by

Rube Goldberg

electrified the world when he wrote his 'Writhings of a Garden Hose.

Not far distant was the shaggy-haired tenor who caused such a furor in operatic circles when his high C knocked six barbers off their perch in the gallery of the Metropolitan Opera House. He recognized the greatest novelist of the day, Jane Asterisk, whose book "Prunes" he had read and reread until the library threat-

ened to sue him if he did not bring it back.

He saw Gilford McDrowsy, the English gentleman-heavy-weight who was matched to meet Gene Tunney; Professor Tilgus N. Bump, for whose invention of the wireless picture-frame the King of Italy had made him a member of the Ravioli Legion; Doctor Zipper van Carve, discoverer of the square gall-stone Slingmore Clay, the inspired sculptor who rocked the world of art with his immortal group, "Just a Load of What Have You"; Major Nosedive Kelly, who made the longest non-stop flight from his first wife to his second; and many others, including the

Honorable Wellington J. Scrams himself.

Here was the cream of the world—a gathering so brilliant that the epigrams, scintillating witticisms, profound observations and double-edged retorts should literally stumble over one another in their mad rush for expression. And the beauty and charm of the lovely ladies interspersed among the notables made Hagerdorn Yolk regret that he had only one pair of eyes.

Hagerdorn noticed with some slight uneasiness that the guests were seated about little tables in groups of four. He had never seen this arrangement before, but he felt that this was only temporary and the celebrities would soon intermingle and exchange brilliant observations.

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He strode through the Gothic arch into the drawing-room like an

angel entering the heav-enly gates. Mrs. Throckmorton came forward and greeted him with an impersonal stare and a loftily drooping hand. Hagerdorn, overcome with joy and embarrassment, murmured, "I appreciate the great compliment you have paid me in asking me to this wonderful gathering of clever and talented people. I shall not fail you in holding up my end in the brilliant combat of wit and wisdom that is soon to take place."

IMrs. Throck-

morton greeted Hagerdorn with, "Table sixteen."

Mrs. Throckmorton arched her neatly trimmed eyebrows and cast her mascaro-tinted eye over a small pad she held in her hand, and merely said, "Table sixteen." Then she walked past him to welcome another social lion.

For the moment Yolk was a trifle confused. "Table sixteen, table sixteen," he kept going over in his mind. "Ah," he said to himself, "all these little tables must be

numbered and she wants me to sit down at table sixteen!" He congratulated himself upon his great discovery. He showed rare tact in not asking a question the answer to which was perfectly obvious. The hostess undoubtedly was starting her brilliant guests out in groups of four so the conver-sation could become more intimate and effective.

He zigzagged his way through the irregular array of small tables and finally came to one upon which was pasted a little card marked "16." Fine! Seated at the table were Gilford McDrowsy, Slingmore Clay and Jane Asterisk. Hagerdorn took the fourth chair.

No one spoke. Maybe they were waiting



for him to make good. So he remarked casually, "I see that the nebula surrounding the planet Venus moved three miles to the left last month."

Another silence ensued which was only broken by the arrival of the hostess who said, "Here are the cards and the score-pad. You cut for partners."

Hagerdorn was up against it. Was he expected to play some sort of a game? Were they preparing to perform some mysterious rites about which he had left himself grossly uninformed? He was sunk unless he came out boldly and asked a question. "Er—er—ah——" he started to stammer.

His pulse speeded up to twenty-six revolutions a second and his blood pressure blew out one of his shirt studs. His face became alarmingly like a red flannel undershirt and the beads of perspiration bounded upon the floor with such violence that six women reached frantically for their necks to see if their pearls had become unstrung.

Mrs. Throckmorton, seeing his confusion said, 'Don't you play bridge, Mr. Yolk?"

"Very well then. Doctor Bilk will take your place."

With no further palaver, Doctor Bilk sat down and Mrs. Throckmorton walked away leaving Hagerdorn standing, as he felt, on top of an iceberg

in the middle of nowhere.

Suddenly there was a deathlike silence all about him. Some of the guests were dealing cards, others

were picking them up, while still others were gazing into them with cataleptic rigidity. Occasionally he heard sounds like these, "One spade," "no trumps," "pass," "double," "four clubs." Outside of these few jerky sounds, the silence was tense and painful.

For all the attention that was paid him Hagerdorn could have been an uneaten portion of a used radish. He was bursting with knowledge, information, humor, philosophy and news, and he had nowhere to spill it!

Perhaps they did not know that he was so well-informed and could meet them on an equal intellectual footing. He would not be crowded out of things so easily-not without a struggle! He roamed around the room like a tormented (Cont. on page 168)



By Irvin S. lerk

OR making a mud clerk this is your recipe: First you catch a youth who thinks he wants to grow up to be a steamboatman. Formerly that part of it was a very much easier task than it is today.

Having caught him, to accustom him to irregular hours and broken sleep and to all kinds of weathers and all kinds of underfootings; you teach him to walk uphill of a swaying stage-plank and to jump for the bank before your packet's nose touches, and it a bank which frequently is slick with yellow mire or treacherous with crumbly dried clods. You school him to perform his duties on shore with accuracy and dispatch and then, as she pulls out, to do a flying leap for the tip of a sloped swinging perch and—even though his feet may be clumps of sticky clay, and often are—to balance himself thereon like a bareback-rider on a humpbacked horse. Finally you must make him satisfied with small wages and what he can eat, which usually is a considerable amount, and with his comparatively humble place near the

foot of the roster. But as regards young Benny Dozier, they did not have to catch him. He had it, as you might say, in his blood, being the last of a list of steamboatmen. His father before him had been one and likewise at least two of his uncles were clerks. So one day in his nineteenth year when he went, all tangled up in his long arms and legs, down the hill and sought out Captain Nick Rodabush, of the Richmond P. Hobson, and diffidently stated his ambitions and said, while vainly endeavoring to swallow several invisible pigeon-eggs, that he had heard there was a vacancy in the office and he hoped—fumbling now with his large red hands—that his application might formally be considered, he was accepted on the

To the appraising eye of Captain Nick this did not seem exactly prime material, but material of any sort was harder to come by than it once upon a time had been. Things no longer were as they had been when a skipper might pick and choose among the smart juveniles of the community. As Mr. Jericho Haley, the official pessimist of the local wharf, had said in the captain's hearing just here the other day:

'Whut's the use of the gov'mint talkin' about squanderin' all these here millions of dollars fur locks and dams and sich tryin' to make a nine-foot stage the year 'round? In the first place, they couldn't never do it, it bein' ag'in' the plan of Gord Almighty Hisse'f; and in the second place, s'posen' they could? It'd take

years and years to finish the job, wouldn't it?

"Well, fifteen years frum now, yes, or ten, the way things air goin' now, where'd they git the crews to run them fleets of newfandangled steel freighters they talk so biggitty about? How many pilots and engineers and so forth did there used to be hangin' 'round this very town? And how many of 'em air left? And how many likely boys air takin' up steamboatin' fur a livin'? Jest about one where there used to be forty-jest about!"

In a measure, Captain Rodabush shared these gloomy viewpoints. A majority of the veterans did share them. Still, he needed a mud clerk. He took what he could get. There were occasions subsequently when he was moved to remark:

"Yes, and one fool of a git I got, too!"
Because young Benny Dozier was not a glittering success at his chosen profession. It wasn't for lack of trying. One outstanding trouble with Benny was that he couldn't control his unruly members. He was incredibly awkward. Walking at ease—if so gangling and loose-jointed a gait as his might be said to have any ease in it—he would lumber along making loud sounds with his heels, and if he sought to hurry he frequently tripped himself. He got in his own way; what was worse, he



would show her the stuff that was in him!

couldn't for the life of him manage to keep out of the way of Another score countable against him was that he so easily lost his head which, as his impatient superiors had been heard to exclaim, was a very trifling loss indeed and not worth

In small emergencies a terrific embarrassment overcame this unfortunate young man so that his tongue faltered and his Adam's apple emotionally rose and fell and his constellation of freckles stood out like paled and plaintive stars from the blazing sunset of his blushes. Finally, and for the summing-up, he was chronically addicted to the habit of falling in love. Over, though, on the credit side of the ledger there was this to be said for him: He wasn't afraid of work; and he had a wonderful disposition. In spite of

everything else, you just had to like him.

Falling in love—that, it was commonly agreed, remained his greatest fault. With or without provocation, and lacking any encouragement whatsoever, he gave his ardent heart to every personable female, maiden or widow, as it might be, who set foot aboard the Richmond P. Hobson. He always got it back though. That hopeful heart of his seemed to have the resiliency of new rubber but the durability of cast-iron. It and its owner got to be a standing joke with the rest of the white crew. They racked him with their teasing. Behind his back, the darkies snig-

gered at him.

"Look out to stand by, kid," someone, with a wink and a grin, would say. "Yonder comes another member of the opposin'

"Oh, shut up your mouth and quit your foolin'," the victim would say, gulping hard. "You fellers make me sick."
"You're sick all right but none of us ain't responsible fur it."
"Say, let up, won't you please?"

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A Story of the Romantic River Illustrations by Forrest C. Crooks

frum the way it looks to me, you've got the trouble in the most violent form there is. I reckin there's no hope fur you neither till some woman up and marries you. That's said to work a complete cure in some cases."

Certainly ridicule did not help the complaint. On an average

"Love-sickness-that's whut ails you, my son, and

of about once a month he could be counted upon to oblige the

steamer's company.

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There was the lovely little heiress from away up North, the one with the blue eyes and the maize-yellow hair, who was on her way to Shiloh with her grandfather, a veteran of the Union armies, and now, by all accounts including his own, preeminent in the flour-milling interests of St. Paul, Minnesota. She was worshiped dumbly and from afar—Benny did much of his worshiping at a distance—until the spoiled beauty, perhaps not knowing her voice carried to him, or perhaps not especially caring whether it did—being at the age when pretty girls are likely to be cruel by intent—inquired of Mr. Given, the chief engineer, why that gawky, sandy-headed young man hadn't learned to remember where he put his feet down, so that the next time he wanted to use them he could pick them up again with-out stumbling over one or both. He fled away then, with the hateful sounds of Mr. Given's horse-laugh ringing in his tingling ears, and during the remainder of her journey ventured no more within tongue-range of her.

ND—to cite a particularly joyous instance—there was the graceful, full-voiced star pitcher of the Amazonian Diamond Champs, a somewhat weather-beaten aggregation of athletic prodigies whose predecessors of a decade or two before had been known to fame as the Chicago Bloomer Girls. The champions were going up the river to fill an engagement with a crack amateur nine at Sheffield. Young Benny took one look at the lot of them and made instant choice and succumbed utterly.

That same evening, skepticism regarding the authenticity of his handsome charmer was aroused in the breast of Mr. Childers, the head clerk. These doubts were confirmed next morning

during the breakfast hour as this shrewd observer idled along past the ladies' table and saw where, under the rose powder on those rounded cheeks, the suspect needed a shave.

He kept the gorgeous news for a select few who joined him in a secret campaign of watchful waiting. They had their reward when, before gleeful witnesses, young Dozier

mustered up the courage to offer the object of his admiration a floral giftspecifically, a rather dusty and shopworn "winter bouquet" purchased by him in a general store at a way-landing whereupon the recipient, stepping for the moment out of character, un-

graciously declared that a chew of tobacco would be preferable to a bunch of dried fodder every time.

They almost laughed the boy to death over that

And there—oh, there must have been fully a dozen at least, all of them processionally compassed within Benny Dozier's first year of service. One round trip for falling in love and three ensuing round trips for getting over it-that made four weeks, roughly-and then he would be all set and eager for a fresh start. Mr. Given claimed that having Benny along was like having an animated calendar-you knew when the new moon was due just by keeping an eye on their mud clerk.

It was perhaps characteristic of the species that when Benny Dozier finally did go the limit, amatively speaking, he should dedicate his affections to one who, both in years and experience, ranked him by very considerable margins. At thirty-five, or thereafter even, your average unattached male is given to looking with delight upon mere chits in their alluring latter teens. The winsome damsels scarce can be too young or too tender for his fancy.

But at twenty—and Benny had recently celebrated his twentieth anniversary when this came to pass—one frequently prefers the maturer types. All at once, so it seemed to him, he realized he had been wasting his time and his thoughts—and on occasion his salary-upon miscellaneous females, while through this storm-tossed, this bitter-mixed-with-sweet period, a kindly destiny was preserving him expressly for Miss Rosetta Finchley.

Miss Rosetta Finchley did not enter his life and then swiftly depart out of it again leaving a void, as each of those others had done. To be sure, she came and she went, but regularly at spaced intervals she reappeared. She was a traveling saleswoman for a jobbing establishment in Chattanooga, and her territory was

the lower valley of the Tennessee River.

On a dewy spring morning at some inconsequential port which thereafter would remain photographed on Benny's brain as the sun-gilded background for a most glorious vision, she boarded the Richmond P. Hobson. Subsequently and on into the summer, she preferably booked her passages on the same packet. For the trig and tailor-made Miss Finchley would never see her thirtieth birthday excepting she looked over her shoulder and, in those three days of leisurely downstream journeying to the mouth, she had added not one but two strings to her bow.

She overlooked no chances, Miss Finchley, which perhaps accounted for her success against masculine competition on the highroads and the by-roads of merchandising. As between an excellent prospect and an easy conquest she would encourage the conquest until the prospect declared himself, one way or the other. And surely no one could blame her for that—at past thirty.

Something awakened in Benny's bosom the moment he knew

her—something deep and strong, something which seemed to permeate every fiber of his being. It was a something which now would fill him with a desire to do noble deeds before the eyes of his lady-love and then again would make him crave to drop down before her and let her tread upon him with her dainty feet.

It made him lie awake through the night's more or less silent watches conjuring up gallant speeches for her private ear, only by day to turn him into an inarticulate and fumbling booby when the opportunity to speak came. It made him write wildly amorous verses, which he tore up, and stiff, formal letters, which he mailed; and the verses were replete with "loves" and "doves" and "thou arts" and "my heart's" and "me's" and "thee's," but the letters always ended with "Yours Respectfully."

It made him long to grip the throat of Pilot Lon Winfrey and twist that useful organ beyond recognition, for in the dapper and self-confident Mr. Winfrey he jealously beheld a formidable

rival. It made him crave to enfold her within an everlasting embrace, yet palsied his yearning arms did she but brush against him the hem of her garment. It even made him forget he had an appetite.

As proof thereof, take the blessed hour of the

As proof thereof, take the blessed hour of the fragrant May nooning when first they met and had converse; or rather, she conversed, and he, red as a ripe beet and scuffling with his soles on the grit-covered hurricane roof, made signs and muffled wordless sounds. Presently, stealing up from the pantry below, came rich frying smells. Also noises arose—the clatter of heavy chinaware, the tinkle of thick glassware.

Young Ben harkened not, nor heeded, nor sniffed even. For once he was unaware of a clamorous gong being beaten by a cabin-boy who passed from cabin to boiler-deck. He was a king on a golden barque aglide over a silvern sea.

It was the lady who eventually remarked that surely it must be dinner-time, adding delicately and by way of a hint, that she had breakfasted early and sketchily. Mr. Given said later that he could not recall a previous instance of their mud clerk being so much as a half-minute late about getting there for a meal.

But now he actually dawdled over his food, Mr. Given also recording that phenomenon.

In short and in fine, Mr. Dozier was suffering the commonest form of the oldest and the maddest and the painfulest and the most delicious disease in the world, with not a single characteristic symptom missing.

Making her second trip a fortnight later, Miss Finchley the more securely riveted the shackles upon her junior captive, conceded such to be possible in the case of a prisoner already chained hand and foot. Mr. Winfrey, though, was inclined to be skittish; he was fascinated but he was careful of enticements and snares. He had been a care-free bachelor so long. He made an attentive courtier; still he showed reluctance for the hobbles and the halter which might be fashioned from the fabric of any straight-out declaration on his part.

It was on her next trip that Miss Finchley, being perhaps actuated by motives which under existing circumstances were perfectly legitimate, took advantage of a lull in a decidedly one-sided dialog with the rapt and practically voiceless Benny, to ask questions regarding the prospective future of a steamboat clerk, as contrasted with, say for example, the position of an already established pilot. Or perhaps she merely spoke at random. Anyhow, she

asked questions.

Of course it must be fine to graduate into a head-clerkship and to have so much responsibility and all that; but wasn't it true that promotions in this field so often came so slowly? A pilot had a very responsible post, too, didn't he?—different, of course, from a clerk's but with duties to perform which, if an accident occurred, such as a wreck or a fire, might affect the lives of the passengers. She'd heard somewhere, or read somewhere, that it was a pilot's place to stand to the wheel until the last soul was ashore even though he drowned or was burnt up. How noble an end that would be—to sacrifice one's own life for the sake of others!

But then, probably a good clerk never shirked danger, either; she was quite sure of that. So why

was it—she couldn't help wondering—why was it a pilot drew a larger salary than any other officer in a crew did—more even sometimes than the captain? Maybe that wasn't so, though? Maybe that was just talk?

And why was it they insisted on calling the third clerk a mud clerk? Personally, she liked the title of third clerk so much better. It sounded so much more dignified. For one, she always thought

of him as the third clerk, never as the mud clerk. He believed that, didn't he?

He did—most gladly he did. He wished to tell her of clerks who had died at their posts, of subordinates who, in the midst of panic and dread disaster, had played heroic rôles. But her hand fell



C. Benny gave his ardent heart to

lightly then, in the merest suggestion of a caress, upon his quivering arm, and all he could do was mumble and wriggle and nod repeatedly.

Why must he be so dumb when torrents of eloquence surged within him? Why had nature set up those locked flood-gates down inside him? He told himself, since he could not tell her, that if ever there came a chance—well, he'd show her; he'd show

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everybody else, too. Deeds spoke louder than words. Some gallant deed would be his advocate, revealing to her how boundless was his devotion, how resolute his character, how strong the very warp and fiber of him.

And on the second trip thereafter, Miss Finchley again being among those present, his chance did come. On the edge of

long stretch of cabin space, even with the doors and windows all opened, was draftless and terribly humid; you could have cooked eggs on the hurricane roof.

Supper having been eaten, the passengers and such members of the crew as were off watch, sat well forward on the boiler-deck in limp and listless discomfort and watched the twin rows of tall

wooded hills slide past and vanish into the mists behind. Not a breath of air ruffled the surface of the water; it lay smooth and looked dead, and the approach of dusk brought no suggestion of coolness.

All at once the man in the pilot-house was aware of a curious sulphurous glowing against the heavens and, by reflection, upon the river. One moment it wasn't there and the next, so it seemed, it was. No wind had brought it, either, and yet beyond the skyline he caught a confused sound, a sort of far-away roaring sound. He shook his perspiring head in annoyance and bewilderment. For all that it glowed so, the manifestation gave off no real light.

On the contrary, the adjacent shore-marks had

suddenly become indistinct behind a strange ominous

The worried steersman peered right, then left, then ahead, and the perspiration in his palms congealed to a cold moisture, and he snatched his wheel over hard and yanked at his bell-cords, sending a jangle of alarm signals to the engineer, for he, before anyone else in authority, saw the thing

It was coming up and at them out of the west as though the sun, going down so hot and angry, had foaled an aerial demon in its bed beyond the horizon. It literally leaped into view above where the paralleling lines of boundary bluffs seemed to come together in the next bend on beyond. It was not funnel-shaped as your summer twister usually is. It was of a cylindrical shape and it lacked the customary tail. It was yellowish with some green in it, and it had a sort of venomous radiance, and violently it spun about, spun about, like a balloon in a vortex.

Spinning and howling, it bounded over the hilltops, the trees on the crests of the hills twisting and snapping and splitting under its passing swipe; and it dipped down and hit the river and turned it into an ugly sea; and caught the steamer a quartering stroke and tossed her about and sent her helplessly downstream, while a confused uproar of startled cries and shouted orders fused with the creaking of her timbers and the whining of her braces.

'ou would have said the storm had picked on the Y careening packet for its particular plaything, its favored toy. It encompassed her completely. It took her into its midst and sent her right down the river, and all the while she turned dizzily end for end, which however was in her favor-a straightaway blow of that force would have swamped her surely, but this sportive little monster, by buffeting her first on this flank and then on that, kept her revolving but also kept her from capsizing. For all that she circled so madly, her rate of speed was greater than ever it had been under steam.

It carried her along until a great glare of lightning burned a blazing seam through the brassy murk, and thunder powerful enough to be heard above the wind's screaming crashed out overhead. Therewith torrents of rain descended, and in the comparative peacefulness which instantaneously ensued, some-body called out in tones of shaky gratitude, "Thank God!

Miraculously the Richmond P. Hobson found herself no longer playing that horrible teetotum game but rocking in the rumpled wake of her tormentor which, having disgorged her and taken a second bounce, was gone off and away for parts unknown,

as a distant, lessening tumult to the northeastward testified. On the steamer, the relief succeeding the terror was fated to be a very brief relief. Because immediately, and before persons could take stock of their sensations or even remember what they had done and said, a fresh cause for apprehension arose. A frightened captain of the watch, whose ordinarily black skin had taken on the color of wet wood-ashes and still (Continued on page 117)



every personable female aboard the Richmond P. Hobson.

twilight of a baking hot evening, the Richmond P. Hobson, being upbound, ran headlong into a promising baby cyclone.

There was but little warning; indeed, you might say there was no warning at all. All that afternoon the packet had plowed along through cloaking blankets of heat under a lightly over-

The staterooms were like so many little bake-ovens; the



on Bob Randle-a hammer with a rubber head, a cupshaped listener which helped the doctor to find out that the heart was still beating, a bicycle pump with a speedometer attachment, a shoe-horn which is of no use unless the patient says "Ah-h-h-h," and a dainty little stiletto for drawing blood from the lobe of the ear.

While going ahead with his jolly task the doctor whistled "The Prisoner's Song" under his breath, while Bob Randle looked and acted like the man in the death cell, waiting to fall in line

and march toward the electric chair.

An assistant with spectacles, an apron and the gloomy, preoccupied manner of a mortician, came and reported that the test showed thousands and thousands of corpuscles and some hemoglobin. Bob had been expecting just such bad news. He was waiting for the doctor to say that there would be an operation, followed by a milk diet for at least a year, no tobacco and take it easy in walking upstairs.

Instead of which Doctor Jeff looked at him long and intently and said: "Well, you can fight Tunney tomorrow. There is

absolutely nothing the matter with you.

'That's what they told me at Carlsbad, Aix and White Sulphur," said Bob. His voice sounded as if it came out of a well.

"All a doctor can do is-

"What's the idea of telling me I'm well and strong and happy when I'm so low that I want to sit down and cry every time the sun goes behind a cloud. When a man can't do anything except out of a window, waiting to see someone hit by an automobile, I tell you there's something wrong with him, no matter what the doctors say.

"Possibly-our noble profession has much to learn. Mrs. Eddy cured thousands of people who had given up all doctors-after

the doctors had given them up."

"It's funny I can't find someone to tell me what to do or what

to take so that I'll pep up again."

"Bob, we agree, in our profession, that the practitioners of fifty years ago were wrong in about everything they did. Those same doctors were convinced that the medical profession of one hundred years ago was made up of ignoramuses. I have no doubt that the specialists of 1975 will have the greatest contempt for our methods of diagnosis and our stock remedies."

"In other words, you are trying to confess to me that these wise-looking doctors don't always know as much as they pretend

to know."
"Exactly so. We'll learn, after a while, that a man may be in a bad way and still have a normal blood pressure, a regular pulse, plenty of red corpuscles, and a good serviceable digestive appara-When I tell you that there is nothing the matter with you, I mean that you have no organic ailment demanding heroic 72

At the same time, I think you need treatment. Will you put your case in my hands and obey orders?'

foolish. "I'm not physically disabled.

"I'll do anything. I can't go on like this—feeling droopy and discouraged and rotten all the time. No ambition-no desire to hop to it and go places and see things. Just a rag-about thirty

"It will take a couple of days for me to lay out a program for you and make all the arrangements. Come in Wednesday and

be all packed and ready to move."

"Don't tell me to travel again! That's all I've done for three years. I wouldn't go across the street to see all the mountains in Switzerland and all the churches in Rome."

"You're going to a quiet spot, and rest," said the doctor desively. "I'll have everything settled when you come back cisively.

Wednesday."

So the patient moped out while Doctor Jeff watched him, with a dry smile trying to break through his serious professional expression. Then he sent a telegram and did some telephoning and dug out from a lower drawer the unpublished manuscript of a thriller written by himself entitled "The Lost Mine of Sonom, or Who has the Cipher?"

Every time he skimmed through the typewritten story he was overwhelmed by a sense of wonderment, to think that no publisher could find merit in the work. To him the plot seemed closely woven, the interest sustained and the action gripping. He had put into the story some shooting, much mystery, the lust of gold, intrigues, and the persecution of innocent womanhood by black villainy. Any editor who didn't like that kind of yam

Doctor Jeff Butler was a successful physician with a general practise of the old-fashioned kind, who had wanted to grow up

and be a pirate or the driver of a stage-coach.

He had a large library which included all the works of Gaboriau. Conan Doyle, Hugo, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Nick Carter and Zane Gray. He knew more about the James brothers than he did about the Mayo brothers. Also, he was more interested in Bob Ford, who killed the lamented Jesse, than he was in Henry Ford, who almost killed competition. At mention of the name "Morgan," he thought of Sir Henry Morgan, buccaneer, instead of Pierpont Morgan, financier. He subscribed to a symphony orchestra and went to see the Tom Mix pictures.

You know the kind-always a little forlorn because his pareats wouldn't let him lead his life in his own way. Shooting with a

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hypodermic when he should have been using a forty-five. Smelling chloroform when he should have been sniffing the wide open

Doubtless some reader is wondering what "The Lost Mine of Sonora" could possibly have to do with Bob Randle's palpable case of neurasthenia. That remains to be unwound.

Bob Randle went back to his hotel. It was the most gilded and expensive hotel in Gridley, which is a large town completely overshadowed by the near-by presence of a much larger town. Mr. Randle had a suite of three rooms, so that when he could no longer stand being lonesome on a certain spot he could move into another gorgeous apartment and be even more lonesome.

He had come back to his home town after visiting all of the other places that were open. Perhaps you have suspected that his illness was a case of fed-upness. He had contracted eyestrain looking for new worlds to conquer.

Most of his friends in Gridley never said that he was blase because they did not know how to pronounce the word, but they

agreed that there was something the matter with him. A young fellow, in the prime of youth, who drifts from continent to continent, with no occupation except a halfhearted search for jade ornaments and antique jewelry, does not live up to the plans and specifications of our brave, typical, hustling, hand-shaking young American, so frequently denounced in magazine articles and works of fiction.

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While Bob Randle was in his room wondering if he could be cured, Doctor Jeff Butler was having an animated interview with his niece Miss Beth Harmon, who had come all the way from Salisbury on a morning train. She was giggling a little, protesting some and undeniably agitated.

She was trying to explain to Doctor Butler that she could not go on a case because she never had graduuated from the training-school. She had given up the idea of nursing when she learned that the hours would interfere with her dancing.

"You don't have to be a regular nurse," said Doctor Jeff. "I'll get you a suit and kit of tools. Whenever you think of it, you put a thermometer in his mouth or count his pulse and then go and put ninety-eight in one column and seventy-five in the other and don't let him see the book. That's all there is to it—I mean the nursing part. The other's really important and that's why I sent for you. You are the only other Butler who is interested in romance, adventure and mystery. I know that you will go through with this and enjoy every minute of it."

So he began telling her and

she took notes.
"You had better read
this—tonight," said Doctor Jeff, and he handed her the riceless script of "The Lost Mine of Sonora, or Who has the Cipher?" He knew that she would like it, even if the anemic employers of Eastern publishing houses had not caught the drift of the pulsating narrative.

"Bob Randle has never seen you, but he may know that my sister married a Harmon," said Doctor Jeff, acting more and more like a great detective, "so while you are on this case your name will be Beatrice Harburton, so as to keep the same initials,

"Why keep the same initials?"

"Isn't all of your clothing marked 'B. H.'?"

"Not the clothing that he'll see."

"It's always dangerous to take an alias unless you keep the same initials. These laundries put marks everywhere."
"What is the name—again?"
"Beatrice Harburton."

"You would have to fix up a hard one. Why didn't you make it Betsy Hicks?"

"Another thing—I don't want you to go at this job in a spirit of levity. So much depends. You can't tell what will happen

before we get through. Get busy now and make notes of everything, because I have three men coming to see me at four o'clock."

CHAPTER II

HE MEETS THE NURSE-A RIDE IN THE MOTOR-How WILL IT ALL END?-THE MEN BEHIND THE HEDGE-WHO ARE THEY?-ON THE TRAIL—BEAUTY IN DISTRESS — HE DEMANDS THE STORY.

(Yes, it is going back. That's the kind of chapter heading we enjoyed in the good old days before we learned that Dickens was not approved by critical contemporaries. It is the kind of summary which appeared on the playbill to indicate what might be expected in the coming act. It was intended to arouse the interest and tease the curiosity. By permitting the reader to peer into the future, some of the surprises of the story were slightly discounted but the eagerness to follow the plot of the melodrama was undoubtedly whetted.)
"This," said Doctor Jeff

Butler, indicating the winner of the Smith College beauty contest for 1925, "is Beatrice Harburton, your nurse."

He was cold, imper-sonal and flinty. He might have been talking about an article of furniture instead of a large-eyed girl in immaculate regalia who seemed overburdened with health and reserve energy.

"You will take your orders from her," added Doctor Jeff sternly.

The invalid said nothing. He could think of nothing to say. Miss Beatrice Harburton beamed like a sun-

Doctor Butler resumed: "I have rented for one month the Arthur Davidge house in the suburbs of Elmwood, not far from the Dalewood pike. The Davidges are in Europe but the house is



Q"You are the only other Butler who is interested in romance, adventure and mystery. I know you will go through with this and enjoy every minute of it," said Doctor Jeff to Beth.

open and I have taken over all the servants. I didn't want to send you to a smelly and noisy hospital or some institution where you would be surrounded by whining hypochondriacs in wheelchairs. I wanted to give you absolute rest and quiet and, at the same time, an atmosphere of good cheer and hopefulness. Miss Warburton here

"Harburton," corrected the nurse.

"Miss Harburton is a girl who enjoyed exceptional advantages while her family had money. If you are going to be marooned for a month, it is advisable for you to have an intelligent com-

panion, don't you think so?"
"Undoubtedly," said Bob, a little relieved to notice furtively that Miss Harburton seemed to be bearing up bravely, in spite of the fact that once her people were wealthy and now she was compelled to nurse for a living.

"I have phoned the hotel to have your things sent out," said Doctor Jeff. "I have notified the servants that you are coming. I will be out in a few days to check up. I believe that's all."

HAVING exhausted his supply of first person singulars he indicated to the nurse that she would be at liberty to depart and take her stricken patient with her. So she went over to assist Mr. Randle to arise from his chair and steady himself, but when he began to suspect her intentions he bounded to his feet in the manner of an ambitious pugilist answering the gong and declared that he was all ready to go and they might as well be starting.

His emotions, as the large closed car crept out of the business district and began to purr through the region of bungalows, were somewhat scrambled and indefinite. Here he was, on his way to take a rest-cure, and he hadn't done a thing but rest for over five years! He had gone through dreary weeks in a private villa at Nice and a sequestered cottage in England and a sky-blue apartment at Miami Beach and now he was under sentence to serve another term in solitary confinement.

Only, during his previous miseries he hadn't had any nurse to take care of him. As he looked at her cautiously, over his right shoulder, it occurred to him that in southern France or England or Miami Beach he would not have succeeded in finding a nurse so overwhelmingly attractive and so radiant of physical and other kinds of superiority as Miss Harburton, who was undertaking to cure him of something which all of the doctors said he

It seemed to him that he had deliberately invited an experience which couldn't lead up to anything in particular. The nurse was

all right, and even more so, but what could she do for him after Doctor Torfitz, of Carlsbad, and Doctor Renault, of Vichy, had both thrown up their hands? If he was going out to a lone-some house in the suburbs to look out of a new kind of window at a different landscape, what was the use?

Before he could answer, Miss Har-burton was asking him all about the Davidge place. Was it a cheerful house? Was it far away from traffic street noises? Did it have large grounds around it, so that when he became convalescent, later on, he could go out walking?

"I'm afraid the doctor didn't tell you all about my case," said Bob, feeling strangely foolish. "I'm not physically disabled. I played handball yesterday and danced for a while at the hotel last night."

"I hope you didn't overexert yourself." "I quit because dancing bores me to death."

"Don't the Dixie Serenaders play at your hotel?"

"I think that's what I saw on the drum," Bob answered. "I've heard them on the radio. And you say that it bores you to dance when they play. There is something the matter with

"I think I ought to tell you that this thing of coming out here for a month was Doctor Butler's idea—not mine. I'm simply obeying orders. He says he understands my case and can help me and he'd better, because the more I think of it, the more silly it seems—there it is, over there, now.

'What's over there, now?

"The Davidge house—the one away back from the road. There's about five acres in the grove. They say the trees were planted by Arthur Davidge's grandfather. It's an old house, but comfortable. When they built it, it was away out in the country.'

"It's a lovely place-- Oh-h-h-h! Oh-h-h-h!"

Miss Harburton had suddenly wedged herself back into the corner angle of the rear seat, as if to hide, while expressing herself with two most agonizing and prolonged "Oh-h-h-h-hs."

"What is it-what's the matter?"

"Didn't you see them?"
"Them?"

"Those three men-behind the hedge-just as we came past the corner: I can't be mistaken. But how did they know I was coming out here?"

"Did you recognize them?"

Miss Harburton was so frozen with terror that, apparently, she did not hear him.

She was good. Duse was good as Camille, Bernhardt was good as L'Aiglon, Jane Cowl was good as Juliet, and Beth

Harmon was good as Beatrice Harburton, the persecuted nurse.
"They must have listened in while I was phoning or else followed the express-wagon when I sent my stuff out here this morning," she said, twisting one hand within the grip of the other. "It just shows that they'll stop at nothing. And I hoped that for a month at least-

'What's it all about?"

'I'm sorry I gave way, but I was so startled—frightened. Please forget all about it. I've been sent out here to keep you absolutely quiet for a month, away from all anxieties and worries, and the first thing I do is throw a couple of hysterics. I'll not do it again. No matter what happens, I'll control myself."

By this time they were crunching on a gravel roadway and circling in toward the Davidge house, which was of brick, large

and cubical, with mansard ornaments -the same having been sketched out in cold blood in 1874 by a man calling himself an architect.

"Look here!" said Bob, squaring around and looking at her as Knute Rockne would look at a freshman scrub who was late for practise. "Look here! I came out to this place to pull myself together but it is not in the contract that I am to be babied. If you're in trouble I want to know about it.

"I mustn't tell you. A person in your

condition-"What do you know about my con-Don't I look all right?' dition?

"You look wonderful." "And Doctor Butler said yesterday I could fight Tunney today. You haven't made the slightest examination and yet you're worried to death about my condition. You can't even tell me about those three men for fear it will upset me."

"I will tell you-when you're stronger."

"You will tell me after luncheon." So it was thus that Beth Harmon, alias Beatrice Harburton, took charge of the destinies of Robert Randle and began giving orders.

CHAPTER III

BEATRICE HARBURTON TELLS ALL-A FATHER'S LOVE-ROUGH DAYS IN OLD MEXICO—GOLD AT LAST—THE PROSPECTOR'S SECRET—THE DEATH-BED MESSAGE—VILLAINY AT WORK.

Anyone standing on the Dalewood pike and looking at the old Davidge home, hiding lonesomely among the tall trees, wou have said, "Probably the place is haunted."

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¶."I think I had better escape," Miss Harburton said to Bob. "I have the information Alvarez, Santos and Texas Pete want. They might compel me to tell them what I know."

That is why Doctor Jeff Butler had selected it, in preference to something new and shiny, hemmed in by Greek restaurants and filling stations. He wanted his setting. "Atmosphere" is what he called it.

As compared with most of the houses in the sprightly suburb known as Elmwood, the Davidge home was as ancient as the pyramids. It was built at a time when ceilings were still high and the mantels were of pale marble and the stairways were sturdily constructed of black walnut or mahogany. It had been modernized somewhat but it was still as Victorian as William E. Gladstone or congress gaiters.

BOB RANDLE had neglected a substantial luncheon because he was worried about Miss Harburton. The nurse was showing freat courage. She ate two chops and asked her patient many questions about the new plays in New York. She was putting up a brave front, just to protect him from any disturbing influence. Bob could read her—like a book. He admired her determined gaiety but he was not to be thwarted. She would have to tell him why three men had been hiding behind a hedge.

They were in the living-room, which undoubtedly had started out under the name of "parlor." The late spring was merging into summer and a filtered sunshine struggled through the trees, but the Davidge home was one of those old-time structures built to retain moisture, so the nurse had ordered a log in the fireplace.

Even the faint blaze helped to give a warm and pleasant

suggestion of domesticity to the cavernous apartment. Miss Harburton insisted upon his taking the largest and most padded chair and told him he would be permitted to smoke or read or both, after she had taken his pulse and temperature.

"Never mind about the pulse and temperature, and this is no time for reading," said Bob, and he showed her where she was to sit. It was becoming evident to him that he would not enjoy being cured if he permitted himself to slump into the rôle of a dejected prisoner, meekly submitting to the tyrannical rule of an attractive jailer in a white uniform.

Miss Harburton slipped over to the chair indicated, as if awed by his forceful personality.

"This morning you had a most unusual experience," said Bob, looking hard at her so that she would understand there was to be no evasion. "Who were those men?"

"Shall I tell you the whole story—from the very beginning?"
"I rather insist on it. You will admit that you were badly shaken for a few minutes this morning."

"Mr. Randle, isn't it true that fate plays strange tricks on us?"
"Who should know it better?" he replied bitterly. "Here I am, with every reason to be the happiest man in the world and, for weeks, I've been so far down in the valley that I didn't care what became of me."

"You're feeling better today, aren't you?"
"I believe I am. Now let's have the story."

"My father was a mining engineer; a (Continued on page 118)

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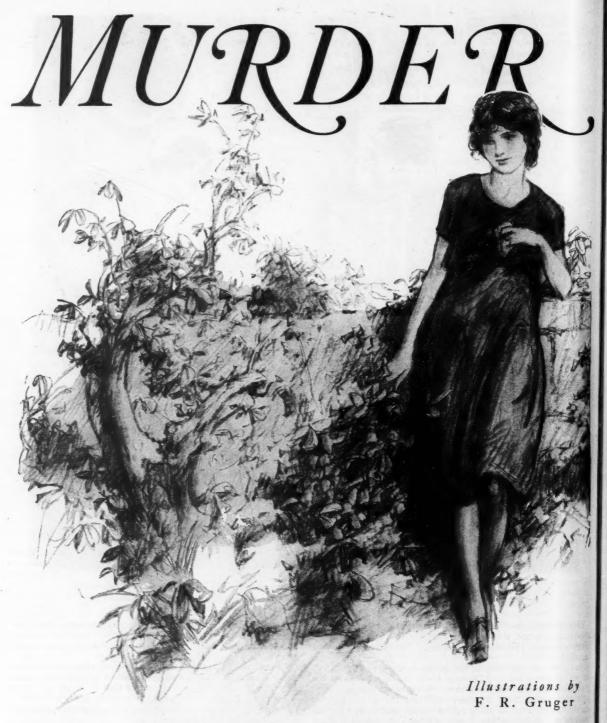
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T WAS on board ship. I had taken a passage from Genoa on the Esperia and was on my way to Alexandria to spend my winter in Upper Egypt. The night had fallen. The sea was mercifully calm under a cloudless sky full of stars and promising well for the morrow. We were off the coast of Sicily and, I judged, were not very far from where Taormina lies on its hill under Monte Venere.

Memories of the lovely island thronged upon me as I sat on the upper deck smoking a last cigar before turning in. It was late, past midnight, and most of the passengers had long ago gone to their berths. I had stayed up, beguiled by the beauty of the night, and interested in a conversation joined between myself and two men whom I had met for the first time on the ship and had found worth talking to.

One of them was a man called Ferguson, who lived in a remote

part of the Malay Archipelago and had just been home to spend three weeks with his mother in Bournemouth. The other was a well-known English barrister who, like myself, was on his way to Egypt to take a much-needed holiday. He was tall, gaunt, pak, with black hair and a habitual air of supreme self-possession. Ferguson of the Malay Archipelago was gray-haired, rosy and detached.

The subject of the conversation which, with the night's clear beauty, had kept me on deck was a fascinating one. It was

reasons for murder.

Probably it had come up in our conversation because of the barrister's presence, though I don't think he was a man specially given to the talking of "shop." Anyhow, it interested us all it is difficult to come across a human being who takes no interest in the subject of murder.

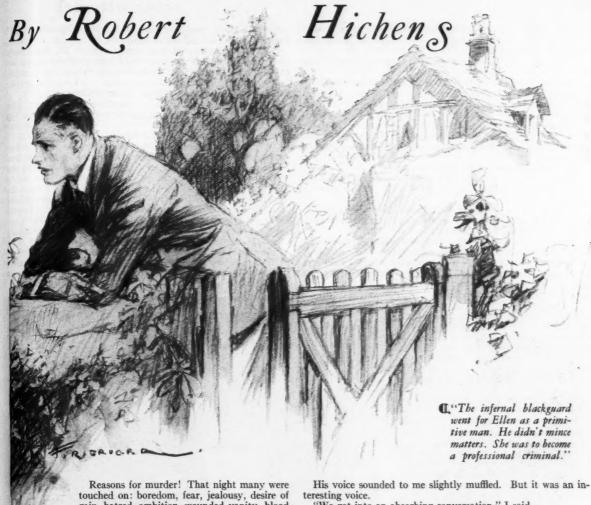
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touched on: boredom, fear, jealousy, desire of gain, hatred, ambition, wounded vanity, blood lust, envy, sexual fury. Human beings un-fortunately find so many reasons for murder.

The barrister, naturally enough, was full of good stories of crime. Our friend from Malay contributed some very queer incidents which had come under his personal notice. I told

of two or three African murders the truth of which I was able to vouch for. One, the narrative of the crime committed by the first violin of the orchestra at the Biskra Casino-murder married to music-interested my companions a good deal.

At last we seemed to have exhausted our very prolific subject. There was a moment of silence, and I remember thinking that it was the prelude to movement. We were surely going to "break up." Apparently we were the last travelers sitting up on the ship. And my cigar was nearly smoked out.

AND just then my supposition was proved wrong. In the distance of the long deck, splendidly steady under the stars between two narrow lines of fanlike foam, a slight figure appeared, hatless, with a "comforter" wound about a narrow long neck, and thin brown hair disturbed agreeably by the soft breeze that

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Prevailed off Sicily. And my barrister acquaintance remarked:
"Hullo! There's that odd chap Vandovan whom I came across
"He told me he today in the smoking-room. He's a bad sleeper. He told me he often walked about half the night trying to get tired."

The thin figure came along, and in a moment we saw a pair of large, weary but intensely alive dark eyes looking hard

The barrister-his name was Leyton-hailed the newcomer. "We thought we were the last up. You've given us a surprise."
Vandovan stopped before us. His bony body was relieved
against the night between us and the rail. I felt that I had never fore seen a man look so dreadfully wakeful. Even a casual dance gave me a sensation of insomnia.

"I generally take a walk at this time. I didn't expect to find anyone up."

"We got into an absorbing conversation," I said.

"We were discussing reasons for murder."
"Reasons for murder," he repeated. "Indeed!"
He was silent. Surely he was hesitating, undecided whether to stay with us or to go on with his solitary walk. He even made a movement to go. Then he stopped and, abruptly bending, reached out for a deck chair.

"And what reasons did you find?" he asked, sitting down with his narrow legs bent, and leaning forward with his eyes full of insomnia fixed upon us.

Between us we gave our list while he listened intently. "Is that all?" he said presently.

"It seems to me to be fairly exhaustive," said Leyton, with, I thought, a hint of pique. "Ah!" said Vandovan.

"Don't you find it so?" asked Ferguson, in his cool, detached

way.

"You have missed two or three reasons."

"Really!" Leyton said. "Do give us them and supply our deficiency. What have we omitted?" His manner was rather

"Affection, for one; pity, for another," said Vandovan.
"Love, of course," Leyton said, with a touch of sharpness.

But who murders because of affection?' "I knew of a mother who killed her only child because it was

suffering cruelly without any hope of cure."

There was a moment of silence. Then Ferguson said, "Horrible but understandable. But about pity! What do you mean by that exactly?"

"Perhaps I should rather have said mercy. An overwhelming pitifulness, an acute mercifulness of disposition might supply a

reason for murder."
"Pitifulness," said Leyton. "Isn't that included in the instance you've just given us of the mother and the child?"

"Let us stick to my last definition, then—a great mercifulness of disposition."

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"Help us out," I said. "Tell us exactly what you mean." Vandovan looked hard at Leyton. "You've had a considerable experience of judges, I suppose?" he said.

'Certainly I have. I'm perpetually arguing cases before

them."

And some of them you like a good deal better than others?" Leyton's mouth looked suddenly grim. "That's putting it Leyton's mouth looked suddenly grim. mildly. Some of them I don't like at all. There's—" He pulled himself up. "Better not mention names," he concluded.

"I don't want any names. But perhaps you can tell us something. Have you ever had to do with a judge whom you suspected of having, or who you had reason to believe had a mania

For an instant Leyton looked rather startled.

The last sentence, I-think, as Vandovan uttered it, hit us all. "A mania for cruelty!" Leyton said slowly. "That's a pretty strong expression.'

"I meant it to be strong," said Vandovan, in his rather careful, excellent English. "If I knew of a stronger expression to show

what is in my mind I should use it."
"Well—" Leyton seemed to ruminate, while Ferguson and I looked at him with an interest we, I think, didn't try to conceal. of being cruel-hearted judges, and judges whom I suspected of being cruel-hearted—yes. But you know I've a great opinion of our British justice and our judicial bench." "I've known kind-hearted judges, and judges whom I suspected

"So has everybody, I think," said Vandovan. "Nevertheless, men are subject to the passions and the disabilities of men even on the bench. Look back in English history and you may remember English judges who were excuse me-brutes. cruelty maniac can have a simply splendid time as a judge. I follow things in a good many countries rather carefully." He again fixed Leyton with his large sleepless eyes. "Rather carefully, and, in my opinion, there is a cruelty maniac sitting on the bench in your country at this very time. I am pretty sure of it, in fact.'

I noticed that Leyton looked uncomfortable at this moment, even very selfconscious. And I knew that in his mind he was giving reluctant assent to Vandovan's assertion. But he only said, "Really!"
"You don't—I see you do!"

EYTON said nothing and after a slight pause Vandovan went on speaking in his muffled but penetrating voice.

"The lust for cruelty, the lust to harm, to torture, to look on acute suffering, the lust after the power to inflict suffering! It is generally carefully hidden by those who have it, this vile and most horrible lust. At any rate it is usually hidden-or the attempt is usually made to hide it-in civilized communities. It is a form of mania. But very often those who are subject to it seem absolutely sane, and are, I suppose, absolutely sane in all other respects. enough even to sit in judgment upon their fellow men-unfortunately.

He turned his thin body in his deck chair and addressed himself more definitely

"There were two men who lived in the same city, a great city. We needn't call it London, Paris, Berlin, New York. For the purposes of our conversation let's invent a name for it. Let's call it Saarlen: Saarlen -a capital town, a great city, with all the complexities inherent in a great city, with good men and evil, virtue and crime, pleasure, misery, luxury, starvation. And with the elaborate apparatus for apportioning punishment which men are content, or seem content, to call justice.

"Saarlen — huge, heavy, wonderful, terrible as great cities are, and containing these two men of widely differing natures. One was a celebrated lawyer. The other was-well, such men are usually named philanthropists,"

He said the last word slowly, dwelling on it.
"There was a great fount of mercy in him. He was a very merciful man. I don't attribute to him any special virtue because of this. He was born with that kind of nature, a very merciful nature. We'll call him Mark Armour. He knew the lawyer. The lawyer's label can be Clyde—Renfrew Clyde.

"Clyde was a celebrated prosecuting counsel. Armour, who was a man with a big independent fortune, rather early in life

took up prison work. "Prison work?" said Leyton at this point.

"Well, he interested himself in men, and women too, who had wandered into evil ways and fallen into the meshes of the law. There was an American once-I'm not sure, but I think his name was Osborne-who was allowed to visit prisons and work among prisoners. I forget exactly in what capacity. But I know his influence was quite marvelous. He used to follow up condemned men when they were released, find them situations, help them in every possible way. Mark Armour was of the Osborne type, He had a passion of pity in him. And the more he worked among criminals-that's our name for them, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Leyton, in a rather gruff voice.

"The more pitiful he became. He realized how ordinary most of them really were, how chancy life is, how many of those out



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of prison were quite as much, or as little, deserving of reprobation and punishment as those who were in. The gap between the criminal and the virtuous man became very narrow in his sight. Plenty of people in Saarlen called him a crank. A few called him a saint. I call him simply a merciful man."

UTTE a satisfactory name for him," I said. I had already begun to love the man.

We all know what a crescendo in music is. In many strong natures-I should even be inclined to say in most-the dominating trait, as life goes on, is subject to a crescendo. It tends to an increase. The volume of its sound in the man's life-if I may use the expression-becomes ever deeper and louder. As life went on Mark Armour's mercifulness made a crescendo.

"And now for the lawyer, Clyde. He was a very clever man and a very clever lawyer. His industry was enormous. His capacity for taking pains seemed inexhaustible. His success in his profession was great. But he was a cruel man. I should say a naturally cruel man.

"Defense was, I imagine, against his nature. In prosecution he was very much at home. When he was prosecuting a man he was doing exactly what suited him, what was in conformity with his deep need to be cruel. He was an extremely successful prosecutor. Criminals were terrified of him. And well they might be.

He became the public prosecutor of the country of which Saarlen was the capital

"And while the crescendo I have alluded to was taking place in Armour, a crescendo of a quite different kind was taking place in Clyde. In the one the merciful quality which might be said to govern him was increasing. In the other the cruel quality which dominated him was growing stronger. Two opposing appetites were becoming keener, made so by indulgence.

At opposite poles were these two men in Saarlen. "I told you that Mark Armour knew Renfrew Clyde. The philanthropist and the lawyer met first at a public dinner. Later they became members of the same club. It was a famous club, very much on the same footing as your Athenæum Club in London. They both frequented it. Therefore eventually they met rather often. Sometimes they dined side by side, each at his little table set close to the wall, but near enough for conversation—as at your Athenæum.

"They disliked each other."
"They would," said Ferguson.
"Pretty inevitable, no doubt!" muttered Leyton, whose clever

eyes held, I thought, a look of peculiar concentration.
"They disliked each other yet they were interested in each other. Clyde considered Armour an ace of cranks and moreover a sentimentalist-which he (Continued on page 146)



life of the underworld. She fled to Mark Armour and asked him to save her from the man she loved."



THE summer evening was giving way to night and the craft on the river were already putting out their lights. The master of the barge which was sitting on the mud at the end of the jetty stood, a forlorn figure in the gloom, listening to an oration proceeding from the cabin. It was in a female voice pitched in a high key and of such a personal nature that Illustrations by the night-watchman, Gilbert Wilkinson gazing on the deck

from above, sent

down a little message of brotherly sympathy. "She can't keep on all night," he said. The man below spat over the side, hitched up his trousers, glanced at the sky, and finally looked up at the night-watchman. "Can't she!" he said, dispassionately.
"P'raps she'll break a blood vessel," said the night-watchman

thoughtfully

He spoke in a low voice, but not low enough. The voice from the cabin joined in the conversation and monopolized it. Beginning by speculations as to the night-watchman's origin it passed swiftly to a description of his age, his figure, his morals, his treatment of his wife, and his future destination.

In a passage of real eloquence it paid admiring tribute to the way in which he had eluded the police for so many years, but foretold a speedy downfall. Charges of bigamy completed the dis-comfiture of the leading misogamist in Wapping, and gasping for

breath he turned and stumped up the jetty.

Wimmin," he said as he lowered himself carefully to his favorite box, "wimmin are all alike. When they are young and good-looking and trying to catch a 'usband nothing could be nicer. As soon as they 'ave caught 'im they begin to put on airs and their true nature comes out. Nothing 'e does is right. Nothing. If 'e does 'em a kindness they get suspicious at once and try and find out wot 'e 'as been up to. If 'e takes no notice of 'em they tell 'im they wish they were dead, but 'e needn't think they're going to die just to please 'im and the cat with yeller 'air acrost the road, 'cos they're not."

He rose impatiently and took a turn or two further up the

"And no woman minds whether wot she ses is true or not," he said, resuming his seat. "If you catch a man out in a lie 'e looks a bit ashamed of 'imself; catch a woman out in a lie and she smacks your face for you.

"I felt sorry for that chap below, 'cos I know wot it is. I've known my missis talk, off and on, for three weeks about something I 'adn't done; 'ow long she'd 'ave talked about some of the things I 'ave done—if she only got to know of 'em—I can't imagine. I've often wondered, but I'd sooner wonder than know.

"I 'ad a nasty turn two or three years ago. I was as innocent as a new-born babe, but that didn't make a bit o' difference. A woman don't mind if a man is innocent or not so long as 'e can't prove it. If a man could get 'arf a dozen angels, 'arps and all, swearing as 'e was telling the truth, she wouldn't believe 'em. She'd on'y say 'e 'ad been standing 'em 'arf-pints.

"It all come about through a chap called Slinker, a man as disgraces my street by living in it. I don't suppose anybody knows is real name, Slinker being such a proper one for 'im that you couldn't call 'im anything else. Little shrimp of a man 'e is, with a face like a rat and a nasty way of getting even with people 'e don't like. And the people 'e don't like are them as won't pay for beer for 'im.

'We both 'ave the same 'ouse of call, the Carpenters' Arms; a nice quiet little pub close to where I live. Arternoon is my only time there, o' course, and I generally 'ave 'arf a pint to 'elp me

on my way to the wharf.

"I don't like Slinker and one day in the Carpenters' Arms I told 'im so. There was three or four there, and one o' them gave me the tip to look round, just in time to see Slinker drinking up my beer. 'E said it was a mistake and arter I 'ad taken it from 'im and drunk it up—to prevent any more mistakes—I told 'im just wot I thought of 'im. And I told 'im wot other people thought about 'im and 'is nasty artful ways.
"'You ain't a man,' I ses, 'you're a shadder, a shadder wot is

always follering be'ind people to find anything they lose; you ain't got the pluck to steal. You're a nasty crawling shadder,

wot gives a honest man the creeps to look at you.'
"'Ear, 'ear!' ses a brewer's drayman, wot was big enough to say anything 'e liked to anybody

You've got a nasty mind, Bill,' ses Slinker, shaking his 'ead. 'If I 'ad a mind like yours I should join the Salvation Army and see wot they could do for me. You'd look a fair treat playing the tambourine; your stummick's just made for it.'

'And dancing backwards,' ses that fool of a drayman, splutter-

ing 'is beer all over the floor.
"I watched 'em for a moment, grinning all over their pore silly faces, and then I sat down and told 'em a few things about Slinker wot 'e didn't know I knew about. Some of 'em was reely about another man, but Slinker would 'ave done 'em if 'e 'ad thought of 'em.

"Afore I 'ad finished 'e was shaking all over with temper, and the big drayman was asking 'im why 'e didn't poison 'imself. 'E



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gave me one look afore 'e went out and then 'e come back and put 'is 'ead in the door and gave me another.

"'Get off,' I ses. 'Get off 'ome, and mind you don't eat the cat's supper this time.

"I 'ad a pint or two with the drayman-a very nice feller when you come to know 'imand by the time I 'ad left I 'ad forgot all about Slinker. 'e 'ad only forgot about me too it would 'ave been better for me.

"I didn't think anything of im for two or three days and then one arternoon as I was standing at the front door with my missis having a little

talk about dirty boots and slopping tea on the kitchen table, I saw 'im on the other side of the road. 'E came across smiling all over 'is face and at first I thought 'e was going to try and shake 'ands with me

"'Arternoon, Bill,' 'e ses. 'This is a bit o' luck; I thought I might catch you afore you went to the pub and 'ere you are.'

'I just looked at 'im.

"'I've got a letter for you,' 'e ses, smiling again.
"'Letter!' says my missis. 'Letter!'

"'Yes,' ses Slinker, nodding. 'A lady friend o' Bill's gave it to me to give 'im, with 'er love.'

"Ho!" ses my missis. "In-deed!"

"She held out 'er 'and for the letter, and Slinker gave a little cough and looked at me as if 'e was asking me wot 'e was to do.
"I was told to put it into Bill's 'ands,' 'e ses at last.

"'You'll put it into mine instead,' ses my missis, trembling all over with passion.

"I didn't know wot to do. I knew wotever I done would be wrong. 'Give it to my missis!' I ses. 'I 'ave no secrets from 'er.'

"My missis looked at me; then she made such a funny noise I thought she was going to 'ave a fit. I was just going to give Slinker the tip to 'old on for a minute in case she did, when she

laughed. At least, it was a kind of a laugh.
"'Come on,' she ses, 'I want that letter.'
"Slinker put 'is 'and in 'is pocket, then 'e took it out and put it in another. 'E tried pocket arter pocket while we stood watch-

ing 'im. Then 'e tried 'em a'll over again.
"'Funny,' 'e ses. 'Wot could I 'ave done with it?'

"E went through 'is pockets all over ag'in and then 'e turned

to me and winked—right in front of my missis.

"I must 'ave lost it,' 'e ses, grinning like a monkey.

"I don't want none o' your lies,' ses my missis. 'I saw you wink at 'im. You give me that letter.'

"'It's gorn,' ses Slinker, looking round on the pavement. 'It was a long letter too; on pink note-paper with a lovely smell.
You could smell it a mile off. Well, so long.'
"My missis made a grab at 'is jacket, but 'e dodged to one side and then twisted out of the way ag'in as she rushed at 'im.
"See you later, Bill,' 'e ses, and then 'e turned and run up the

road with my missis full pelt arter 'im.

"She gave up in about twenty yards and then come back very slow and careful, with 'er eyes fixed on me, and walked traight into the kitchen and sat down without saying a word. Anybody might 'ave thought she'd been struck dumb for life—

but I knew better. Things like that only happen in books.
"I was about 'arf-way to the wharf when I see Slinker's little game. Nobody 'ad given 'im a letter and 'e was just trying to get me into trouble. That was Slinker all over; but I knew my missis wouldn't believe it.



"As I expected, when I got 'ome next morning there was no breakfuss and I 'ad to go and waste money in a coffee-shop. When I got back I found the bed wasn't made for me, and not on'y that, the bedclothes was being washed. Even the mattress was 'aving an airing in the back yard, and when I asked where I was to sleep my missis sniffed three times and went on with 'er washing.
"I 'ad to sleep on a chair and I 'ad just got off when she came

in with a bucket o' water and went down on 'er 'ands and knees and began to scrub the floor. I 'ad taken off my boots so as I could sleep more easy and the first thing I knew of it my feet is

in a puddle of very cold water.

"She cleaned that 'ouse for three days. There was a smell of soap all over the place; when one part of the floor was drying another part was getting wet; especially chairs that I wanted to set in and such like. And then, without putting anything back in its place, she went off to stay with 'er married niece at Clerk-

"She was away for a week and any good the change might 'ave done me was upset by 'aving to get my own food ready and make my own bed. The first bit o' steak I cooked I gave to the cat and the second-which was all right-she took 'erself while I was dishing up the taters.

"EVERYTHING seemed to go wrong. If I remembered the bread and bloaters I forgot the butter, and even when I forgot the bread and remembered the butter I didn't remember that I 'ad put it on my chair. Looking arter a 'ouse isn't a man's work. It's a easy job, mind you, but it's a job for little minds.
"A man can make a bed; the thing is, can 'e sleep in it

when 'e 'as made it?

"Then, o' course, I 'ad trouble from people as couldn't mind their own business. I came 'ome one morning, dead beat arter a night's watching, and arter cooking myself a rasher or two of bacon went upstairs to bed, and I 'ad just got to sleep when somebody started knocking at the street-door. I laid awake listening for a time and then finding they was knocking louder and louder, I got on some of my clothes and went down.

"It was a party from next door but two. A dirty little woman with red 'air screwed up in bits of old newspaper, and a nose that

wouldn't know a pocket-'ankerchif if it saw one.

"'I just come to see 'ow your pore wife is,' she ses. 'Is she very

"'Bad?' I ses. 'She ain't bad, she 'as gorn away for a day or two to see 'er niece.'
"'When'll she be back?' she ses, sticking her 'ead into the

passage like a tortoise.

"'I dunno,' I ses, 'and wot's more, I don't care.'

"'Don't know?' she ses. 'Why not?'

"I slammed the door 'ard and went off up to bed ag'in, and I

'ad scarcely taken my things off and snuggled down ag'in than there was another knock. I could 'ardly believe my ears at first, but arter a couple o' minutes there was no doubt about it. It was the woman from opposite this time and she came up as bold as brass and said she wanted to see my wife.

"'She drownded 'erself last night,' I ses, slamming the door.

"I went back to bed, but something seemed to tell me not to take my trousers off, 'cos I should be sure to want them ag'in. And I 'ad just got to sleep once more when I did. There was some wimmin outside when I got down and more 'urrying up. I just 'ad time to see that when I was swept up the passage like a dead leaf and jammed up ag'in' the kitchen door.

"'You clear out,' I ses, 'or else I'll put you out.'

"They all screamed at me at once then, and the things they said you might 'ave thought they was talking to their own 'usbands. The noise was awful. Some of 'em

stood there calling me names and some of 'em went upstairs to look for my missis.

"I believe they looked everywhere and they was so angry at not finding anything that they went 'arf crazy with disappointment. Some of 'em told me wot I ought to be done to, and some of 'em said they would do it. And they talked of my missis as if she'd bin a angel without wings.

"It took four policemen to get 'em outside, all screaming and pushing and taking away my character. Besides saying I 'ad murdered my wife, they said I 'ad done bigamy and picked pockets, set 'ouses on fire and owed for the milk. And while a woman was 'olding me by the coat collar and kicking me on the legs one of them silly policemen gave me a little pat on the shoulder and told me not to take no notice of 'em. "By the time they got 'em out, the street was 'arf full of people all trying to mind my business instead of their own. It took the police 'arf an hour to clear the road and

when I went back to bed ag'in the people opposite was still standing at their doors looking up at my winders.

life; and three times men, egged on by their wives, offered to fight me and wouldn't take 'ne' for an answer. And I was just thinking of going back to sea again when my

missis come back.

"I found 'er there when I got 'ome one morning. She was sitting in the kitchen having 'er breakfuss and when I went in she just sat straight up and looked at me as if I was something wot 'ad been kept too long. Some men would 'ave pointed out to her that she was eating the bacon and egg wot they 'ad got in for theirselves the day before, but I didn't, I know 'er too well

"For two days she didn't say a word, on'y sniffed; but when she did start I thought she'd never stop. It turned out that 'er niece's 'usband a feller I always liked—'ad pushed 'er out of the 'ouse and chucked 'er Then the red-'aired box arter 'er.

woman and the woman opposite 'ad both asked 'er where she'd been and wouldn't believe 'er when she told 'em; and they both said I was too good for 'er and they wondered at me for taking 'er back. That's wimmin

> "I slept through most of it-it takes a lot to keep me awake—but she was talking when I went to bed and she was still at it at three o'clock in the arternoon when I got up. And when I started off to work she walked a little way up the street with me to tell me some more things about myself that I didn't want to know, or the fools that was follerin'

'She was pretty quiet next day-gumboil or something-but

the day arter it was worse than ever.

"I came 'ome tired out. I 'ad 'ad a very bad night of it. Wot with a lighterman as was drunk and thought I owed 'im five bob, and a couple o' Scotch sailormen that rang the bell and pushed

their way on to the wharf to go aboard a craft that wasn't there, and then asked me wot I 'ad done with it, I was wore out. I just crawled into the kitchen and tumbled into a chair and sat wonder"S

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ing whether my missis was going to get my breakfuss ready. "I didn't 'ave to wonder long and I could see at once that I was in for more trouble. White as chalk she was, and her 'ands trembling. Then she stood bolt upright and tried to stare me down. 'There's another letter for you,' she ses, arter she found she couldn't.

"'If I get my 'ands on that man Slinker,' I ses, 'I'll-'
"'It wasn't Mr. Slinker,' she ses, screwing up 'er mouth and looking down 'er nose. 'It come by post, soon arter you 'ad gorn last night.' She looked at the letter, wot I 'adn't noticed afore, sticking up on the mantelpiece, and I got up very slow and care-

less and looked at it too. 'It's from the mate of the Priscilla,' I ses. 'I'd know is 'andwriting anywhere.'

"'And the kisses on the back of the envelop too, I suppose,"

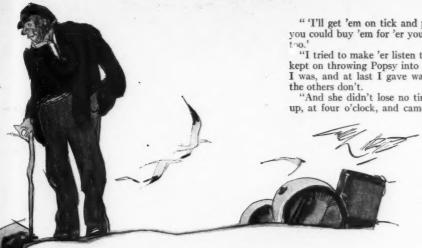
she ses.
"''E—'e's a man as will 'ave 'is joke,' I ses, arter she 'ad tried to glare me down ag'in. 'Often and often I've said to 'im-"'I don't want none o' your lies,' she ses, grabbing the letter afore I could stop 'er. 'Are you sure it's 'is 'andwriting?'

"'A'most,' I ses. "She tore the letter open and looked at it, and then she let off the most awful screech I've ever 'eard and fell into a chair, kicking 'er 'eels on to the floor and carrying on like a madman. I tell you that the cat jumped on to the top shelf and got





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into a saucepan, you'll 'ave some idea wot she was like.

if you'd brought me the best one in the world and 'eld my 'ead down in the plate I couldn't 'ave looked at it.
" 'Read it,' she ses, choking and 'olding out the letter; 'read it.'

"I couldn't do anything with 'er. As for breakfuss,

"I took 'old of it and looked at it. It was on pink note-paper with pie-crust edges and a smell like scented soap. I smelt it two or three times, 'ardly knowing wot I was doing and then I read it.

"Short and sweet it was, and I read it over and over ag'in wondering wot I was going to say. It read:

Darling Billy,

It seems ages since I saw you. Wot about a music 'all on Toosday if you can get someone to look arter the wharf for you? And wot about the hat and jacket you promised me? I'm so shabby I ain't fit to be seen with you.

From your loving Popsy.

"There was kisses arter the name and kisses on the top and kisses on each side. I'ad never 'ad so many afore in my life. "'Wot 'ave you got to say for

yourself?' ses my wife, beginning

to rave again.

'I don't know nothing about it,' I ses, 'and wot's more I don't want to.'
"'Who is Popsy?' she ses.

'Who is she?'

"'I don't know 'er from Adam,

I ses.
"'Wot's 'er after name?' she ses.
"'I ses. 'Wot's "'I don't know,' I ses. 'Wot's it got to do with me? If a young woman takes a fancy to me and sends me letters I can't 'elp it, can

"'I thought you said you didn't know 'er,' she ses.

"'I don't,' I ses.

" 'Ow do you know she's young then?' ses my wife, pointing 'er finger at me. ''Ow dare she write letters to my 'usband and ask 'im to take 'er to music-'alls and give er 'ats and jackets. No wonder I 'aven't got a rag to my back. No wonder nothing I do is right. No

wonder when I was 'aving a few words with Mrs. O'Brien the other day she asked me wot dustbin I went to for my 'ats. I often wondered wot you did with all your money. Now I know.'

"I couldn't get a word in edgeways. Every time I opened my mouth she shoved that 'at and jacket in it, in a manner o' speaking. Then she went upstairs and brought 'er own down and shoved 'em in my face for me to look at.

"'You're going to buy me a 'at and a jacket,' she ses, throwing the old ones on the floor, 'and a pair o' boots. If I 'ave 'em p'raps you won't 'ave the money to buy any for that hussy.'
"I 'aven't got money to buy 'em for anybody,' I ses.

"'I'll get 'em on tick and pay so much a week,' she ses. 'If you could buy 'em for 'er you can buy 'em for me, and you will

"I tried to make 'er listen to reason, but it was no good. She kept on throwing Popsy into my face until I didn't know where I was, and at last I gave way. Married men'll understand, if

"And she didn't lose no time about it, neither. When I got up, at four o'clock, and came downstairs to tell 'er that I 'ad

altered my mind, she 'ad got 'em and was just going out for a walk in 'em, to be looked at. I watched 'er go up the street very slow and looking like a real

lady at the back.
"Ow I got through the next few weeks I don't know. If it 'adn't 'ave been for a few real pals standing me a 'arf-pint now and then I don't know wot I should 'ave done. Casting 'is beer on the waters some of 'em called it. I didn't know wot 'e

meant, and when I told 'im so 'e called me a lot o' nasty names and offered to fight me. I didn't 'ave two ha'pennies to rub together and when I passed the landlord of the Bull's Head I was

afraid to look at 'im.

"I 'ad just paid up all but the last two weeks when I found out something. My missis was out and I was just looking round to see whether I could find a few odd coppers anywhere. I 'appened to look in a box in the bedroom cupboard, among other things, and 'id away under a pile of odds and ends, I found some note-paper and envelops. Pink, with pie-crust edges and a strong smell o' scented soap!

"At first I couldn't believe my eyes, or my nose. Then I see 'ow I'd been done. Then, 'ardly able to speak, I went down-stains to 'ave it out with my missis. I marched into the kitchen like a lion and 'eld the paper out to 'er.

" 'Well?' she ses, very cool.

"'Well?' she ses, very cool.
"'You—wrote—that—letter,' I ses, fixing 'er with my eyes.
"'Wot about it?' she ses.
"'Wot about it?' I ses. 'Wot about it! Do you remember the way you carried on and the things you said about me?'
"'Wot about Slinker's letter, that 'e didn't give you?' she ses. 'If other wim-

min can write to my 'usband I suppose I can. Though not so welcome, per-'aps.

" 'And wot about the 'at and jacket and boots?' I ses.

" 'Surely a woman can ask 'er own 'usband for clothes.

" 'And wot about the deceitfulness of it?' I ses. 'Pretending to be another woman and taking away my character. Wot about putting a wrong name to the letter?'

"'It wasn't a wrong name,' she ses. 'Popsy

is my pet name.'
"'First time I've
'eard of it,' I ses. 'Who gave it to you?

Who calls you by it?"
"'Me!' I ses. 'Me! Why, you must be mad. When did I ever call you Popsy?'

'When we was keeping company,' she ses, blowing 'er nose. "That's the worst o' wimmin; always remembering something that ought to be forgot, just to get their own way. And then sniveling about it. If I did call 'er that name it was when I was young and foolish; and if young men were not foolish they would go on keeping company instead of getting married.

"I went out of the 'ouse in a daze, and I was so upset that when I ran into Slinker and got 'old of him by the throat, in-stead of wringing 'is neck I let 'im stand me a couple o' pints."



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By Geo. A. Dorsey ow to be have Like Human Beings" The property though RRIED

ARRIAGE is necessarily a gamble, but when the odds against its happy ending are so great that a naturalborn gambler like man won't chance it, there must be something wrong about marriage-or about man. If marriage is wrong, society is rotten. For this reason: Man is naturally a marrying animal. The woman he marries is the natural center of his life, even as women in general are the biologic center of the human universe. That universe cannot thrive if its center is unhappy. Unhappy marriages are dangerous, rotten spots in the social fabric, and unmarried adults are unnatural biologic creatures.

Our first question, then, is: Why so many celibates, divorcées and mismated couples who would be divorced if they could or who accept unhappiness as the will of God? The answer to that question will clear the way for our real problem: How can the odds

against happy marriage be reduced?

I said "reduced." The odds never can be eliminated entirely, for marriage is a gamble; in fact, death is the only certainty in human affairs. But too many marriages these days are inevitable failures, too many couples marry with no more chance of living happily ever after than of breaking the bank of Monte Carlo.

Not all these mismated couples will end up in a divorce court, or one or other of them in an insane asylum. By no means. Thousands of wives will endure the tortures of the damned at the hands of ignorant, selfish, brutal husbands, and thousands of husbands will be nagged, scolded, snarled at, and henpecked for life rather than admit failure in a divorce court, or because they fear a jump from the frying-pan into the fire. They go on with it, drag out wretched existences, lead drab lives, and contribute as much to human welfare as stray cats and dogs. Such marriages are rotten spots at the very heart of human society.

Consider the case of Tom Brown and his wife Fanny. Neither Tom nor Fanny is so abnormally unfit for a happy marriage as to provoke comment; in fact, their community looks upon them as a happy couple. Yet I know that neither of them has enjoyed one day of happy married life in twenty years. Unhappiness is

Tom, the son of a rich merchant, sowed large crops of very wild oats over a wide area before his marriage. Fanny grew up in a home where religion, chastity, and female frigidity were supposed to supplement normal secondary sexual characters for making a female attractive to male eyes. Tom, ensnared by her natural beauty and blind to her acquired sex charms, used his wild-oats technique to rush her off her feet. And the "carefully' reared, tenderly nurtured Fanny, brought up on the Puritan doctrine of sex's inherent wickedness, eloped with the bounder. Her family heard of Tom for the first time through a telegram announcing their marriage!

I may remark in passing that the prolonged hostility of Fanny's family toward Tom aided him in no way to accept Fanny as a joy

Fanny's disillusionment was complete long before the honey moon was over. Tom's disillusionment and his contempt for his wife began the first day—when she cried because he said "damn.

Fanny's desirableness in Tom's eves diminished perceptibly with mere possession. Her tears and grief at his "animalism" only confirmed his impression that she was a poor "sport." He could not understand his wife's grief over the "tragedy," because he could not see the tragedy. His habits and experience had he could not see the tragedy. His habits and experience had given him certain ideas of how to treat a woman; experience and habits did not avail him now. Fanny soon came to regard the foundation of a satisfactory married life as her worst enemy. It was only too true, as she had heard, that the whole thing was degrading and a necessary evil!

Toms and Fannys form a fairly large class of married couples. They started with nothing in common except mutual sex attrac-Otherwise they were utter strangers. Their bents, tastes, interests, ideals, and outlook on life in general are as different today as when they married-too different to be reconciled

or to be lived with comfortably.

Any observant outsider knowing their codes could have predicted that a marriage between Tom and Fanny was destined to mar two lives. Perhaps they themselves could have guessed the outcome. Why, then, didn't they? Why face a future of fairly inevitable misery? Because love is not only blind but deaf and dumb by nature, and has a tough conscience. It must be so or the species dies. All the cotton-wool in which Fanny had been wrapped and all the ice in which she had been packed did not insulate her at the critical moment. Tom's experience was not complete; he wanted Fanny even if he had to marry her. were not fit for an enduring and happy marriage only for mat-Why, then, didn't they separate?

This marriage took place a generation ago. Divorce was serious then; it left a stigma, especially on the woman. Fanny had grown up on the assumption that she would become a wife; there was nothing else she could become. She might admit failure to her-self; she could not advertise the fact to the world. She had made

her own bed-she would have to lie on it.

THEY drift on, have four children, are rated as successful-Fanny's jewels alone are worth a quarter of a million dollars—and are certainly prominent members of their community. And yet today, at the end of twenty years under the same roof and in the same church, clubs, and golf course, they are as far apart as the poles.

As Tom said only the other day: "I'm in so wrong with my wife that everything I do is wrong; it doesn't make any difference what I do, it's wrong." And only the day before Fanny had said: "I wish I were dead; there's no other way out." And I think she

meant it.

While this case is fairly normal, it is more typical, I suspect, of couples married a generation ago. Tom's philandering had been so extensive that it was well-nigh impossible for him to become completely attached to and absorbed by one woman. Her training had gone to the other extreme and in a way was almost as vicious. Conceivably, married to a man who would have conformed to her standards of what she called "decency," she might have lived happily. Even then it would have required a mate of great tact and intelligence, for her acquired attitudes toward sex had to be re-formed before she could function as a normal wife.

One point more. Tom's and Fanny's habits were not only incompatible, they were so different that they forced them apart—forced them to face in opposite directions. They could not help each other as a team, they impaired each other's individual and

social usefulness.

Their home, in short, is a weak spot in the social fabric. To set forth just how weak would involve examining the effect of this forth just how weak would have to a lives of four (Continued on page 194) 85



time betrothed to young Tomas

Espinosa, D'Arcy felt that he would eventually win the girl for himself. But instead, he succeeded in arousing Josepha's anger and resentment when he insisted on bringing her halfbrother Romauldo to trial. Romauldo was a worthless scamp whose life D'Arcy had saved twice; but the graceless wretch, in spite of his debt of gratitude to D'Arcy, had led a bandit attack on Happy Camp. Romauldo, with the other bandits, was hanged summarily by the miners, and D'Arcy returned the body to Don José as he had promised.

Romauldo's death postponed Josepha's marriage to Tomas but it further antagonized the girl, and D'Arcy returned to Happy Camp lamenting his enforced departure from the Guerrero rancho.

Under the rule of Alcalde Harmon Happy Camp was in general a peaceable community, but one day in the midst of a disturbance started by an old enemy of D'Arcy's, Alvah Cannon, the first white lady arrived. This "flower of womanhood," whose name was Madge Minturn, Harmon soon discovered, was lookout for Feather River Henry, a gambler of the district.

Soon thereafter Henry developed a virulent case of smallpox and the disease swept Happy Camp, which was at once placed under quarantine. Unaware of this, Josepha Guerrero came to the Arroyo Chico seeking D'Arcy after her father's sudden death by a fall from a horse. To D'Arcy's dismay, the girl was detained

And when Sir Humphrey, the physician of Happy Camp, after weeks of caring for the sick, succumbed to the disease-Josepha who nursed him.

'ARCY and Bejabers Harmon, having prepared a funeral pyre within an isolated cabin, were cremating its late occupant, when McCready came up the creek and joined them. "Madge sent me up," he explained, "to relieve you an' Bejabers long enough for you to go down to the pest-house an' say good-by to the Bart. He's down with it at last."

Bejabers grimaced in distress. "That's the price he pays for bein' a gentleman, Mac. He could have been selfish and vac-cinated himself, but—he wouldn't. Preferred to save his friends—the danged ol' worthless skunk! I'm sure goin' to give him the devil!

Illustrations by

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W. Smithson Broadhead

Together D'Arcy and Bejabers reported to Madge, who led them at once to the bunk where the Bart sat quietly gazing at the

Bejabers ran a hand over the noble old brow, already disfigured with the telltale rash. "Bart," he said huskily, "when you git well I'm a-goin' to call a meetin' of the company and have you read out o' the party. You just ain't got good sense. D'ye think anybody'd done for you what you done for them? How many lives you got to live to know it don't pay to take the short end o' the deal when you can just as well take the long end? You ornery, worthless, good-for-nothing old he-angel, what d'you mean by gittin' sick, eh?"

The Bart kept his eyes closed but smiled a thin ghost of his old aggish leer. "Dear, honest, brave, primitive Bejabers!" he waggish leer. "Dear, honest, brave, primitive Bejabers!" he murmured. "What a fraud ye are! I'm so—sorry now—I didn't try harder to be a-good partner. I've just discovered-what the word means-I-I

"You shet up," Bejabers commanded and then choked and turned away that his friends might not see how weak he was.



By Peter B. Kyne

A Novel of y Golden Dalifornia

not abandon it in its extremity."
"Good lad. Ye weren't born a D'Arcy for nothing. Ye'll make yer pile, lad, and some day ye'll be going home. I've been coming home from sea for forty years, but

I'll not see Kinsale Head again. To be sure I'm in the black book with my people for deserting the country's service-I who was decorated for-but no matter.

"Ye'll be calling on them, no doubt—the D'Arcys were always welcome at Galtee Manor. 'Tis possible they may not mention me, Dermod, but if they should-tell them I finished like a decent man, for all the roving, divil-may-care vagabond I've been. The navy was no place for the like o' me. I never could stand discipline .

"When poor Poppy comes back be kind to him, lad. He's a poor lost, lonely divil that needs a strong hand on his elbow. To men like Poppy and me the game would ever be a joy but the gold's a curse. 'Twill prove a curse to the majority.

'I've been lying here thinking, lad, and this thought came to me: The discovery of gold in California is but a trifling uncovering of her riches. Gold will not breed gold in these lovely hills, but it will, lad, farther down in the valleys, beside the harbors and on the brown hills where the wild cattle roam.

"Don't take yer fortune back to the old green isle and buckle down to the life of a country squire. 'Tis deadening. Here is a new empire with opportunity for a brave, clean young man like ye to play an emperor's part. Ah, Cali-

fornia, 'tis the end of the rainbow ye are, acushla "Yer hand, son of my boyhood's friend. Ye've been a dear lad to a very trying old scalawag. I'm leaving my poor people to ye—ye'll do your best, I know—poor helpless souls . . . And the Spanish girl! My word, Dermod, there's a woman. Ye

could go farther and fare worse. "Tell Bejabers I've loved him. Parting is at best, as the French say, a little bit of dying, so I'll not say good-by. Remember, if my people should mention me

"Yes, yes, I shall remember, Sir Humphrey."
"Caid mille faltha! A bottle of the best, Michael, lad. 'Tis not often I'm home, more's the pity, to offer a sup and a bite to my friends . . . Dermod, lad. Where was I? Not home, surely. Ah, yes, I remember. That Spanish-Californian girl—worth a king's ransom. Don't be a fool. If she lives . . . Ah, to end my days in that cool white hacienda among the valley oaks

The delirium claimed him again. D'Arcy tucked the blanket up around Sir Humphrey's neck; and because he knew better than any man in Happy Camp would ever know something of the tragedy of the Bart's life, his tears splashed on the hot, puffed,

D'Arcy took the Bart's hot hand in his. "I'm here, Sir

Humphrey

"Aye, lad, I sent for ye. Well, Dermod, the old ship is hit below the water-line; she's sinking fast, me boy. The day the first case developed I—sent a man below to get vaccine. There is none. Every blessed article under heaven comes to us in ships, but-no vaccine. If we could find a healthy young heifer with a good case of cowpox we could inoculate with lymph from the vesicles on her abdomen—but the cursed cows of California are without cowpox! So the disease must run its course.

"Isolation—and the burning of all the scattered cases in the cabins after death is our only preventive measure. Ye've been

vaccinated successfully; ye'll not be liable to contract the disease, lad, so promise me ye'll stick by Happy Camp.

"These miners are ignorant men and badly frightened, but soon they'll be ashamed of their fright and there will not be lacking men to help ye. Keep them away, however, while ye and Madge and the boys can handle the situation alone. Poor Happy Camp! 'Tis Camp Sorrowful now, begob!"

"Together we established Happy Camp. Sir Humphrey. I'll

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scarlet old face even now wreathed in the benignant smile of a gentleman once more playing the host at his own ancestral board.

A hand rested lightly on his arm; he turned and through a mist beheld Josepha Guerrero standing beside him. "You— Guerrero standing beside him. "You-here!" he cried harshly. "How dare you risk yourself? Have you been vacci-nated?"

"No, Don Dermod."

"Oh, Josepha, Josepha, why did you do it? Why did you come here? Only a

miracle can save you now!"

"These poor men," she replied steadily, "require nursing by a woman. They are helpless. Too long I played the coward's part. I could not remain in the hotel longer. If I die-well, that will not be a matter of importance. But what is important is that while I live it may not be said of me that I cowered behind the skirts of another woman-and a woman not of my class! I have permitted the man I have not been pleased with to wrestle with death that I might live. So, Don Dermod, I am here."

His heart was filled to overflowing. "I am grateful for your unselfish help. And the survivors of these helpless ones

will be grateful, too."
"Remember," she assured him, "all

do not die of this sickness.

He thought of that delicate, lovely proud face ravaged and pitted, and a great pity for her surged in his heart. Evidently she knew what he was thinking, for she shrugged slightly-a little shrug indicative of fatalism.

"You would no longer, in that case, protest your love, Don Dermod, for love cannot lodge with ugliness. Well, already I am an old maid and for other reasons it does not matter . . . Don

Dermod, you look hurt."

'You do not understand," he said. "Well, I have my work awaiting me far up the Arroyo Chico; we shall not meet often until this scourge is stamped out. I am very proud of you, Josepha, and I am, too, very proud of myself. I am a discerning fellow, for long ago I said to myself, gazing at you: 'This woman shall be the mother of my son.' One would not have his son born of ignoble blood, Josepha."

The same lambent glow that had been in the glance she had bestowed upon him that night so long ago when, with young Tomas Espinosa, she danced beneath the torchlight's glow at San Juan

Bautista, was in her eyes now. And there was approval of him in them. confidence in him, friendliness for him. he had wasted no time in futile words; he was, with all his faults, a man of deeds not of words-a masculine type she had not hitherto encountered.

Suddenly her Anglo-Saxon blood brought to her a faint glimmering of understanding of this perplexing adventurer. Perhaps he did love her! Latin lovers, she knew, never concealed their love; without hesitation they proclaimed it passionately; they cited it as an excuse for any silly resentment or reprisal their quickly aroused jealousy might lead them into.

The little shallow streams babbled as they tumbled down from the Sierras, but the broad deep Sacramento flowed silently to

Could it be that this man, because of racial pride, modesty, shyness or a queer belligerency would not proclaim himself a woman's captive? Was he one to hide his love, making a shrine

for it in some deeply hidden recess of his nature?
She wondered—and, wondering, said: "It is good to think that at last we fight side by side against the common enemy and not between ourselves, Don Dermod."



C,"It was a bitter day for you—that day you met me," D'Arcy

She saw him gulp; his glance was one of suffering and pity: "It was a bitter day for you—that day you met me," he mur-"It was a bitter day for you—that day you met me," he murmured tragically. "You asked me to spare Romauldo—and I did not do it. I realized that moment the price I had to pay for the refusal. Ah, 'twas a bitter day for both of us-that day we met. Now, because of me, you are here, trapped, walking with a dreadful death—and if death spares you, doomed to disfigurement."

"I should not, in that case, be pleasant to look upon, Don Dermod. It is not the nature of men to seek marriage with ugly women. You would then forget me readily."

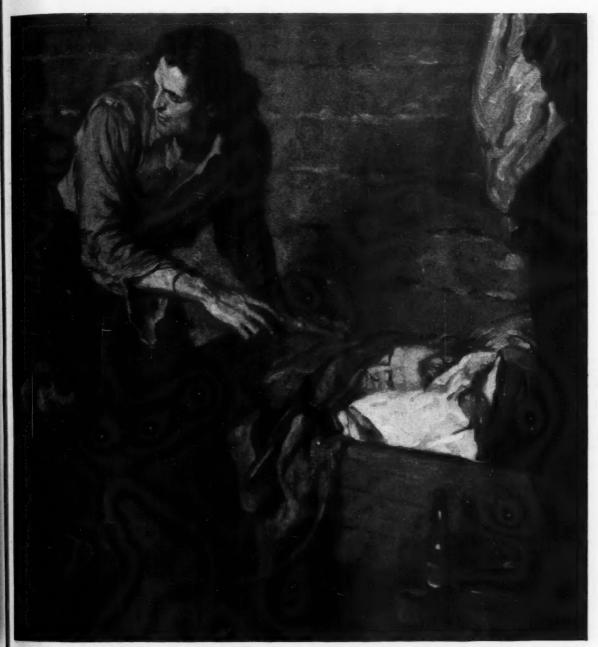
"I should always remember your face as it is now," he said with a curious dispassionate calmness. "And when I gazed upon the record of your sacrifice, I should see beyond the record your shining, beautiful soul; I should want to kneel and kiss the hem of your garment, that I too might be ennobled. Dear little saint, you shame me! I waited until the vaccination had taken effect. I should have been braver-brave enough to disobey that old martyr lying yonder-and come sooner to the aid of these afflicted

She appeared to disregard this speech. "If you stood this

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mumured tragically to Josepha. "Now, because of me, you are here, trapped, walking with a dreadful death."

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He shook his head in negation. "I was ever the leader hereand it is the fate of leaders to be born to circumstances far less fortuitous than they would order for themselves, had they that

power. I would not sell myself for a woman's smile."
"That is bravely spoken. Why did you lend my father the gold?

"For your sake. Your good father knew not the value of money. I desired to get him into my power; to plunge him deeper into my debt, that others might not have opportunity to accord lim less consideration on the day of settlement than I would have accorded him. I feared he would waste your birthright, not realizing he was wasting it—and when you read another motive in my action it pleased me not to protest against the injustice of your thought. It was necessary to my plan that you should not dissuade me."

"It is true that in my resentment that day we met you on the mad I did not tell you why my father desired the loan.

"I understand your reason. A proper womanly pride forbade that you should warn me that by my action I risked losing you.

You would not plead with me to save you for myself, Josepha."

"And yet, on the day my father called here to see you and you gave him the loan he sought, did I not warn you? And did you not turn a deaf ear to my pleading?"

"I had passed my word to your father. I could not, with honor, repudiate my promise. I could only trust to you to refuse to marry Tomas Espinosa. Curiously enough, I had a profound faith that you would not sacrifice yourself—or me."

But if I had?" "I would have sent you that unrecorded mortgage for a wedding gift.

Her eyes opened widely. "To break my heart on my wedding-day, Don Dermod?" she queried softly.
"It would already have been broken," he reminded her.

"Well, I refused to marry him. I loved him not. And now there is no one to advocate his cause, unless it be that Don Emilio, when he learns of my father's death, will ride north to urge that I return with him to dwell with his family until, the period of mourning over, I marry his son."
"And if he does?"

"I shall refuse. I shall remain at the (Continued on page 132)

By Brig. Gen. Henry J. Reilly, O. R. C.



FEW weeks ago upon returning from eight months spent in France, Britain and Germany, collecting information about the war from every possible source, including men who have fought, ranking from private to field-marshal, I asked General Pershing:

"Today, ten years after the war, what do you think about the European doubts shortly after we entered the war as to whether

or not our entry would make good Russia's loss?"
With eyes flashing, he rose from his desk in the State, War, and

With eyes flashing, he rose from his desk in the State, War, and Navy Building in Washington, as if to do proper honor to the men he was about to mention, and said:

"The courage and the fighting ability of our soldiers in the World War were superb. They went into battle with heart and soul, and soon convinced both friend and foe alike that America was to be the decisive factor in the war. Our men were never discouraged by heavy losses, nor by the strongest enemy resistance. Adversity only made them the more determined to win. They bore themselves in all respects as worthy descendants of men whose names became immortal at Fredericksburg, Spottsylvania, and Gettysburg."

During the time I was in Germany, German General Staff officers of the war showed me in great detail how Germany's problem, which they planned to meet before the war and tried to carry out during the war, was to use their splendidly organized army and railway system to jump first one of the Allies and then another

In this way they hoped to put them out one after another, thus never having to face the full strength of all at one and the

On the other hand, I found that those who fought on the Allied side are more than ever asking: "Why

The facts now coming out show that this failure caused the downfall of every Allied premier and the relief of every Allied commanding general in power at the beginning of the war. General Nivelle had replaced "Papa" Joffre in command of the French Army. General Haig had succeeded General French in command of the British Army.

The Czar himself had taken over command of the Russian Army. General Cadorna was relieved by General Diaz as com-

manding general of the Italian Army.

As we entered the war Russia dropped out. From August, 1914, she had had millions of soldiers at the front and done a great deal of hard fighting. As a consequence she had materially helped her all'es win the first Battle of the Marne, the first Battle of Ypres, the defense of Verdun, and the first Battle of the Somme.

They had kept the Germans so busy during 1915 that Britain was able to prepare, free from attack.

In France, in Britain and in Germany I found that ten years of digging out the truth about the war only emphasized the importance to the Allies and the Germans of the two questions: Would the American soldier put his whole heart and soul in the fighting? Would he arrive in sufficient numbers and in sufficient time to fill the tremendous gap in the Allied ranks caused by the Russians dropping out?

And would the American soldier really fight? This was the great question which agitated all Europe from the time we declared war in April, 1917, until well into the summer of 1918.

The vast amount of information coming out today shows this question to have been one in which the Allies and Germans were equally interested.

At the time we declared war the Allies were sure they would win. They were certain that only bad leadership on their part had kept them from winning already. They could not believe that with their immense superiority in population and resources of every kind; that with the supplies of the world open to them because of their control of the seven seas, and denied the Central Powers, they could do anything other than win.

However, by the summer of 1918, all this had changed. Starting with the first Russian Revolution, which occurred just about as we came

into the war, the Allies had suffered a series of blows, which, in the words of Marshal Haig's April, 1918, message to the British Army, "left them with their backs to the wall."

First came well authenticated reports that the new Russian republican government was unable to keep its promise that the Russian Army would continue fighting. By individuals and by larger and larger groups, the Russian soldiers were going home, war or no war.

Next, Hindenburg withdrew the German troops from the muddy, battered and, to the Allied artillery, well-known trends



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system from Arras to Noyon; to a new, dry, undamaged trench system unknown to the Allied artillery. This new system was called the Hindenburg Line-famous from then to the end of the war.

By doing this, Hindenburg upset all the plans for the joint attack of the French and the British in the spring of 1917.

The French attacked, anyhow. Despite heroic determination and courage upon their part, they failed with heavy losses. Inevitably, coming on top of what they had been through for two and a half years, this depressed the morale of both the French Army and people.

Since the beginning of the war in August, 1914, the French had put more men in battle and consequently had suffered greater losses in proportion to their population than had any other nation engaged on either side in the war. When we entered their killed alone amounted to more than one million.

In the fall of 1917, the Italians suffered one of the greatest defeats in military history, 'osing 463,000 men, killed, wounded and prisoners, and nearly one-half their artillery. Also in the fall of 1917 came the greatest blow of all. The Bolsheviki, who had brought about the second revolution in

Russia, and who had seized control, started peace negotiations with the Central Powers.

This put Russia definitely out of the war and freed the eighty German divisions which had been on that front for service on the Western Front. During the winter of 1917-18, the Allies constantly received undisputed reports of their movement in a steady stream to the Western Front.

As a consequence of this tremendous reinforcement, the first of the great German offensives planned to bring the war to a successful conclusion by the complete overthrow of the Allied armies, took place in March, 1918. It practically wiped the Fifth British Army out of existence.

In May came the second great blow. It practically wiped out of existence the French Fifth Army and the Ninth British Army Corps. It put the Germans once more on the Marne River, whose waters they had not seen since the fall of 1914, during the first Battle of the Marne. In July, came the last great German offensive, from Château-Thierry on the right, around Reims, with its famous cathedral, and across the Champaigne almost to the Argonne forest.

Thus, faced with disaster, the answer as to whether or not the American soldiers, arriving in constantly increasing numbers, would fight, was of vital importance to the

Due to Russia having dropped out,

Germany for the first time had practically her whole army concentrated on the Western Front. For the first time she had more troops on this front than the French, British and Belgians facing She was successfully attacking them. She had defied us on the submarine question, bringing us into the war, because she believed these attacks, already planned at that time, would be victorious before we—because of our unpreparedness—could put enough troops in France to interfere with her plans.

However, as these 1918 attacks progressed, she found a steadily increasing number of American soldiers facing her troops. While numbers are important, they are not everything. In most of her battles with the Russians, though outnumbered, the Germans had

In the Roumanian campaign, which lasted less than four months, and in which Roumania was wiped practically off the map, the Germans were greatly outnumbered.

What the individual soldier feels about a war has a lot to do with the way he fights. The Russian soldier did not always have his heart in the fighting. The same revolutionary tendencies his heart in the fighting. The same revolutionary tendencies which had created trouble during the Russo-Japanese War had increased in the nine years between that conflict and the out-break of the World War. Heavy losses and constant defeats had discouraged the average Russian soldier and increased his disinclination to fight for the Czar and his government.

I remember an incident at the Russian fortress of Brest-Litovsk, the late summer of 1915, which showed that even the old soldier who had spent his life in the army was commencing to question the worth of his leaders. During a continuously vic-

torious advance the Germans and Austro-Hungarians had captured from the Russians fortress after fortress, each with large numbers of prisoners and guns.

To escape being cut off and captured, the Russian garrison of Brest-Litovsk had abandoned the fortress and set it and the near-by town on fire. Through an interpreter, I was talking to a physically magnificent Russian non-commissioned officer. The hot August sky was almost hidden by the shooting flames and clouds

of smoke from the burning fortress and town, mixed with an all-permeating cloud of fine dust rising from a seemingly interminable near-by

column of marching troops.

The sergeant's thoughts were greatly troubling him. Amongst other things, he said: "Why are we always beaten? Our men are brave. We have taken heavy losses without running away. Yet always we retreat. Just like the war with the Japanese. Even when we beat the enemy directly in front of us, we retreat. I was captured by the Japanese at the Battle of Mukden. My regiment was not beaten, but there (Continued on page 166)



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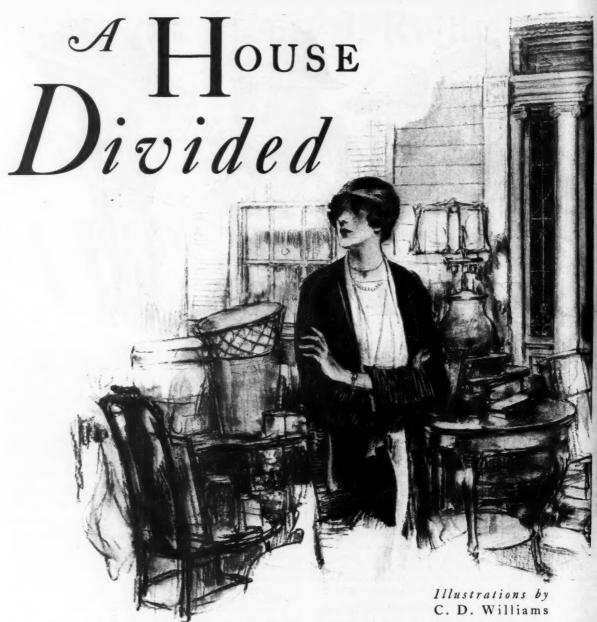
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SINGLE paragraph—light thrown briefly upon a past episode—pretty well sums up why Jerry Graham, at thirty-two, was a contented bachelor. At eighteen, a Princeton freshman, he was parlor-

car-ing to Easthampton to visit a girl of whom he was deeply enamored. His long, long thoughts were all of proposal and speedy elopement. But in the seat next to his sat a maiden as lusciously brunette as his inamorata was exquisitely blond And Jerry, retrieving a dropped handkerchief and falling thereafter into not-so-idle conversation, was out of love and into love again in the lifting of an eyebrow.

Therefore he did not propose to the golden girl nor, be it added, to his dark flame of the parlor-car. Oh, yes, he saw her again, but meantime he had met a red-head who was Helen of Troy and Juliet of Verona and Cleopatra of the Nile in delicious composite.

And so he went through life, Princeton and the Beaux-Arts, discovering that his temperament regarded the love-chase as an obstacle race rather than an endurance test. He loved them all. He left them all. He was light-hearted and careless, a happy

bachelor, fastidious and decent and fickle.

"For why," he would demand when deeply—but never too deeply—in his cups, "why marry? Always just around the corner is the most perfect woman in the world. Hence, why muff the chance? I prefer to stay single in the hope of encountering her. Occasionally a recent and therefore sentimental benedict would

mildly suggest that, once having married, the quest for perfection was ended; for, to the recently married, a strong man's little wife is always the most perfect woman in the world.

Having heard this theory, Jerry would shudder slightly. "Not for long," he would murmur regretfully. "Not for long. It is possible that a great many gentlemen might agree with him. But it is certain that Marcia Meadows, a happy spinster of five and twenty, was a feminine Roland to Jerry's Oliver.
"I like being engaged," she would remark to her female friends

"but I am never engaged to be married. Not seriously. Think of all the attractive men in New York I've never met! And in Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Denver and Philadelphial Think of all the other cities, big and small! Consider the many vast countries of the world, all literally teeming with men! Fancy settling on one when, just around the corner, some perfectly divine creature may be waiting with his heart in one hand and the license in the other! No, I shall never marry. It would be such a risk-with my temperament."

And she did look a bit temperamental at that, for she had thrush-brown hair which was never quite tidy but was always charming, and her eyes were the gray-green color of friendly rain with little flecks of gold in them for sunlight, and her hands were clever as well as pretty, while her lips were satin-soft as well as red. If her chin was firm, it had the rescuing weakness and allure ment of a dimple. And she had brains.

She had also a very expensive interior decorating shop just off

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the Avenue, and an indulgent father who had sponsored her maiden effort at bigger and better business. Mr. Meadows' check-book was always ready to make up an expected deficit. Expected by him, that is, for Marcia had never had any doubts of her enterprise not any. And so far the check-book had not, since the first, come into play, for Marcia, with a smile which can only be described as sternly triumphant, was paying her bewildered and proud parent interest on his investment.

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As an interior decorator she met, eventually, the brilliant young architect, Jerry Graham. For Jerry was in demand these days as a designer of fascinating cottages and dignified country states. But he specialized in the honeymoon house, known as the First Home Venture of the Younger Married Set.

ALONG about 1927, Jerry had an order from friends of his, Harry and Reba Howard. They had saved and budgeted and bought a piece of ground far enough out on Long Island to be really country, and they commanded Jerry to plan a house for them and superintend its building. "We certainly shall be stuck," they said, "by that abysmal brute, the builder, so it is up to you as an old college chum and companionate drinker to see us

When Jerry had agreed to this with enthusiasm, Reba propheand plaintively: "I suppose when we've lived in it for a while will go to the poorhouse—after the sheriff has moved in. But it won't matter. We shall have loved living in your house, Jerry. Of course we can't afford it, but we must have it."

Man's Study

Becomes a

Nursery

Harry Howard grinned amiably. "The up-keep will be horrible," he remarked lightly, "and the initial expense even more so. Your bill will never be paid, dear egg, but what a lot of fun you'll have. Go to it, with our blessing."

Jerry did. Now here is where Marcia comes in. For when the house was up Reba sent for her. They had been in school together and were good, if infrequently meeting friends.
"Decorate it," said Reba,

"and spare no expense. I must live in the right sort of house if only for six months. Now that, Marcia, is how I feel about marriage.

The right sort of man-if only for six months! I've had mine for sixteen and I'm still crazy about him. I'll

probably even stay married to him."
"More power to you," Marcia congratulated her volatile friend. "Decorate," said Reba, deep in her

subject, "in that way."

What way?

"Why, as if the people in the house meant to stay married. I'd like it to have a permanent sort of look. know how so many houses seem nowadays-bored and sophisticated, as if the rooms were yawning and saying, 'Well, let's all change colors,' and the people were thinking, 'Well, let's

all change partners!

Marcia, "have rented it from Reba."

And Marcia laughed again and promised to do her darnedest. In the course of time she met Jerry Graham at the Howards' apartment for dinner. Presently she and Jerry motored out to Long Island with the Howards and went over the house upon which they were to collaborate.

They liked each other very much indeed, and listened with understanding tolerance to the Howards' married ravings. And thereafter they kept on meeting. For Jerry as an architect had very strong views on interior decoration, and Marcia as an interior decorator held opinions equally strong on architecture, and they had to meet in order to discuss these things.

The house was neither French-peasant nor Spanish-aristocrat nor English-upper-middle-class. It was just house. It was of white frame, clapboarded, with a doorway which was a copy of one in Salem and blinds of that lovely green-blue color. It had wide stairs and big rooms and many windows. Marcia and Jerry liked it and began to wish that they were landscape gardeners as well. They fancied themselves at landscaping. And as many of their ideas tallied they decided, with the easy permission of their employers, to attend to the landscaping also.

"No Christmas trees!" remarked Marcia over a table in a small French restaurant where the food was good and no music distracted. "I can't endure them! Little wizened pathetic things that people stick up in front of a house and then have 'The Cedars' printed on their stationery."

"I know. I hate 'em too. But Christmas trees aren't cedar—usually," corrected Jerry. "Of course. But you

know what I mean." She looked annoyed, and then she laughed because Jerry Graham was a very attractive young man. His hair grew in just the right thick way, and the dark brush-burnished waves were prematurely graying. His eyes were laughter-loving and blue, and his nice chin had the saving grace of a cleft. His hands were good and so were his teeth. And he had a figure.

Yes, Marcia decided, Jerry was a very attractive person. But then the current one always was, and the next one might be more so.

"Now," thought Jerry, looking at her over a coffee-cup, "what a delightful girl!" She was, he admitted, prettier than the one-before-the-last, if not quite as pretty as the one-before-that. Still, the one-in-the-future would have to go some to surpass her.

Up to a certain stage their friendship—if it can be called that—and their flirtation—which is certainly the word for it—was common-placely romantic. Give and take, tea and dinner, a lot of talk about the Howards' house and twice as much about themselves. And Reba Howard observed and

said to her husband, "I told you so!" Whereat Harry grunted and replied, fondly, "You little devil!" which doesn't mean a thing except to the Howards.

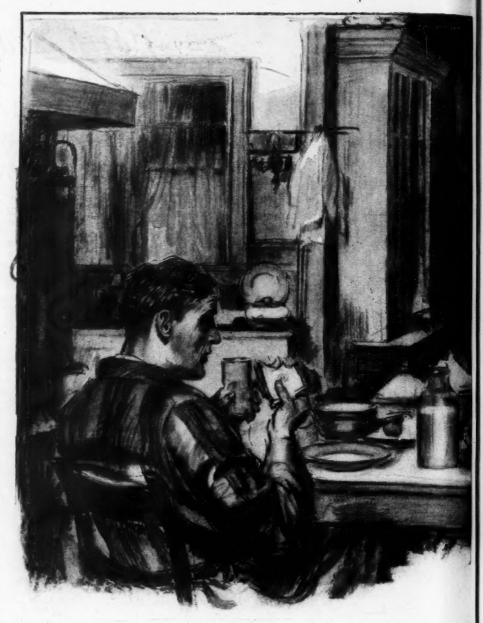
But to Reba's disappointment nothing happened because Marcia and Jerry played, skilfully, very much the same sort of game. Jerry had given up proposing even under great mental stress and more or less frankly admitted physical excitement.

For sometimes when you propose they accept you, and if you are a nice young man and decently chivalrous you have the deuce of a time getting out of it gracefully enough to leave the girls their pride intact. You have to do all sorts of crude things alien to your really pleasant nature—get genuinely and unattractively drunk; be horribly and convincingly rude; sulk; be far too jealous; or simply act like a darn' fool, which you are not, except for proposing in the first place.

And as far as that goes, Marcia had given up accepting offers

And as far as that goes, Marcia had given up accepting offers as a pastime. For sometimes when you accept they take you seriously and try to set dates, and want to talk to your father and call up the newspapers, and ask your advice on furniture—mahogany versus maple and twin beds as opposed to double.

It is all quite embarrassing, really. And you have to do things you don't care about doing in order to make them feel well rid of you when you have broken the engagement—flirt outrageously with other men; act more insanely extravagant than you are,



which is difficult; lose your temper; swear; smoke too much; ast for another cocktail; and be cold when kissed.

Yes, they played much the same sort of game did Jerry and Marcia.

It was wearing a little thin after a few weeks when the house took them in hand. They quarreled over it, and there is nothing like a good wholesome quarrel in defense of your most sacred ideas and life-work to bring you together. Where all had been froth and whipped cream and caviar between them, they now had a good solid bone of contention in which to set their teeth.

It was early in the spring. They had motored down in Jerry's car and were in the Howard house. Jerry was perched in a window recess and Marcia occupied a camp-stool in the large bare living-room. They looked at the litter and the whiteness of the plaster and the fireplace and talked of color schemes.

"I'll put mauves in here," Marcia said, "and powder-blues. And somewhere, of course, a short, sudden blaze of scarlet—the perfect thing to pull it all together. The carpet will run to the base-board, and I think I'll stick to the mauve in that—darket, naturally, a sort of grayish-violet."

"You don't know what you're talking about," commented Jerry. "I planned this house and I know what it needs. Great for this room," he continued, swinging his long legs, "a soft shade, easy on the eyes. And furniture which neither screams nor sight

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for one moment that I decorate living-rooms to soothe the nerves of earnestly drinking gen-tlemen?"

"Not exactly," Jerry replied gravely, "but these things must be taken into consideration. I realize, of course, that three-quarters of the time a living-room is given up to bridge-tables and what the welldressed woman will wear and all that. But the wage-earner does come home-occasionally."

Marcia was irritated. Jerry spoke lightly enough, even foolishly, but he seemed convinced of the wisdom in his folly. Now, of her past young men none had ever seen fit to be critical of Marcia's genius for her vocation.

She took out a notebook and pencil and began to plan the room, putting in squares for furniture and labeling them "couch," "magn-zine-table," "wingchair," "standing-lamp" and the like. Jerry watched her.

Thank heaven he had never married, he thought—not for the first time. For what women considered "lovely" and what men considered "comfortable" in house furnishings were never by any stretch of the imagination the same thing.

"You won't reconsider the shout of scarlet? Or the widowed mauve?" he murmured hopefully.

Certainly not." "Alas, poor Howard," mourned Jerry, and then with spirit: "I rejoice

with spirit: "I rejoice that you're not decorating any house of mine." Here he paused to note that her eyes sought his with an unfriendly expression in their pretty depths. Anger, he reflected, enhanced her charms. He added hastily, "Not that in yourself you wouldn't be decorative enough."

He paused again, a little dismayed. That, he thought, was the worst of answering any unspoken feminine challenge. Everything you said sounded like an imminent proposal.

But his innocent sally received no applause.
"I rejoice also," replied Marcia coldly. "I'd hate to think of the sort of place you'd like to live in. Leather goods and panels, steins and Morris chairs-even Mission, I suppose," she concluded nastily.

Now that, thought Jerry, was simply uncalled for-and so like

Later, in a rather chilly silence, they proceeded upstairs to the master-bedroom. Eying it, Marcia consulted her notebook and spoke her thoughts aloud, dreamily.

"Twin beds," she uttered, "and Lanvin green in here. Orchid and a little rose. Everything painted."

"Oh, Lord!" expostulated Jerry in unassumed dismay. "Have you forgotten that Harry has to sleep in here too? A man who slumbers amid Lanvin green and orchid and a little rose is apt to wake up any morning and shoot (Continued on page 158)

at you. A wet-sand carpet. And certainly no startling explosions of scarlet."

"Why not?" asked Marcia, who had heard him out with patience but no pleasure.

"Why not? Fancy a man coming home slightly boiled," gued Jerry. "Oh, not seriously so, but decidedly with the argued Jerry.

tige on. He'd come in here and turn on all the lights—"
"Now why," interrupted Marcia, who was annoyed but interested, "why would he do that?"

ERRY looked superior.

"Because, my dear child, we-I mean they-always do. There's no occult reason for such an act. I don't know what it is. He'd turn on the lights, you see, and look around tilting a little on his heels, his hands sunk in his jacket pockets, his hat a fraction off the dignified-he'd look around, I say, and out of your plaintive mauves and blues that flash of scarlet would sock him in the eye. Enough to scare him to death! He might have a weak heart, you know. He'd think it a fire-or the Northern lights—or the alarm box on the corner—or even a doctor's amp. There's no telling what he were a brave man probably he'd leap upon that trumpet note of color and strangle it to death—"
"You're so silly," Marcia said, and laughed. "Do you think

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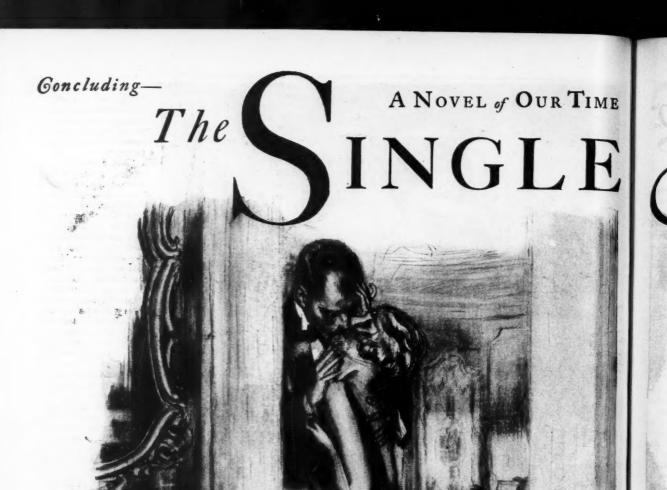
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C."Look at me. Look at me." Ian Deming's eternal love-song. Arden was not jealous. But she was hopelessly bewildered.

T WAS an odd thing that never again were they to reach quite the height of that first kiss.

The days glided by. They were perfect, they were glam-orous. The very air tingled with a sort of breathless brilliance. They went nowhere, they saw no one. Now and again they motored about the regions of the bay, for San Francisco was new to Ian Deming and Arden loved unfolding it before him. Occasionally they dined in one of San Francisco's famous and colorful eating places. But mostly they spent their time alone together in the house on Jackson Street.

They were rather wonderful lovers. "We don't make any sense, though," said Arden. "You know

we don't.

Illustration by R. F. Schabelitz

"Darling," said Ian Deming, and took her hand and kissed each of her fingers very lightly, which was a habit of his, "must we make sense? You have got the prettiest

hands, one and only Arden. I want to eat them. Almost anybody can make sense and what good does it do them? Whereas we're mad—quite mad, of course—and look how happy we are."
"Are you happy?" said Arden. Her voice was a murmur, her

lips just touched the words. Her eyes caressed him.
"Happy? Don't be silly. I didn't know there could be such happiness. I didn't even know what happiness was. I'm so happy I've become an idiot. Because the beginning and end and aim of all existence can't be in just one little bit of a thing like you. Look at all the important things there are. Work and fame and money and—politics, I suppose—and art and music and everything, and I don't even know about them. I don't know anything but you, you, you.'
"True?" said Arden.

"Look at me," said Ian Deming.

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to open scenes. things th in love.

By Adela Rogers St. Johns tandard



"When did you know?" said Arden Stuart (and the girl at the candy counter).

"The day I was born," said

And she gave a little choked laugh and kissed him. "Sweet,"

she said.

"Of course," said Ian, reasonably. "Didn't you understand that, silly? For a brilliant woman, you can be so dumb. I was born just to love you. But I found out about it the day you walked into your library. Before I saw you even, when I heard your step outside the door, something inside of me rang like a bell. And then I saw you. Oh, what a little mess you were, too. All wet and such a dirty sweater. My mind quite turned up its nose and remarked, 'So this is the one and only Arden Stuart, the famous Mrs. Hewlett? Can't This is only a dirty little girl!' But my heart was saying, Dreams do come true.' '

"I wonder," said Arden. That, you see, is the price of experience. Little knife thrusts Little unwelcome of doubt. glances back to old loves that have gone the way of all flesh. Serpents of knowledge that hiss, "You have felt like this before, and it has ended." But love shuts the door swiftly upon the wisdom of memory.

Bolts it tight. "That's blasphemy," said the man, and kissed the palms of both her hands. "Don't you know it's blasphemy-when we happened to each other out of all the muck and confusion of life? Look at me and tell me you know that dreams come true."

"I know that dreams come true," said Arden, and let herself draw close to him, slowly, her eyes sunk in his until their lips met.

"I never kissed a woman before." said Ian Deming, against her lips. "Did you know that, sweetheart?"

"Yes," said Arden. "Oh, Ian, how can you be so wonderful?" That was what Arden thought. But there were others who did not share her view. Ding did not, for instance. Ding, with his fine sense of justice and his great talent for not interfering in other people's lives. Nor did Mercedes, of the deep intuition and the adoring love for Arden.

They thought him a handsome and very conceited and rather

dull young man.

And so it might be well and only fair to stop here for a moment and contemplate this young man, this Ian Deming, favorite of millions. For neither Arden nor Ding could see him in a clear

He was probably no different than any other young man might have been under the same circumstances. His great tragedy was in being a very ordinary young (Continued on page 186)

She looked, full now. Ah, when would she not look at him, and looking feel the whole of her melt into something that no longer belonged to herself, that belonged utterly to him.

You think you're looking at me," said Ian Deming, and somehow got her other hand and held it against his heart, as though a pain lay there and only the touch of her hand could heal it.
"You're not. You're looking at yourself. I belong to you."
"When did you know?" asked Arden childishly.

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OMEN are like that. Brilliant women, stupid women, wo-W men of experience and women waiting for the door of life to open for the first time. They all speak the same dialog in lovescenes. Perhaps it is not that exactly. But there are certain things they all say, and if they do not say them, then they are not

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

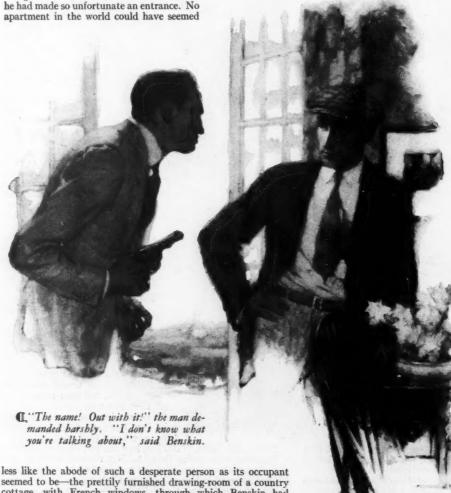
sive glance around the little room into which

ADY among

ENSKIN, although he had been in many tight corners, faced death now—death, instant and unpleasant—for the first time in his life. He could see into the barrel of the automatic, held with unswerving fingers only a few feet away from his chest, and he was physiognomist enough to realize that in the face of the man who held it there was little mercy or consideration. The light blue eyes were hard almost to stoniness, the hand as steady as a rock.
"The name! Out with it!" the man with the gun demanded

"I don't know what you're talking about," Benskin assured him quietly, almost indifferently. "I came in to borrow a can of gasoline. No one directed me and I haven't the least idea what your name is or who you are."

As though speech had in some way relieved the tension, Benskin found time for a swift but comprehen-



seemed to be-the prettily furnished drawing-room of a country cottage, with French windows, through which Benskin had entered, opening on a trim lawn. The furniture was simple but comfortable; a case of tennis rackets, a shotgun and a bag of golfclubs leaning against the wall gave the place a homely appearance.

Lounging in a chair in the background was a very attractive young woman of the modern type, in golfing clothes, short skirts, and a tam-o'-shanter which she had just thrown away, disclosing an Eton bob. She had been binding up the handle of a brassy and had the air of one listening to a conversation in which she took only the mildest interest. She was essentially of the country type, healthy-looking, pleasantly sunburnt, with

a complexion that was innocent of any form of cosmetics. It occurred to Benskin that she would have looked distinctly more in place swinging a golf-club on the first tee at Sunningdale than as the companion of a man who appeared to carry an automatic even in the pocket of his flannel trousers. The latter

"You are Benskin, the detective, aren't you?"

"I am," was the prompt admission, "but I can assure you that this afternoon, at any rate, I am not professionally occupied. I meant to take my car out for an hour or so—sometimes even a detective has a holiday!-stopped down the lane opposite your cottage, realized that I was out of gasoline, saw that you had a garage and that you and your sister were seated here, and came to beg for the loan of a can of gasoline."

The girl looked up from the task, which she had just brought

to its neat conclusion. "It is possible, Alan," she suggested, "that the man

is telling the truth."
"Possible but not very likely," the other replied.
"My car is out there in the lane if you doubt my word," Benskin inter-vened. "You will find further proof in the fact

that my tank is empty." The girl rose to her feet. "I will go and see," she announced.

She walked lightly out of the room and crossed the lawn with flying foot-steps. The young man was unbending; his tone

remained full of menace.
"I don't believe in miracles," he scoffed. "You're man I expected would get on our tracks, and to tell me you wandered into the one place in England where we ought to have been safe, by accident, is a trifle too much. Come, Benskin, why don't you own up? There are only two people in the world could have given away the secret of this little refuge. Out with the name, and if I can think of any scheme to save your life, I will."
"I have told you the

simple and precise truth," Benskin assured his in-quisitor. "I have no doubt that the business of crime and its detection continues as usual in my temporary absence, but I am finishing today a week's vacation and incidentally recovering from an attack of influenza. That is why my knees are beginning to shake."

The girl reappeared.

l. "You're making an "The man's story is true," she reported. "You're making an idiot of yourself, Alan. His car is out there, and the gasoline tank is as dry as a bone."

"Then," the young man declared curtly, "you are the most probably and the care have Pearly No. 100.

unlucky person I ever knew, Benskin. You have blundered into

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Showing that

You Can't Judge a Woman by the Company She Keeps

the most dangerous spot for one of your profession in this part of the world.

"Under the circumstances," Benskin remarked, "I imagine it would not be tactful to ask your name, but at the same time I should like to remind you that I am getting very stiff standing in this unnatural attitude, and your finger doesn't seem to me to be quite as steady as it was. Couldn't we discuss the situation

under slightly more agreeable conditions?"

The girl smiled very faintly. "For a detective," she observed, "I rather like him, don't you, Alan? I think he's right about that automatic too. Take his parole not to go until we have decided what can be done."

"I never give my parole," Benskin interrupted quickly. "I am not a free agent. Under certain conditions it would be my

duty to Scotland Yard to break it."

"A sportsman, at any rate," the girl approved. "Alan, you don't need a gun so long as he hasn't got one himself."

"See whether he has."

The girl came over and made a brief examination. "Not a sign of one," she announced.
"Cross the room," the young man enjoined, "and sit in that easy chair with your face to the light. That's right. Lock the door, Hilda."

The girl obeyed. Her companion lowered his gun, placed it on the ta-ble by his side, and took a seat within easy reach of the French windows.

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"Now, Hilda," he said, "let us hear what you have to suggest. You know the situation. What can we do with Mr. Benskin?"

She threw herself into a low chair, and considered the matter.

"I don't want to leave here," she admit-ted. "I've just got my Golf Union handicap, and there's a com-petition next week. The lace suits us both, too. What a nuisance you are, Mr. Benskin."

"Confounded luck!" the young man muttered. "There isn't one of you men on the force would have had wit enough to track us down here, and you come and blunder into it."

"You must remember," Benskin ventured, "that I still haven't the faintest idea who you

are."
"Perhaps not," the retorted, but when you get back to your job—if you ever do get back to it—you won't be long finding out."

There was the sound of a cheery cry from outside.

"Uncle Jo!" the girl exclaimed.

"Now we're in for it," the young man muttered grimly. There entered, in tennis flannels, a plump, elderly gentleman.

He entered smiling, but his expression changed as he realized

the presence of a stranger.

"What a set!" he exclaimed, eying Benskin inquisitively. "Six all, and three deuce and vantages. That doctor fellow takes some starting, but he's pretty useful when he moves. A visitor, eh! Is it my fancy, sir," he added, "or is your face familiar to me?"

"It might be," the young man intervened gloomily. "This is

Mr. Benskin, Uncle Jo, from Scotland Yard."

Uncle Jo seemed suddenly a very different person. The geniality faded from his face. His mouth closed like a rat trap. "Paying us a friendly little visit, Mr. Benskin?" he asked quietly.

"In any case my visit seems to have been a mistake," Benskin confessed. "I came in to borrow a can of gasoline. To the best of my belief I've never seen one of you before, yet our young friend recognized me and appears disturbed."

"Yes, I can imagine that," Uncle Jo acknowledged thought-

fully.

"Assuming his story to be true," the younger man propounded, his car is outside, without any gasoline-assuming his story to be true, what are we to do about it?"
"Dear, dear me!" the elderly gentle-

the girl suggested.



barred the way. "Not just yet, Mr. Benskin. Not just for a moment or two, let me beg. You have thrust a very interesting problem upon us. I should like to hear how my nephew proposes to deal with it."

"Crudely," the girl observed. "I have only just managed to

persuade him to put his gun away."
"A natural instinct," Uncle Jo commented, taking out his handkerchief and dabbing his forehead. "Postpone the séance, if you please, while I mix myself a drink." He made his way out into the hall and reentered in a moment or two carrying a tumbler from which there came as he walked a pleasant clink f ice. "Any ideas?" he asked cheerfully.

The younger man shook his head. "He refuses to give his

parole. I don't know that we could accept it if he would. I'm

afraid-

Uncle Jo nodded. That air of benevolence, which doubtless made him a welcome guest at some of the local households, had altogether disappeared. He drew his nephew to one side. The girl listened to their whispering, and as she listened, she lost entirely her air of good-natured indifference. She looked steadily across at Benskin. With her left hand she gripped something imaginary; with her right she went through a little pantomime which Benskin at once understood.

He braced himself for the enterprise, rose quietly to his feet, poised himself for a moment upon his toes, and dashed for the window. The young man made a flying leap to intercept him, but Benskin stooped under his outstretched arm. The former hesitated no longer. His automatic flashed into the sunlight. Benskin knew then that the girl's gesture had conveyed to him the truth. There was the click of the trigger—and no result . . .

Breathless moments followed. Benskin was no mean runner, but before he had cleared the corner of the lawn he heard the sound of swift footsteps behind him. He had no time to turn his head. He made for the gate, listening intently.

After that first spurt he decided that he was holding his own, but it was a mile uphill to the main road, and his car was useless. He remembered the physique of his pursuer, and for a moment his heart sank. Then came a wave of wonderful recollection. In the pocket of his car-in the right-hand pocket! No need to save his strength now.

He dashed forward, braced himself for the spring and took the low white gate almost in his stride, dashed round to the back of his car, felt eagerly, almost in terrified fashion, lest his memory had failed him, in the loose pocket. It was there-charged-a

turn of the wrist, loaded.

HE STOOD out in the open just as the young man, full of confidence but with a very terrible look in his face, sprang into the lane. The positions now were reversed. His pursuer looked into the barrel of Benskin's automatic, and Benskin's hand was as steady as his own.

"Just a yard or two nearer, please," the latter invited. "I

want to talk to you."

The young man came on stealthily. Benskin jerked his gun upwards and pulled the trigger. The bullet flew skyward with a sharp little spit.

observed.

"Just to prove to you that I keep my gun loaded," Benskin oserved. "Now stand just where you are, please."
The other obeyed sullenly. "And now what?" he demanded, his blue eyes rebellious, a mirror of menacing thought.

Benskin opened his lips to answer and suddenly paused. His heart gave a little jump. Upon the foot-board, by the hood of his car, stood a can of gasoline.

"I see that the gasoline I sent for has arrived," he pointed out. "I think you and I have had enough of each other for the afternoon. Supposing you do me the last service of pouring that gasoline into my tank?"

"I'm darned if I will!" the young man refused. "Blast!" A very handsome limousine turned the corner and glided down the hill. Benskin cautiously concealed his gun and moved a little nearer to the hedge. The limousine pulled up. A girl leaped

"Alan, you lazy person!" she exclaimed. "Why haven't you been near the links today?"

The young man moved towards the limousine. Benskin calmly poured in the gasoline, started his engine and thrust in the gear. From half-way up the hill he looked back through the rear window. His late antagonist was still talking to the occupant of the limousine. Three-quarters of a mile ahead was the main road, a stream of cars, a police station near at hand, and safety. Benskin pushed in his second speed and careered gaily on his way.

The Sub-Commissioner tapped the end of a cigaret upon the table and lighted it. The fingers of his other hand were toy. ing with a roughly written telephone message.
"I suppose you're sure, Benskin," he queried, "that everything

last night was pretty well as you've reported it?"

Benskin smiled reminiscently. "It was a genuine hold-up, sir," he said. "I can assure you of that."

Major Houlden turned to the slip of paper by his side.
"This is the telephone message from Cawston this morning," he confided. "It is from Sergeant Alston, who is a very intelli-gent man: 'Have visited the cottage down Cawston Lane usually called the Small House, this morning. I found the owner, Mr. McDougal, an elderly gentleman, mowing the lawn. The young lady and gentleman had gone to play golf."

Benskin's face frankly expressed his surprise. Major Houlden

coughed, but continued:

You must remember that in none of the modern archives here have we any trio such as you describe on either the 'Suspected' or the 'Wanted' list. Run down and have another look at the place, of course, if you want to, but on the face of it, it really looks as though you had been made the victim of a practical

"I don't think so, sir," was the firm though respectful reply. "In any case I should very much like to go down this morning. May I take Brooks and another man-in plain clothes-just a

little holiday jaunt?"

Major Houlden shrugged his shoulders. "You don't usually make mistakes, Benskin," he admitted. "Certainly, go and clear the matter up."

THE small house basked still in the sunshine of a perfect spring day. The neatly trimmed flower-beds filled the air with perfume. Early butterflies were floating about. There was the hum of bees from the herbaceous borders. Yet there was somehow a changed look about the place. Benskin was conscious of it directly he approached the low French windows. He was more than ever sure of it when an elderly gentleman, who was a complete stranger to him, rose from a wicker chair upon the portico.

"Mr. McDougal?" Benskin inquired.

"My name, sir."

"Are you the owner of this cottage?"

"Can you tell me where your tenants are?"

"Just what I'm asking myself," was the puzzled reply. "Queer kettle of fish altogether. They've gone.'

"What, for good?"

"Seems so. I come up to do a bit of gardening once or twice a week. The young people generally go off to golf, but the old gentleman's usually around. This morning I've seen no one, and what do you make of this? I found it in the tool-shed when I took the lawn-mower back."

"This" was a plain sheet of paper to which were pinned several bank-notes. There were a few words, written in a bold

feminine hand:

Dear Mr. McDougal, So sorry to have to leave your charming cottage before our time. Notes attached. Please distribute the extra five pounds among the boy and the two girls who come up from the village.

Hilda Craven-Stewart

"How long have they been here?" Benskin asked.

"Seven weeks. And very good tenants too! Made friends in a minute with all the folks around. The young people were always up at the Hall, and the uncle played tennis with the doctor every afternoon. What might you be wanting with them, sir?"

"Our business," Benskin confided, after a moment's hesitation, "is rather private. If you don't mind, we'll leave it for the moment. I'll tell you later on. In the meantime may my friends and I see over the place?"

Mr. McDougal removed from his mouth the pipe which he

had been smoking and struggled to his feet.

"Don't know as there's any harm about that," he assented. "Were you thinking of taking it?"

"Well, I might consider the matter." Benskin temporized. "Certainly it's the most delightful place for anyone who wanted to be quiet."

"I built it for myself," Mr. McDougal confided, "but I lost my wife, and rubber treated me badly, so I'm glad to let it for a month or two in the spring or summer and to take a room down in the village. This way, gentlemen."

They went from room to room of the very attractive little abode, without finding anything in the least unusual. In the twin

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sitting-rooms, opening one into the other, Benskin lingered for some time.

"Do you mind looking round very carefully," he asked their guide, "and telling me if you recognize any articles, however trivial, which do not belong to you?"

Mr. McDougal was getting more and more inquisitive. "Look here," he demanded, "who are you chaps anyway?"

"We're from Scotland Yard," Benskin told him. "Look around this room carefully. and

"Look around this room carefully, and tell me whether there are any articles left not

belonging to you."

Mr. McDougal obeyed, but he was a little

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"Can't see a thing," he announced, "or anything missing either. Paid up everything to the nail. Gentlefolk if ever I knew any. You're on the wrong track, Mr. Scotland Yard.

Yard."
"Perhaps so," Benskin acknowledged, picking up a snap-shot and looking at it. "We often make mistakes. You see," he went on, turning over some magazines and papers, "if we were too afraid of making mistakes we like a wear discover anything."

"Well, if there's anything to be discovered about my late tenants, I'll eat my hat," Mr.

McDougal declared ferociously.

Apparently the late tenants had made a dean sweep of their own belongings, but had displayed, as the landlord again pointed out, the most meticulous care to leave behind everything of his. They made a tour of the outbuildings, after which Benskin induced him to take a seat on the portico.

"Tell me the names of these tenants of yours, please," he begged.

"Mr. and Miss Craven-Stewart, the young people, and Mr. Bellamy, the elder gentleman,"

was the prompt response.

"And did they give you bankers' references?"

"Never asked for them. They called round here one day in a car, saw the sign "To Let,' looked over the place, and slept here that night—gave me bank-notes for a month in advance. They brought down a man servant and a maid from town next day, and I sent two girls and a boy up from the village. The two young ones joined the golf club straight-away, and they've been hard at it ever since."

"Do you mean that they haven't left the

place?"
"They went up to London two or three times, I believe," Mr. McDougal confided.
"I want you, if you can," his companion urged, "to remember those dates. This is very

inged, "to remember those dates." This is so important."

"Well, one was a fortnight last Wednesday, another was the Wednesday before, and last Sunday they were up too. All three went together—old Mr. Bellamy drove the car. I don't know what time they came back, but they were at golf in the morning."

"How many cars did they keep?" Benskin asked.

Mr. McDougal hesitated. "Well, they never had but one at a time—there isn't room for more in the garage—but I noticed that twice they drove away in one car and came back in another. Made me think they must have a house and garage somewhere in London." "You haven't had any address of theirs in

London, I suppose?"
"Can't say that I have. I had no need for

one."

Mr. McDougal's manner was almost hostile.

Benskin made a few notes.

"You won't mind if I use your telephone,
Mr. McDougal?" he asked.

"You can use what you want to," the other
replied, "but it's pretty certain you're on a

wrong egg."

Benskin smiled at him ingratiatingly.

Try and remember, Mr. McDougal," he begged, "that we shouldn't be giving you all this trouble unless we had some cause for it; neither would your tenants have disappeared without a word of warning, as they have done, just because I paid them a chance visit yesterday, unless there had been something queer about them."

Mr. McDougal was momentarily thoughtful. "What are you telephoning about?" he inquired.
"I'm telephoning" Benekin confided "for

"I'm telephoning," Benskin confided, "for our finger-print expert. You noticed that I locked the door as I came out. I want you to leave the place just as it is for twelve hours. Afterwards we shall have completed all the

investigations that are necessary."

Mr. McDougal nodded. "Can't go against the police," he admitted, "but much good may it do you! Look who's here!"

A two-seater of very sporting appearance swept in at the drive gates. A girl in golf clothes leaned out of the car.

"Where's Miss Craven-Stewart, Mr. McDougal?" she called out. "I've been waiting for her up at the links."
"All gone up to London," was the respectful

reply.

Benskin stepped forward. "Madame," he said, 'do you mis.l telling me your name?"

"Certainly," she acquiesced, looking at him in surprise. "My name is Strathers—Lady Helen Strathers. I live in the village."

"May I ask whether you have known Mr.

and Miss Craven-Stewart long?"
"Is that any particular business of yours?"
the girl rejoined coldly.
"To some extent it is, Lady Helen."
She hesitated. Benskin's manner was suf-

ficiently impressive.

"I have only known them since they came to live here," she admitted.

Benskin raised his hat.

"If you see them when they return, will you tell them I called," Lady Helen enjoined, turning to Mr. McDougal, as she pressed down her self-starter. "I'm expecting them both to dine with me tonight."

They remained silent until the car dis-

They remained silent until the car disappeared.

appeared.
"You see," Benskin pointed out, "none of you know a thing about these people, delightful though they may be."
Mr. McDougal rubbed his forehead. "It's a

rum go!" he admitted.

JURIOUSLY enough the Sub-Commissioner still remained unimpressed with regard to the three mysterious tenants of the Small House. He listened almost ndifferent'y to Benskin's account of their abrupt departure.

"I dare say they're up to something," he admitted, "but you know very well how our records stand today. You can't point to any trio of criminals who are doing dangerous work and with whom we are not in touch—
especially three answering to your description."

"That's quite true, sir," Benskin acknowledged, "yet we can't get away from the fact

that the young man was on the point of shooting me when I blundered in. In fact he'd have done it if the girl hadn't taken the cartridges

"Bluff, perhaps," Major Houlden suggested.
"But I can assure you, sir, that it wasn't bluff," Benskin persisted. "He drew on me for all he was worth. I heard the click."
"Over six feet, you say," Houlden mused, "of the gentlemanly type."
"Percagarate with Lady Helen Strathers

"Persona grata with Lady Helen Strathers and her household," Benskin added. "The same breeding, I should say, without a doubt."
"What about the girl?"

Benskin was silent for a moment. "I should think she's outside it all," he said slowly. "She can't be," Houlden objected, "if she

knew that the young man was up against it so hard that the chances were he meant to shoot you if she hadn't fixed his revolver. Then, what about Uncle Jo?"

"A criminal if ever I set eyes on one,"

Benskin declared.

"You haven't been able to trace what be-came of them?" Benskin shook his head. "That in itself shows they're no ordinary trio," he declared. "They probably went south, turned the car over to an accomplice, and doubled back wherever they wanted to go to."

The Sub-Commissioner studied for a few

moments a list on the table before him. "Don't think I'm unsympathetic about your little adventure, Benskin," he said, "but it just happens that there isn't a single undetected crime which is worrying us just now that could be treached to any of the table. that could be traced to any one of those three, and the man we want more than anyone else, as you know, is Lowenstein. He's a vulgar, savage brute, and we've definite information that he's in Paris."

"Out of the question," Benskin admitted.
"He wouldn't fit in anywhere."

"Then the only other big thing we're up against," Houlden continued, leaning back in his chair, "is a hideous succession of burglaries. Still, we've got the description of the man now, and things have been quiet for the last few weeks. You say your young fellow was over six feet?"

"Several inches."

"Well, we know our man is something like five feet one," the Sub-Commissioner reminded his subordinate. "No, I'm afraid I can't take much interest in your desperadoes, Benskin. I don't find a place for any one of them. You wouldn't like to cross to Paris, would you, and

"Td rather stay here for a week or ten days, if you don't mind, sir."
"Go your own way," the Sub-Commissioner enjoined tonelessly.

Rora week or more Benskin's activities were directed in a somewhat peculiar fashion. He spent his afternoons and the greater part of the mornings wandering about Grosvenor Square, Park Lane, Berkeley Square, and the other fashionable regions of the West End. He displayed an inordinate curiosity concerning OR a week or more Benskin's activities were any of the palatial edifices in these districts which boasted a courtyard behind, and he continually referred to a snap-shot which he carried in his pocket.

Whatever may have been in his mind, how-ever, he met with no success. The photograph which he had extracted from the waste-paper basket in the sitting-room of the Small House was without a doubt a snap-shot of the back quarters of a London mansion of very consid-erable size. He failed, however, to identify it.

The first progress on a quest which, even to his obstinate mind, seemed to be becoming hopeless, came to him entirely by accident. He was having tea with an acquaintance after watching the polo at Ranelagh one Saturday afternoon, when a middle-aged woman and a girl with a little train of followers passed across the lawn. Benskin, who had been bored to death by his companion, suddenly thanked God for him

"You know everyone, Percy," he said.
"Tell me who the woman is with the wonderful pearls and French gown—the one with the

ful pearls and French gown—the one with the rather pretty, athletic-looking girl?"

Benskin's vis-à-vis made a wry face.
"Same thing," he declared, "whenever you see anyone carrying the wealth of the Indies about her—she's American. That's Mrs. Husset Brown, an American—just taken a house in London. Millions and millions and millions. Not bad-looking either. They say she's had five husbands. She's giving an evening party tomorrow." ning party tomorrow."

"Do you know the girl with her?" Benskin inquired.
"Know her by sight, but forget her name," the other acknowledged.

"Whereabouts is Mrs. Husset Brown's

"Whereabouts is Mrs. Husset Brown's house?"

"Number 14-B, Curzon Street—used to be called the Millionaire's Nest. Want a card for her 'do' tomorrow night? Her secretary offered me a dozen."

"I'd like one." Benskin accepted. "Do you mind if I clear off? They seem to be drifting this way, and I'm not keen about being recognized."

Benskin drove his little car back to town, and

Benskin drove his little car back to town, and pulled up at the corner of Shepherd Market. He plunged into the network of streets behind, and in a very few moments his curiosity was gratified.

He glanced once more at the snapshot before he replaced it in his pocketbook.

Outside the gorgeous sleeping apartments of Mrs. Husset Brown, comfortably ensconced in an easy chair, with an empty supper tray on a round table in front of him, a box of cigars and a pile of evening papers by his side, sat Mr. Peter Bracknell, the famous detective from New York who was never more than fifty yards from his august mistress and whose boast it was that not for ten years, although she traveled about with millions of pounds' worth of jewels, had she lost a single safetypin. His dark eyes were clear and sleepless. His senses were fully awake.

The stairs which led to the sacred apartment were lighted and visible. Upon the table, within easy reach, was a six-shooter, stale from disuse . . . But outside the house, up that long gray stretch of perpendicular stone,

strange things were happening . . . Mr. Bracknell, in the corridor, smiled. He was reading an account of the last baseball game between New York and St. Louis. Mrs. Husset Brown slept soundly. She heard nothing of the creaking window, purposely left ajar, now a little more and a little more open. The increased current of cold air failed to wake her.

A strangely clad black form crept into the room, a little slit of white where the face might have been—nothing else—the costume of an Mrs. Husset Brown began to snore. Outside, Mr. Bracknell chuckled. A wonderful

home run, that! And up to the side of the bedstead stole the slim black figure.

There was the snip of a pair of scissors, the loosening of a key from a limp wrist, the swinging open of a safe door. There they were! swinging open of a safe door. There they were!
Emeralds which had graced the throne of a
queen—out of the window, into the bowl of
darkness. Silence! The aim had been good.
Back again. Diamonds from the neck of the one woman who had conquered a great Argentine millionaire. Down they sparkled and glittered through the blackness. And once more they reached their goal. Back again.

There were the pearls of a great empress, shimmering ghostlike through the dimly lighted room. Out they went—again to their goal. A handful next time—lightly treated, but the diamond bracelet had taken years to match and a royal crown was the poorer for the emeralds in the great pendant. Finished!

Outside, there was the faint sound of the striking of a match as Mr. Bracknell lighted another cigar. Mrs. Husset Brown groaned in her sleep. The safe door swung to on its welloiled hinges. Back again into the darkness a black-clad figure stole, the window was pushed gently to its former angle, never a moment's hesitation, over the veranda, hand over hand by the silken cord, a pause on the next balcony to release the grappling-iron, a crawl along a perilous cornice, a second's lingering on a balcony, another descent, a sprawl against the wall, a slow lowering brick by brick.

Again the grappling hook. Another swing through the air, a pause, the slim left hand

gripping the iron of the bottom balcony, the release of the hook, a light jump to the ground.

Hear

"My cloak, Alan!" the breathless figure whispered.

But it was neither her cloak nor Alan's hand which held her. The light from a torch flashed out momentarily. The throb of the motor behind the wall was there, but it was a differ-ent note. In that spasmodic illumination she looked into the face of the little man who had blundered through the French windows of the cottage at Cawston and whose life she had without doubt saved.

"So you were hunting us after all," she whispered.

"Sheer luck," he murmured. "Here!" He stooped down and picked up what was little more than a sodden mass from the ground—her cloak—and wrapped it around her. He pushed the torch into her hand and pointed to a postern gate at the end of the mews, which stood ajar.

"We've got the jewels," he confided, "we've got that brother of yours, we've got Uncle Jo. They're in the cells by this time. Take your chance if you want it."

"Benskin the detective!" she gasped.
"You saved my life," he muttered shame-facedly. "I'm only a man."

She laughed softly, leaned towards him, and he felt the light touch of her lips upon his cheek. Then she was gone, up the mews, like a flying bat . . . Benskin returned to headquarters to report his partial failure.

Being a Woman by Shirley Warde (Continued from page 45)

shameful. If I can't make men like me without holding out such bait, then I don't want them at all. They must admire my brains or nothing—and I have a little in this foolish head of mine."

"Of course you have, Sue, but you are also a woman and you have all the appeal in the world if you'd only let yourself be natural. I know, because I saw you once when you were

Sue frowned and a troubled expression crept to her eyes. "Yes, and I'd give the world to into her eyes. blot out those few moments

"Oh, don't, my dear. They were worth the world to me," Peter told her softly, a note in his voice which sent a resented thrill over Sue and made her frown again. "Sometimes," he went on, "when I get very lonely, I can find happiness in just remembering that for one

moment you were in my arms—wanting to be there—that you didn't shrink from my kiss."
"Oh, don't, Peter—I don't want to remember." Suddenly Sue wondered how she could say that and think she meant it because something inside her was always remembering and cherishing the memory. "It was only a moment of weakness, Peter," she said, knowing

she must fight that little demon within her.
"Delightful weakness," he smiled. "You should cultivate it. I was very much in love with you then. I still am, and I think you loved me at that moment.

"I don't want love. It's too devastating. I want achievement."

"But it will be an empty victory," Peter told her thoughtfully.

"Oh no, it will be very full." A light came into Sue's eyes that made Peter smile to himself. "Just think," she visioned, "before long my name may be in lights on Broadway—a real star! I have the ability, Peter, I know that—and I'm going to do it." that—and I'm going to do it."

Tea came just then and the conversation

drifted to the new play Peter had just finished, which was soon to be produced. "There's a great part in it," he said.

he said. can get it for you, Sue, you'd be ideal. I know I could make you do a big job with it, but Blair has never seen you. He missed 'Sandpile' and I don't know whether he'd risk it. But I'll have you meet him."

"Oh, please do, Peter. I'd love to do a play

of yours."
"I'd love to have you. Anything else in

"Nothing definite. I've seen a lot of man-They keep sending for me, but somehow I always seem to be just not quite the She turned a very serious face to him. "Do you know, I'm beginning to wonder what is wrong, Peter. I made a big hit in 'Sandpile.' Everyone liked me gave me all sorts of praise you know that. But why can't I get another Why don't they come after me the good part? way they do some of the other girls—girls who haven't done half so well as I? Still they are

always playing. Why is it, Peter?"
"I've thought about that myself," he said, "and all I can tell you is that there hasn't been a part this season that they thought was suited to you. You'll not find many 'Sandpiles' to play, my dear-they're not written. The managers have you typed as that strange volcanic girl, and the drama this year doesn't seem to be running to emotionalism. the only reason that I can see. You're too big for the plays they're producing." "Aren't they stupid?" Sue laughed. "I could

"Aren't they stupid?" Sue laughed. "I could play all sorts of girls."
"Of course you could, but that's your theater of today. However, I hope I'll have you playing my girl before long and then they can never type you again, because she's every-thing all rolled into one."

Sue sent a sharp glance in Peter's direction, but he was looking at her with only a friendly smile in his gray eyes. Of course she had been wrong, she decided. He had spoken only of "his girl" in his play—of his creation—but for an instant she had thought she detected a more personal meaning in his words. How foolish! He had spoken purely professionally. She sud-denly hated herself for her suspicion, for it implied that that little demon within had been looking for a personal meaning.

For a week after that Sue didn't see Peter. He telephoned her once to say that he was shut up in his apartment doing some rewriting on the play. When it was finished he would call She went out with other men, but she found herself missing Peter. This annoyed her at first until she convinced herself that it was only because he understood her-because she could talk to him honestly. game to be played with him.

Sue always assigned to men the rôles they were to play in her life-rôles of friends and equals—with no sentiment and no sex. they were not always so anxious to accept her man-to-man attitude; hence the game which

she found herself more or less forced to play.

However, they almost unfailingly accepted her statements of her independence, of her ability to acquire by her own efforts all the things which she desired. She claimed the right and the will to battle the world alone-She claimed the and they let her do it.

On Friday of that Peterless week, Sue sat gazing blankly at her check-book. The balance she had marked in the margin was responsible for her stupefaction. Figure it as she would, she could not make it vary from two hundred dollars and eighty-six cents.

"Something must be done," she told herself. "Another week to the first, with rent due then, four weeks of rehearsals if I get a job right now and—oh yes, something must be done."

But what? She didn't know. She hated the

thought of borrowing money, and, besides, of whom could she ask it? To all who knew her she was the successful young actress who needed nothing in the world that anyone outside herself could give her. There was only Peter, but he was struggling himself. She knew he had nothing to spare.

Well, something might happen. Anyway, she was to go to the Calkers' for the weekend and why worry about Monday now?

While she was dressing the telephone rang

0 1928, Fela

and Peter was on the wire asking her to have luncheon with him.

"I'm going over to Long Island for the weekend at Mary Calker's," she told him, "but I'll take a later train. Where shall I meet you?"
"Could you come to Mr. Blair's office?" he asked. "I'm tied up here for a while and besides I'd like him to know you."
"Yes indeed, Peter. At one o'clock." She understood Peter's etrategy; he wanted Blair

understood Peter's strategy: he wanted Blair to meet her—to consider her for that part in Peter's play—but he wanted it done casually. Clever Peter!

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How many wives can answer these questions? What soap brings you two active cleaners working together—golden soap blended 1 with plenty of naptha? 2 What soap has the clean naptha odor that tells you there is plenty of naptha in it? What soap is made by an exclusive process that enables the last thin sliver of soap to hold its share of naptha? 4 What soap releases extra help the instant it meets the water . . . naptha to dissolve the dirt and rich soapy suds to wash them away? And, because of this EXTRA HELP 5 What soap—whether in cool, lukewarm or hot water or when your clothes are boiled—gets your wash clean and sweet-smelling with less work for you?

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the answer!

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She made a careful survey of her wardrobe, scant but smart. At last she selected a severe little tailleur that she had always considered especially becoming. Sue liked tailored clothes. They seemed to fit in so well with her state of mind. She felt comfortable in them.

When she had finished a meticulous toilet she regarded herself in the mirror. "Quite jaunty," she decided, "and just right for this apparently careless meeting—nothing premeditated—just an actress on her way to the

When she reached Blair's office she was in gh spirits. She felt confident that Peter high spirits. would get the part for her, but she knew she must make an impression upon this producer. She must make him like her.

John Blair proved to be a rather attractive man and, to Sue's surprise, quite young for one of his accomplishments. He was very quiet and she mistook his reticence for shyness, so she tried to put him at his ease by assuming a of hail-fellow-well-met attitude. talked a great deal, and entertainingly, and soon had Blair chatting as if he had known her all his life. Peter, however, was restless, so finally she said:

"We must run, Peter, or I'll miss my train."
"Yes, we must," he agreed. "Take your hat off for a moment, Sue, and let Mr. Blair get

a good look at you.

The plain little felt she was wearing came off with a single pull and she held it crushed in her hand while Blair's critical eyes studied her.
"Nice hair," was all he said. "What did you

have in mind for her, Peter?"

"Oh, nothing in particular. Just wanted you to know her. You might need her sometime and she's a very fine actress. She's got it all." A brief farewell and they left with no men-

tion of the part in Peter's play.
"I didn't want it to appear pointed," Peter told her at luncheon. "He thinks he wants a star for that part, but that's a lot of foolishness. I'll talk to him later and see what he thinks of you."

Peter was strangely quiet, but Sue was gay enough for two. She was pleased with herself for having drawn John Blair out to a comfortable friendliness and she was sure he would think her not only a very nice person but also, with Peter's recommendation, the ideal person for the part.

"When you get back, Sue, I'm coming up to see you," Peter said before he left her. "I have something I want to talk about."

"What?" she asked.

"You. There are some things I want to say that you may not like, but they must be said

just the same

He refused to tell her more than that. On the train Sue thought about it and wondered. "I know," she suddenly chuckled. "He wants me to marry him—that's it. He's going to hold out this part as bait. Oh, poor foolish Peter!

BUT when Peter came to her apartment on Monday afternoon he did not ask Sue to marry him. In fact, he made her wonder if any man would ever ask her to marry him.

Peter plunged into the subject of his visit. "Sue," he said, "you once did me a very big favor. I wonder if you know just how big." "What do you mean, Peter?" she asked.

"Well, eight months ago I guess I wasn't considered of much account around this town. was drinking a lot and working very little. You put me wise to myself. Do you remember?"
"Yes," Sue nodded. "I remember."

"You told me that everyone considered me just a bum-clever but not much good. You didn't agree, you said, but that was the reputation I had. That word 'bum' stuck in my

crop

"Yes," Sue laughed, "you were quite angry."
She recalled how he had stalked out of her apartment a little uncertain of step and nursing wounded pride exaggerated by liquor. had not heard from him for two weeks, but after that the subject had never been mentioned again until now. "Yes," she repeated, "you again until now. were very angry."

"I was," Peter agreed, "but it did me good, for after I cooled off a bit I realized that what you had said was true. But it was rather unpleasant to hear.

"I know, Peter," Sue said softly. "I had to take the chance of your hating me, but I had to tell you. I couldn't let you go on like that." "Well, you won, and I thank you for it now.

I haven't had a drop since that night. I have one play ready for production and another nearly finished and contracted for, and anything I may ever do in the future I owe to you.

So you can take all the credit."
"I'm so glad, Peter, that you've come into

your own—so glad."
"I know you are," he said, "and now I want to see you make the most of yourself. You're off on the wrong foot, Sue."

How do you mean?" she asked in

astonishment.

PETER studied the carpet for a moment, wondering how he could make what he had to say sound less harsh; but there was no way, so he decided to be blunt.

"Do you know what they're saying about you around town, Sue?" he asked. "They're saying you have no sex appeal."

Sue stared at him blankly for a moment moment in which something seemed to grip her heart in an icy clutch. Suddenly the thing she had so despised became the most desirable possession in the world.

She was not wholly conscious of her full reaction to Peter's words—perhaps because she would not allow herself to admit that full reaction-but out of the instinctive woman there burst through to her consciousness a flame of denial that shot to her lips, to be quenched there by her pride. All that gained utterance was a laugh.

"How ridiculous!" she said half seriously "Why, I've spent my entire life trying to keep

men from making love to me."
"I don't doubt that in the least," Peter replied gravely, "and I know it's ridiculous. But there it is. If it were true, if you didn't have it, I'd never have told you. It would be like telling a woman she was ugly when she couldn't help it. But you're doing this with your mind, Sue, and you can help it."
"Doing what with my mind, Peter?" she

asked, still rather dazed.

"Losing that much talked-of, no doubt much overrated quality, sex appeal. Or perhaps I should say you are hiding it. But at any rate, it's vanishing—and you must regain it, my dear, before it's too late."

Sue looked at him through narrowed eyes that met his in disdain. "And what do I want it for, Peter?" she asked. "I have it, but what do I want it for?"

Peter smiled into those blue eyes that held such mutiny. "For living, Sue," he said, "for love, for happiness, for the theater—because you're a woman and you want all that belongs to a woman."
"But I don't want to use it, Peter. I de-

spise it.

"There you have it," he announced. "You despise it. And why, Sue, why? Because one man disappointed you, because love led you only to broken dreams and smashed ideals? Don't judge the world by him, my dear.

"But we're not talking of love, are we?"
"No, we're not, although they are very much mixed up—love and sex. However, I am holding no brief for love; at least, not now. But your one experience with it has brought about this other condition. Don't think can't see just how you've been thinking. cause of that one man you've said, 'To blazes with men!' Because the world has made you struggle to get back to where you were, you've said, 'To blazes with the world! I am the master. I shall get what I want and get it alone.' Now haven't you?"

Sue had to smile in spite of herself. "I guess I have been saying something like that," she

admitted.

"But the world doesn't come at our beck and call, Sue-only individuals come. And it is

through them that we must gain the various pieces of the puzzle that make the world. And individuals become a woman's allies mainly through sex.'

"What do you mean, Peter? Do you mean that a woman must-

'No, no, my dear. Don't misunderstand me. I only mean that every man wants to help a woman if he thinks she needs help, and every man likes to think that a woman does need help of one sort or another. He likes to feel he is necessary to her-in some respect. He may know in his heart that he isn't, but he likes to think he is."

"But I'm not asking help of anyone, Peter,

so what has all this to do with me?"
"Only that it's all a part of sex appeal. When I first mentioned those words there probably leaped into your mind one definition for themthe primal instinct of a man for a woman-but I've been trying to show you that sex appeal is much more comprehensive."

Sue sat in silence for a moment as she thoughtfully flicked the ash from her cigarer. "When you first spoke, Peter, you said 'they were saying I had no sex appeal. Who are "they?" she asked.
"The managers."

"The managers?" She looked at him in sur-

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prise. "What has it to do with them?"
"Sue, dear, don't you see?" Peter asked, almost as though he were talking to a child. As he looked at the lovely serious face oppor him he felt a great desire to take her in his arms, close her anxious eyes with kisses and tell her not to worry her pretty head about it, that he knew all that was within her because he had once seen inside—but something stopped him. The determination, the bitter fighting spirit that held the fortress of her mind made draw back, knowing that it was her battle-one that he could not fight for her. "Don't you see," he repeated, "where it has finally reached? To your work—to the

finally reached? To your work—to the theater—your very livelihood. It's threaten-ing even that."
"What is?" Sue knew the answer, but she

would not yet face it for herself.

"This hiding of your sex appeal, charm, allure, whatever you want to call it.'

"How?"

"Because the producers won't give you good leading parts unless you have it and get it across. There's a strange psychology about the theater, Sue. A woman in the important part in a play, particularly if it's a love story, must make every man in the audience feel an urge to rush over the footlights and help her, protect her, or make love to her. And a manager looks for that."

"But I have it, Peter," Sue defended herself.
"I had it in 'Sandpile'—they know that." "Yes, you had it then, but you've buried it

of late. In your last play your present state of mind was very evident and it spoiled your performance."

"Really, Peter?" she asked. "I didn't know I was any different."

"Of course you didn't, my dear. If you knew I wouldn't be telling you. At first I didn't pay any attention when I heard this talk about you, because it struck me as rather stupid—in fact, quite ridiculous. Then I began to watch you. I found that you had changed and I hadn't noticed it. Even your face, Sue—somehow it showed even there. After you saw Blair last Saturday I thought I'd see how you struck him, so I asked what he thought of you, not as the actress for my play but as a woman.

"He said, 'She seems a fine girl, Petercan't blame you for liking her—a great pal, I imagine. But a little lacking in the old S. A. isn't she?'

"He said that?" Sue asked in a frightened whisper.

"Yes, and he was right, from what he saw.
You ought to be spanked for walking into a manager's office in that suit you had on, Peter scolded.

"But I was on my way to the country." "But the manager doesn't care about that

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But desperate remedies are of no avail in removing blemishes. A blemish is a tiny abscess in one of the pores of your skin, caused by infection.

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Two Years For Right Tobacco

The good old maxim, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," evidently applies to tobacco as well as anything else.

Many a man has quit trying after a few different brands have failed to give him pipe-smoking satisfaction. Here's the story of a man who persevered until he found the kind of pipe tobacco he spent two years searching for:

Dallas, Texas, March 22, 1927

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The worst thing in the world to try to find is a good pipe tobacco that is well within the reach of everybody, and at the same time does not taste like it had just come out of the cabbage patch.

I have been smoking a pipe for two years and have just this month started to smoke a real smoke, Edge-worth. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. Believe me, I tried for two years, but finally success is more than mine.

I have just been looking around, and have found to my delight that I can get Edgeworth practically anywhere. I even found it out at the lake near Dallas where I go fishing. Oh boy, what a combination—a perfect day, a can of good tobacco, and your pipe.

I always thought these ad letters were the bunk, but this time I know somebody is wrong and that is me.

Here's to old Edgeworth, Edmund Condon.

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Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the

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dress to Larus & Brother Company, 4 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all pur-Both Edgeworth Plug Slice chasers. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.
—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 254.1 meters.
Frequency 1180 hilocycles

Pipe Smoker Hunts

He wants to visualize you as you u look on the stage. You knew you were going to meet Blair and you appeared in a tailored suit looking like an athletic flapper and expected him to improve the stage. agine you being made love to. Sue, you should have had more sense.

"I never thought of that angle of it," she murmured.

"Well, you should have. And then you met him on the wrong basis. You were too friendly—too much the comrade. Always put a man at disadvantage, Sue, by making him do the talking. Remain the mysterious woman he would love really to understand."

"But then he wants to make love to me, Peter, and I don't want that."

"No, he doesn't, not necessarily, but if he does, what of it? Let every man in the world fall in love with you, my dear, and you'll die a wealthy woman—wealthy in all ways."

Left alone, Sue was like a hedgehog rolled

up the wrong way, tormenting herself with her

She felt that Peter was right—from a certain standpoint—but could she lower herself to that Could she crawl down from the pedestal from which she had so disdainfully surveyed the world and become a woman again—simply a woman—merely a woman? Could she even

It was late when she finally fell asleep and late when she awoke. But morning brought no answer to the puzzle. It found her only

mcre confused than ever.

It did bring Kathie, however—a Kathie radiant with youth and conquest.

"I've got it!" the chirping voice announced triumphantly, as she burst into the bedroom. "Got what?" Sue yawned.

"A marriage certificate.

Sue sat bolt upright in bed, her eyes wide with astonishment and 'ear-fear for the 'child" whom she had promised to protect.

"Kathie, what have you done now?" she asked in dread.

"Got married."

"Good Lord! To whom?"

"To Wall Street-Jimmie-Jimmie Stannard.

"Jimmie Stannard! When? Why?" Sue stammered.

stammered.

"Now don't get excited, darling, and I'll try to tell you," Kathie cooed, as she perched upon the foot of the bed. "It happened yesterday afternoon. Jimmie said I ought to have someone to take care of me. I agreed. And then we both agreed that he was the ideal person for the job. He's such a lamb, Sue. I'm head over heels in love with him. He has everything in the world and he's just aching to shower it all on little me. He'll be here in half an hour. I want you to know him, so I told I want you to know him, so I told

him to pick me up here."

By the time Sue had recovered from the shock sufficiently to bathe and scramble into some clothes Kathie's captive stood before her.

A fine-looking chap—this Jimmie—some-where in his early thirties. His eyes twinkled with merriment when he talked, but dwelt lingeringly and adoringly upon the tiny bit of femininity that was his wife whenever he looked at her—which was most of the time.

Sue studied him for a few moments and then began to smile happily within herself, for she felt that Kathie had made no mistake, that this marriage had more than a chance of success. And as he listened to Kathie's childish voice she became quite sure of it. "Jimmie can tell you that"—"I don't know a thing about it"—"Of course you're right, Jimmie, you always are"—"You'll do that for little

me, won't you, honey?"
So that was how Kathie handled men. smile crept outward and reached Sue's lips.

After they had gone she went back into her bedroom, a little wistful something in her heart and eyes. On her dressing-table she found an envelop. Kathie must have left it. She opened it and read:

Dearest Sue, you've been so sweet to me. You tried so hard to lead me to happiness and at last I've found it-because of you

or in spite of you-I don't quite know which. Anyway, so long as I have it, what matter? I am only very grateful and I know I'm going to be very happy. I don't think people ought to get wedding presents, Sue. When they're so joyous they are the statement of the control of the control of the statement of the statemen presents, Sue. When they're so joyous they ought to give them, so I'm going to start the fashion right now.

You've made some money in the stockmarket. But don't be shocked, Mother Grundy, you made it honestly. Jimmie told me a while ago about a stock that he'd had a tip on that he was going to buy for me. So, knowing that you'd never let anyone in trousers do such a thing for you, I thought perhaps you wouldn't object if it came in a roundabout way, even if the tip did come from a mere man. Anyway, I bought some stock in your name with a part of my winnings and today I de-posited a thousand dollars' profit in your bank. So buy yourself some pretty things and make believe it's alimony. That's one thing that's paid for before you get it. Love and thanks. Kathie.

Sue sat staring at the note for a long time, but her thoughts were elsewhere. Funny world! A bell aroused her. It was Peter on the telephone. Mr. Blair was having a little party that night and he had suggested asking Sue.
Would she come? Yes, she'd love to.

She laughed outright as she hung up the receiver. Since Fate seemed to be playing into her hands, she'd experiment.

Forty-five minutes later she was in the shop of one of the smartest modistes in New York— a shop where she had often selected clothes to be worn on the stage.

"An evening dress, Madame Seville—the softest, loveliest thing you have—something ultrafeminine.'

At last she found it, the ideal gown, but it was only after much persuasion and because of past patronage that Madame consented to part with the model, which fitted Sue as though it

had been made for her.

That night, when Peter arrived, he stopped amazed at the sight of her.

"Sue, you're ravishing. What have you particularly done to yourself, my dear?" he asked softly, while his eyes drank in her loveli-

She was a picture, with her tawny hair set off by the frosty green of her gown—a mere breath of a gown that both clung to her lithe body and at the same time rippled away. But there was something in her face—a softness, a sweetness, an allure that had not been there sweetness, an addre that had not been there of late—a something which unaccountably quickened Peter's pulse and when he helped her with her wrap made him draw back his hands for fear they would have their way.

They found a gay gathering at John Blair's apartment—someone at the piano—a couple dancing to the tune—chatter—laughter. All of which seemed suddenly hushed at the entrance of a vision in green—hushed and then resumed—but with a subtle difference, as though under the spell of her presence.

As she chatted with this one or that, saying little herself but listening with a quiet interest, she was aware of John Blair's eyes as they followed her every movement, aware too of Peter's eyes and others—aware of a light in them that made her shiver a little at first. Then she remembered that that very light was a part of the magic which she sought to perform.

She was talking softly to a man whose name she had not caught when Blair called her to she had not caught when Blair cauet her was how her a sketch someone had made of him. As she left the man he found opportunity to whisper in her ear, "I'm simply crazy about you. You're every man's dream come true." She was smiling when she joined Blair.

For the rest of the evening Blair never left her side. He seemed held there as a piece of creal is held to a recorner.

steel is held to a magnet.

At first Blair was surprised to find the Sue of their previous meeting absent and as the evening wore on he began to wonder if he had really met this girl before. Surely that frank daug "Sen beau Wi

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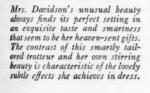
MRS RICHARD PORTER DAVIDSON

of Washington ..

GRAND DAUGHTER
OF
MARK HANNA



A portrait of the beautiful Mrs. Davidson, painted by the famous English artist, Olive Snell.



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MRS. Richard Porter Davidson—daughter of the renowned beauty, Daisy Gordon of Cleveland and grand-daughter of Mark Hanna, the famous "Senator from Ohio"—is young and beautiful.

With chestnut-tinted hair and great brown eyes, she is a glowing figure in the more exclusive salons of the Capital and the brilliant international assemblies for which Washington is famed.

A strictly modern young woman with that urge toward achievement which is characteristic of women today, Mrs. Davidson has accepted the challenge of business and has proven her ability in this field.

But in spite of varied interests and days crowded with action, Mrs. Davidson's beauty is as fresh and undimmed as the day she came out: For she learned long since the value of Pond's Two Creams for the care and protection of her lovely skin.

and protection of her lovely skin.

"Of course Pond's Creams aren't new to me"—she declares—"I've adored them for years—their matchless snowy texture, their intriguing fragrance, the prompt magic of their effect upon the skin!

On Mrs. Davidson's dressing table exquisite in rose and green taffeta lamps of delicate glass shed their soft rays over jade green jars of Pond's Two Creams and the tonic Skin Freshener.





In this evening gown of white satin by Vionnet, the warm rich tones of Mrs. Richard Porter Davidson's lovely skin and hair, her great brown eyes, and her charm, are happily accented. Her radiant loveliness richly carries on the traditional beauty of her family.

"Delightful, too, are the new Pond's Skin Freshener and Tissues—to complete the perfect method of keeping the skin young!"

To guard the skin of youth, or to restore its fragile beauty, use these four enchanting preparations:

FIRST—as always, cleanse your skin with Pond's light and fragrant Cold Cream.

THEN—with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, softer than fine old linen, wipe away gently and completely every trace of oil and dust.

NEXT—tone and firm the skin with Pond's Skin Freshener. It closes the pores, leaves your skin refreshed and fine, without a trace of oiliness.

LAST—for a final touch of loveliness apply the merest breath of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Do this during the day. And always before retiring use again the Cold Cream and Freshener.

New 14c Offer: Mail this coupon and 14c for trial tubes of Pond's Two Creams and enough of Pond's Skin Freshener and Cleansing Tissues to last a week.

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. D 112 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

Street State

MEHHEN



Beware the Winds of March -their harsh and biting touch

Do you dread the Ides of March? The biting, wind-blown rains, the dusty, gusty blasts? You need not, if you will take one simple precaution before venturing out into the uncertainties of March weather. It's this use Mennen Skin Balm.

· Originated for men as an after-shaving preparation, Skin Balm was soon discovered by women. They discovered that it smoothed and soothed skins irritated by rough weather. Applied before exposure, Skin Balm protects face and hands from chapping and sunburn and enables you to enjoy being out of doors and still retain the smoothness of your skin.

After exposure, smooth a little Skin Balm on face and hands; also after you have had your hands in hard, soapy water. It brings pleasant relief from redness and roughness and keeps the skin soft and lovely. Soothing and softening, mildly astringent and entirely non-greasy, its protective film lasts all day and heals all day. Its odor is delightful, too. Try Mennen Skin Balm today—any druggist has it, or send ten cents to us for a vanity size tube. The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J. and Toronto, Ont.

outspoken person at his office was not this reticent, fascinating creature who sat beside him, listening so attentively, and when she spoke speaking so wisely-but leaving so much unsaid.

At last the talk, which Sue up to now had directed into other channels, drifted to the

"I'm sorry I missed you in 'Sandpile,' 'Blair said. "Everyone tells me you were very fine."
"Oh, thank you. But I couldn't help playing her—she was such a great part."
"You're too modest, Miss Lyndon," he told

her. "But what do you plan for this year?"

"I have no plans yet. It seems so hard to find the right part—so many of them don't seem to suit me. What sort of part do you think I should play, Mr. Blair?" Sue's eyes looked up at him in childish question.

"Heroines—charming and delightful," he smiled. "They always win the hero in the end and you couldn't fail in that."

"I'm afraid you flatter me," she replied shyly. "But really, Mr. Blair, I don't know much about myself—no woman does—she needs a man to advise her, and you see, I haven't anyone who can really tell me. That's why I'm asking you. I know that you know. And you will help me, won't you—help me to decide what is best for me to do?"
"Indeed I will, Miss Lyndon," Blair assured

her, "but right now I don't think you need any help, because I have a new play—Peter's play. It has a part in it that was just written for you, and the only advice I'm going to give you is to play it. What's more, I'm going to beg you to play it. Will you?"

"If you think it suits me, Mr. Blair," she answered somewhat breathlessly, a faint note of triumph in her voice that only her own ears

could hear. "Then that's settled. We'll tell Peter. And I want to see you again, Miss Lyndon—very soon, if I may, because I've discovered that you're rather wonderful."

In the taxi on the way home Peter turned to the girl by his side. "You're a great actress, Sue," he chuckled. "But on second thought, I'm not sure you were acting. Perhaps you were only being utterly natural. Which was it?"

Sue didn't answer-just smiled a serene

little smile which gave away no secrets.

"Well, anyway," Peter went on, "Blair's mad about you and you're going to play my girl, so you've accomplished a lot already. And incidentally I'm mad about you, too."

"Are you, Peter? That's nice," and a small

warm hand slipped into his.

At her apartment door Sue turned to him with a helpless appeal in her eyes.

"Peter, it's late I know, but would you come

in for a moment and look under the bed for me. I'm scared to death to go into an empty apartment alone.

Peter looked at her in amazement and then the twitching of his lips broke into a laugh.

"You have me guessing, Sue," he admitted.
"I don't know whether you're pretending now or whether you've always been afraid and never

would admit it before."

But Sue did not enlighten him. She only smiled again-serenely.

She let him search the apartment, and when he had assured her that she would sleep undisturbed she led him to the door

Then suddenly she was in his arms and she didn't struggle. She had to admit to herself that it was very comfortable and comforting

that it was very comfortable and chere.

"Don't ever change from what you are tonight, Sue," he whispered, "and I'll love you all my life, for you're the most adorable woman I've ever seen."

"And I think I want to be loved, Peter—by you. Good night, dear. God bless you."

"He has already blessed me."
She stood where he had left her, looking at the closed door. Then she laughed softly.

"Sex appeal—well, maybe—but he does know I have brains too. It really isn't so bad—this being a woman."

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"FOR TWO YEARS Betty Mae suffered untold agonies from constipation," writes her mother. "Her appetite vanished. She lost sleep. And no sooner would one medicine begin to help than it would lose its effectiveness for her.

"I had heard so much about Fleischmann's Yeast that I decided to try it. And in only a few months there was a great improvement. Soon she was enjoying perfect health and vitality. People marvel at it."

MRS. THOMAS GIBBONS, Cleveland, Ohio

"Stop Work' they told me-but I had to struggle on"

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ADELAIDE BELLE BOWMAN, of Long Beach, Calif., original tile mural artist

RIGHT

"WHEN DISCHARGED from the army after the War I was absolutely unfit—and troubled with boils. At one time I had over 80 of them. I took up my old work as Fireman in an engine company. But the boils were a big handicap. And inoculations and various remedies didn't help, while the irregular hours of my work made matters continually worse... One of the boys in the Engine House got me started eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I took it regularly, for 6 months. The boils I then had dried right up. I never expect to have another as long as I live!"

George J. England, Jersey City, N.J.

Long Beach, Calif.

"MY METHOD of painting on tiles and then baking them is my own discovery, and I cannot delegate any of my work to others. So when my health began to go back on me I became almost frantic.

"'Stop work and rest,' I was advised. But how could I, with orders incomplete and spaces in buildings left vacant?

"In my run down condition, boils started to break out. Altogether, I had over forty of them.

"Then my doctor started me on Fleischmann's Yeast—three cakes daily. The boils I had at the time healed up. In a month my skin had cleared completely—and my general health had improved, too. I am now able to work 18 hours a day when orders are pressing."

(Mrs.) Adelaide Belle Bowman

IN place of medicines, doctors today are urging a corrective food—Fleischmann's Yeast.

As fresh as any garden vegetable, Fleischmann's Yeast acts in an easy, natural way to banish constipation. To correct indigestion. To clear the unhealthy skin.

At the root of all these ills generally lies an unhealthy condition of the intestinal tract. Fleischmann's Yeast corrects this condition. It keeps the intestines clean—softening the wastes and rousing the sluggish muscles.

Buy 2 or 3 days' supply of Fleischmann's Yeast at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool, dry place. And send for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. K-63, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.





"WE HAD BEEN 'ROUGHING IT' in the mountains, my partner and I—laying out mining sites and mapping boundaries. As a result of carelessness in our eating habits, our digestion in time went back on us and constipation set in. Pills and cathartics only made matters worse. One day, seeing an advertisement for Fleischmann's Yeast, we sent for a supply. We should have resorted to it first. For soon we were normal again—full of pep, ready to eat anything!"

OLIN C. KNIGHT, San Francisco, Calif.

Health at its best this easy way:

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one before each meal or between meals: plain, or in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation drink one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before meals and before going to bed.

your mirror says "Coated Tongue" there's trouble ahead!

YOU remember the physician's first words when you call him in—"Let me see your

He knows that almost invariably the furry tongue, and the unpleasant breath that go with it, warn of intestinal stoppage, the real cause of many, many ills.

People who want to keep fit know this too. So there's a fine health habit growing up among them—each morning they look at the tell-tale tongue. When it is coated they take a refreibing, sparkling draft of Sal Hepatica, the approved effervescent saline.

Sal Hepatica promptly and gently rids the intestines of the products of waste the natural way - by releasing the secretions of water in the intestines.

When you take Sal Hepatica, gone are the headaches—the feeling of fatigue,—and all the other enervating symptoms of intestinal sluggishness.

Sal Hepatica not only corrects intestinal stop-page—it is beneficial, too, in the treatment of rheumatism, hyper-acidity, colds, biliousness, and disorders of the liver and kidneys.

For Sal Hepatica contains the same health-giving salines as the waters of the famous European spas where so many people yearly go to "take the cure."

And just as you drink the waters at the spas, you take Sal Hepatica half an hour before your meals. Simply dissolve it in a glass of water—you will like its bubbling, sparkling qualities—its bracing tang.

Take Sal Hepatica when you need it. It is helping to keep millions of people internally clean and free of the poisons of waste.

Send for our free booklet that explains more fully how Sal Hepatica corrects intestinal stoppage and relieves other common ills.



Snakes by P. C. Wren (Continued from page 41)

being undignified and unworthy. On those very rare occasions when I hear or read of a European striking a native, I feel pretty certain that the latter is not very big or strong, and that I should like to ask him if he would care to strike Roshan Khan, my Pathan

But I admit I was sorely tempted. The man was tall and strong and carried an iron-shod lathi which was both a weapon and a staff. He had intruded where he had no right to be; he had refused to go when asked; and he had been insolent and threatening, both in words and in manner; and, moreover, he had attempted blackmail.

I put my hands in my pockets to keep them bedient. "Will you go—or will you be thrown obedient.

obedient. Win Journal out?" I asked.
"Three rupees—for the Huzur's life—only three rupees—very cheap," was the answer.

threat, and there was nothing of jest, flippancy or mere impudence in the burning eyes that

Going back to the veranda, I called "Boy!" at the top of my voice. (In India one's servant is always one's "boy," though he be a white-haired grandfather.)

My butler came hurrying from one of the rooms that opened on to the veranda. "Send this man out of the compound, and

see that he doesn't come back," I said.
"Jao, tum tum!" said Sukharam Raoji, bustling forward importantly and speaking as a beadle to a small boy. "Go away! Get out of it." And he went to take the man by the arm, to conduct him from the Presence.

But he did not take the snake-charmer by the arm, or conduct him anywhere. On the contrary, the intruder looked at him, and he wilted; hissed a sharp word and he fell back; made a motion or sign with his hand, and he swiftly retreated up the steps of the veranda and stood cowering behind my chair. This was

and stood cowering behind my chair. This was interesting but really beyond a joke.
"You are certainly looking for trouble, my friend," said I to the snake-charmer, "and you're going to find it. If you get hurt, you will have only yourself to thank."
And turning to the trembling Sukharam, I said: "Call Roshan Khan."

Nothing loath, the butler hurried off, and did not return

Not so the snake-charmer. "Two rupees," he said, smiling impudently. "Two rupees for the *Huzur's* life! Surely it's worth *that* much! Two rupees to save the *Huzur* from being frightened . . ."

I lighted another cheroot as Roshan Khan strolled round the corner of the bungalow,

tall, erect, swaggering.
"Sahib?" he said, saluting in military fashion. He never salaamed as an Indian does.
"Put this man out," I said, "and help him

a little way on his journey The big Pathan smiled, and joyously ad-

vanced upon the sturdy rogue.

What I expected to see was that Roshan Khan, seizing him by the scruff of the neck, would run him down the drive and propel him into the road, with a little help from a large and useful hoof.

But this was not what happened. The man's extraordinary glowing eyes fixed those of Roshan Khan. His hand shot out and made weaving passes. He uttered a harsh, peremptory "Stand still" and Roshan Khan stood still, a look of bewilderment on his face.

The fellow then repeated the word he had

spat at Sukharam-a word which I did not understand.

I rose from my chair, but he turned to me

I rose from my chair, but he turned to me and half-menacingly, half-jeeringly, said:
"One rupee for the Huzur's life! One rupee to save the Huzur from being frightened! Only one rupee! Last offer! . . No?" he added, and backed away. "On the Huzur's head be it." And he strode down the drive, the while I felt somewhat ashamed of

the self-control of which I had, perhaps, more reason to be proud.

At the gate he turned, and having raised both hands, he appeared to be calling down blessings upon me and my house.

I turned to the Pathan, a striking figure in his long white shirtlike garment, with its silver studs and chains; gold-embroidered red velvet waistcoat; enormous, baggy white trousers, fitting tightly at the ankle; and curly-toed

"Why didn't you do as I told you, Roshan Khan?" I asked coldly.
"Sahib?" was the reply.
He was like a man waking from sleep.
"Why didn't you the property of the color of the

"Why didn't you throw that man out, as I told you?" I asked. "He was a budmash."
"What man, sahib?" asked Roshan Khan.

"The man who was here just now," I said

"Where, sahib? What man?" asked the

Pathan, looking about as puzzled as I felt.
"Oh, go away," I replied, and went back to
my chair, feeling thoroughly disgruntled and
annoyed, and with half a mind to call for my horse and, taking a whip, ride after my gifted visitor, and give him a rupee's worth of the fear he talked about.

As I sat pondering the extraordinary inci-dent, and marveling at the way the fellow had handled Roshan Khan—Roshan Khan, brave nanued Rosnan Rhan—Rosnan Rhan, orave as a lion, strong as an ox, swift as a buck and wily as a fox—I became increasingly conscious of the heat. It was about time to go inside the bungalow and close doors and shutters until such time as the sun had begun to sink

Rising from my chair, I shouted for a servant, and unfastened a cord from the nail over which the looped end of it was slipped, there-by releasing the big up-rolled curtain. This heavy green curtain of bamboo and string was some ten feet in length and breadth, and rolled

up into a cylinder a foot or more in thickness.
As it moved to descend, something fell from the top of it, striking me on the head and shoulders, curling itself about my neck writhing-twisting-and I realized that it was a snake.

In the act of doing so, I snatched at it, seized it, and dashed it heavily upon the ground before it had had time or opportunity to strike. As I flung it down I stamped hard with my right foot, and bitterly regretted that I was not wearing my riding-boots. If the reptile had time to strike, socks and tussur-silk trousers above thin shoes would be no protec-tion. But my luck was in. My foot was firmly planted a few inches behind the snake's head, and it could only lash and writhe in furious

impotence.

Putting my weight on my right foot and slightly bending my right knee, I got a comfortable balance and slowly raised my left foot and slowly ra

My task would have been easy enough had the ugly head with its darting tongue pro-truded from the inner side of my foot, but, as it was, I managed quite satisfactorily. Bringing the left foot across the right, I held it poised for a second, and then stamped heavi-To be on the safe side, I then jumped clear, but found that the snake was in that condi-tion in which it is best for poisonous reptiles

Giving him one more stamp on the head to "mak siccar," I had an approaching hamal remove this bauble, and retired into my darkened room. But before long I discovered that, for the first time, I did not like the darkened room—there were too many shadows. The corners were altogether too dark.

The high-pitched, raftered roof disappeared into impenetrable gloom. Yes, that was the word—gloom. The whole place had become gloomy, depressing, inimical. And what an extraordinary coincidence about that snake. It was coincidence, of course, but—

I lay down in my long chair to think, and immediately bounded to my feet, and I'm not sure that I didn't utter a yell as I sprang

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It's Film on Teeth that Makes Them Dull—Remove It

This Way Modern Dental Authorities Prescribe

FILM is the cause of dull, "off-color" teeth—and many commoner tooth and gum disorders. A special film-removing dentifrice is used.

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Your dentist knows the removal of mucin film is fundamental.

WHY dental s c i e n c e wants you to keep teeth dazzling white is a new and interesting chapter in modern health and beauty.

Teeth, we are told, cannot be white or sparkling unless they are kept free from dingy film that forms each day.

And film, it's proved by exhaustive scientific study, also fosters serious tooth and gum disorders.

Thus teeth and gums to be healthy must be kept beautiful. Today, in accordance with leading dental practice, film is removed by a special film-removing dentifrice, called Pepsodent. Made solely for this purpose because ordinary brushing fails to combat film successfully.

FILM-What it leads to

Film is that slippery, viscous coating on your teeth. You can feel it with the tongue.

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Pepsodent acts to intensify the alkalinity of saliva and thus to neutralize the acids of decay caused by fermenting starch in food.

Pepsodent also aids to firm and harden gums to a healthy pink condition.



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Following the widespread practice of daily removing film by Pepsodent a fast diminishing number of "serious" tooth and gum troubles are noted.

Thus, in all protective measures, Pepsodent marks the utmost science knows in a dentifrice.

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Send for free tube to try. See how much whiter teeth will be ten days from now. Gums will be firmer—decay combated. This is the way most dentists urge.

Your dentist, and Pepsodent used twice a day, offer you the best the world knows in modern tooth and gum care. Here health is synonymous with beauty.





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PEPSODENT

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My head had touched something cold,

softish, springy, alive, horrible.

I struck a match and found that I was shaking-not so much from fear, I think, as from disgust, horror, anger. There was nothing on the back of the chair where my head had rested. I sat down again. What was that?

A dry rustle, a sound of a slow, quiet move-

ment across the floor, like—well, like the gentle sound of a snake gliding across the matting. Where was it? Was it behind me? I leaped

and threw the door open, letting in a flood of light and a wave of superheated air. There was no snake in the room. I opened the slatted No, nothing.

shutters . . . No, nothing.

It was a terribly hot day, and the room was

getting like an oven.
Well, the heat was real enough, if the snakes were not, so I once more closed the door and shut it. Having done so, I was strongly

tempted to open it again.

What about a lamp? Ridiculous! What was the matter with me that I should think of such a thing? I would retire to my bedroom for the siesta that is rather forced upon one in the hottest part of the day, in the hot weather.

Y BEDROOM adjoined this central livingroom. As I opened the door to enter its slightly cooler darkness, I heard behind me a soft thud—the unmistakable sound of something dropping on to the plaited palm-leaf matting that covered the floor.

I fairly sprang round and stared in the direction whence the sound had come. no illusion about this. I had heard it as distinctly as I had ever heard anything in my life, and I knew what had caused the sound. snake had fallen from one of the cross-beams that supported the high-pitched thatched roof. I stepped swiftly into the bedroom and closed the door.

There was beside my bed a flashlight which

might yet possess a ray of vitality.

It did; and with its help I found a leather-

covered cane which I sometimes carried. Not too light and not too pliant, it would be an excellent weapon for dealing with any but a big snake, such as a python.

Armed with flashlight and stick, I opened the door, and, turning the beam of light in the direction whence the sound had come, I saw, as I had expected, something coiled, slender, tapering; and, with a couple of strides and a swift stroke, I brought my stout cane heavily down upon—the thong of my hunting-crop, which had, for some reason, or no reason, fallen from the nail over which I had hung it when I removed it from its broken handle!

With feelings too deep for words, I returned to my bedroom, changed into pajamas and remarking, "Let it rain snakes!" threw myself

down on the bed.

I must have fallen asleep almost immediately, and in that sleep I suffered one of the atery, and in that steep I suitered one of the most ghastly nightmares conceivable—being slowly crushed by a great python, swallowed alive, and remaining buried alive in its in-terior. I awoke bathed in perspiration, trem-

bling with horror and feeling very ill indeed.
A bath, tea, and the sounds of life and movement as the servants opened the doors and shutters of the bungalow made me feel better.

I would pull myself together, ride over to the golf-links, and forget this silly nonsense in a mighty endeavor to beat bogy-a curiously appropriate phrase in the circumstances, for this bogy certainly had to be beaten. Having finished tea in the sitting-room, I

returned to my bedroom with a magazine, at which I had been glancing, in my hand.

I flung the book on the bed, half noticing

in the dim light, as I did so, that the hamal had moved a round black cushion from my chair to the bed. He had not opened the shutters of this room, as the late afternoon sun

was shining full upon them.
As I changed into flannels, I sat on the edge of the bed, and when I went to the dressingtable mirror to brush my hair, I partly opened one side of a shutter that was just behind it.

This let a flood of light into the room, and,

as I turned from the dressing-table, the cushion on the bed also turned. It turned into a snake or else it had been a snake the whole time and I had sat within two feet of it!

I wasn't afraid of the snake, but I was very terribly afraid of fear—and I earnestly hoped it was a snake, and that I was not "seeing things"

A bright idea! My camera was hanging on the wall. I would find out whether that "saw things" too. Turning, I slipped it from its ase and focused it on the snake, which promptly raised its head and posed en profile.
"Look pleasant," I said, "and keep still."

It kept very still, and so did I, until I heard the satisfying click. From force of habit, I wound another film into place, and then put the camera on the chest of drawers.

I then picked up my cane and advanced upon mine enemy. As I came within striking dis-tance, he raised his head and drew it back to strike. I struck first, however, a beautiful horizontal swipe, bringing the cane from behind my left shoulder—and the evil head dropped as the reptile writhed, with broken neck.

Giving him another, I tipped him off the bed on to the floor, and set my heel upon his head—and that was that.

My chief sensation as I saw his body carried forth, limply dangling across a stick, was satisfaction that it was a snake and not the mere figment of a disordered mind. most as strong was that of wonder at the ex-traordinary coincidence of my encountering and killing two snakes within a few hours of

the snake-charmer's baleful prophecy.
As I rode to the golf-links, followed by
Roshan Khan, I wondered what I should do I encountered that charmer of serpents I did not do so, perhaps fortunately for both

What I did encounter, however, at the end of my ride, was a lonely golfer earnestly seek-

ing a companion and opponent for a game.

Curiously enough, I have absolutely forgotten his name. What I have not forgotten that which happened at the last hole.

My ball was lying in a little rocky depression on the edge of the "green." My opponent's on the edge of the "green." My opponent's ball lay, very comfortably placed in line, on a sandy patch of hard earth a few yards from the "green." Taking his putter, he struck it a gentle blow which would land it in the nearest winding water-channel that sloped gently down from the edge of the "green" to the sunken jam pot that was the flagless hole.

Laughing aloud as the hall meandered in-

Laughing aloud as the ball meandered inevitably down the rain-made gully, I put my hand into the jam pot to receive it on its arrival. It could not go astray. The putt had achieved success as soon as the ball en-The putt tered the mouth of this safe-delivery route to its goal. Gathering speed and momentum, the ball arrived and fell into the pot and my awaiting hand.

As it did so the dusty bottom of the pot swirled into life, a kind of big watch-spring uncurled, as it were, and became a krait the smallest and deadliest snake in the world. My hand had touched it, aroused it, and was holding it down. While it did so, the snake could not strike.

As I clenched my fist with the foolish idea of killing it with a crushing pressure, its head darted up between my hand and the side of the jam jar, and, in a second, it was over the edge and darting off. The speed with which it moved was astounding, but I had my putter in my right hand and promptly used it for an unorthodox but satisfying stroke satisfying to me, anyhow.

"By Jove, that was a near thing!" said my friend, and added, "First snake I've seen for

months.

But it was the third I had seen and killed

that day. What about the next?

I rode home feeling very thoughtful indeed, and the night I spent was, perhaps, the worst night of my life, and yet I slept the whole time. But when I awoke I decided that this nightmare made that of the previous afternoon, by comparison, a deep dream of peace.

It was an astonishing dream. Not only for its appalling agony but for its coherence and consecutiveness. (I used the snake part of it in a story which I was writing, and called it "The Snake and the Sword.")

As I lay, half-awake and half-asleep, I heard that dry rustling sound again—the sound of a snake moving across palm-leaf matting. The sound seemed to come from under my bed, and I was seized with terror, filled with horror, frightened almost to death; my heart throbbed audibly, and I burst into a cold perspiration.

That devilish sorcerer! This was no coin-Four actual snakes within twentyfour hours, and the whole time a constant threat and menace, and fear of snakes unseen! And the worst feature of the whole astound-

ing business was the fact that I was really getting frightened. I was frightened. Fear was overcoming me; dominating my mind.

I realized that this wouldn't do, and that I must not allow myself to become a victim of fear, which was precisely what the snake-charmer intended, no doubt.

One must maintain, at all costs, one's sense of proportion, and compel one's mind to keep rats, mice, beetles, spiders, mosquitoes, snakes and snake-charmers in their proper placeas minor nuisances and drawbacks in an other-wise well-arranged universe.

As these thoughts flashed through my mind, the snake moved again. Philosophy and wise. counsels faded to nothingness and I quailed.

And then, happily, the fear of being afraid triumphed, and I sprang out of bed, regardless of the fact that my feet were bare, and my thin pajamas rolled up above my knees.

Yes, there he was, the beast—a cobra, sinuously gliding along by the wall, apparently

looking for an outlet.

The door was ajar and both the snake and I appeared to realize the fact simultaneously, for, as I stood erect, he quickened his leisurely gait and darted straight for the opening. So did I, and what followed had a delightful and efficient neatness for which I take no credit. I acted almost automatically, and as though impelled by the subconscious rather than by

the conscious mind. With one bound I reached the door, a fraction of a second later than the snake's head, and slammed it sharply.
Did ever living creature devise for itself a simpler trap? The situation was changed, and with it my whole mental attitude to snakes. They were ridiculous creatures that one trapped in doors, smacked with canes, crushed

with one's heel!

STOOPING down, I slightly relaxed the press-ure of the door that held the reptile squirm-ing, writhing and thrashing about, and, seizing it with my right hand, drew it slowly and gradu ally into the room, inch by inch, until my hand was safely and comfortably behind its head.

Holding it thus, I picked it up and endeav-ored to treat it with that familiarity which breeds contempt. A feeling of contempt for the adversary is much more satisfactory than one of fear. I also treated it with unkindness, gripping it with all my strength and thrusting my thumb against its throat.

Seeing my camera where I had left it, open and ready for the taking of another picture, I called for my butler, and stepped out on to the sunlit veranda. Sukharam Raoji is quite good at photography, provided the camera is standing on a table and his part is confined to presing the trigger.

This snake seemed less interested in having his portrait taken than did he of yesterday. In fact, I think he had fainted, or died from loss of breath, for he had become limp and quiescent, his tremendous strugglings, coilings, writhings and wrigglings having dwindled into mere spasms, twists, and constrictions of his

seven-foot body . . . From that day I never saw another snake in India, and so ended the incident of the tructlent snake-charmer, decidedly the most remarkable, interesting and exciting incident of

my life.

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The Mud Clerk by Irvin S. Cobb (Continued from page 71)

retained that pallid overtone, ran up from be-low to spread the news that the hull had sprung a leak and was filling. Sharp on his coming, a slight listing, a certain logginess, confirmed his story.

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led. afraid The situation again was perilous. The captain and his crew realized that, and so, also very soon thereafter, did the huddled passen-

wery soon thereafter, did the huddled passengers realize it and one and all suffered a recurrence of that unpleasant sinking sensation at the pit of the stomach. The second panic almost overlapped the first, it followed so fast. To begin with, an overwhelming and utter darkness had magically fallen. It was as though midnight had arrived four hours ahead of its schedule. You couldn't see your hand before your face. Across the blackness and under that terrific downpour, the land, either side, completely was blanked out.

The lights which the government maintained to serve as steering points were gone from this devastated stretch—overturned and dashed out or bodily blown away. The pilot knew for certainties only that he had the battered craft under control once more and that, approximately, she must be near midthat, approximately, she must be near mid-stream since the currents tugged strongly at the wallowing hull. With relation to the adacent topography he had a rough idea where he was, but nothing more than a rough idea. To top off, the searchlights at the bow were

To top off, the searchlights at the bow were out of commission.

The lightning didn't help him either—it was too dazzling. All he could do was ring for full steam and point her nose blindly toward what he reckoned to be the nearer shore and drive ahead, trusting to Providence that, if she didn't founder before they got there, she would not smash headlong into a sheer rock cliff.

cliff.

Already, by the master's orders, members of the crew had hauled life-preservers out of the staterooms and distributed them among the passengers milling to and fro on the drenched forepeak, and bade them take stations on the steamer's upper works. Afterward it was narrated how a quivering presiding elder turned his scared face to a stolid hog-buyer and asked him between teeth that chattered: him between teeth that chattered:

"B-b-brother, can you pray?"
"Nope," answered the other, with a calmness which, under the circumstances and all things considered, must have been aggravating, "but ezit so happens, I kin swim purty good." Thereupon he made ready to swim. Quite

a number did likewise.

DURING the involuntary retreat of the Richmond P. Hobson, young Benny Dozier had lain in a pleasant coma on the starboard guards amidships. He remembered hearing the storm brewing. That was when he was on his way to the ladies' cabin on an errand for his beloved; she thought she had dropped her handkerchief there. He remembered this much and then for a spell he remembered nothing

and then for a spell he remembered nothing more whatsoever. A cross-hall door, torn from its hinges and pitched outward by the first great gust bursting in from the opposite direction, had dealt him so hard a blow on the head that he went right off to sleep.

He continued to sleep while the packet did her whirl-a-jigging flight and slept on even after she had been spewed out of the cyclone's core, like Jonah out of the whale's belly. What brought him to was a deluge of rain water upon his upturned face and a cabin-boy, who carried a flapping cork jacket on either arm, stepping a flapping cork jacket on either arm, stepping upon him.

So he rose up, being still somewhat dizzy, and went running to find Miss Rosetta Finchley. His place was by her side, his task to rescue her if such were mortally possible and, failing at that to corrish with her at that, to perish with her.

But when, half a minute later, he found her and she refugeeing on the exposed hurricane roof with many others as sopping wet as she was— which was as sopping wet as it was humanly possible to be—there was, alas, no room for him

by her side. The available space by her side was tenanted by Pilot Winfrey. Our hero was ten feet or less from them when, by a dimmish illumination streaming from a window in the texas just overhead, he saw them and they—or at least she—saw him. Mr. Winfrey was buckling one of the cork-stuffed vests about her. Even in a moment so parlous, his manner was protective, proprietorial.

So that was how it was, was it? So be it then! He, Benny Dozier, mud clerk, would show her the stuff that was in him. He and he alone, would light for her a path to possible salvation.

salvation.

At his lips he made a megaphone of his cupped hands and through it, across the intervening space, he shouted his altered intentions. It was doubtful whether she heard him—there was so much confusion and so great an outcry and such a cloudbursty spattering and pelting. So he worked his arms in a swift pantomime, striking himself on the breast, then pointing ahead and below and, seeing that she appeared to understand, he turned about and sped off, making for the lower deck. In the companionway he met several passengers climbing up. Like a projectile he bored through them; and next, darting into the deserted cabin, he caught

next, darting into the deserted cabin, he caught up, as he passed, his lantern from its ordained spot under the overhang of the clerk's window.

It was burning; an hour before the watchman had attended to that detail. As he loped outdoors again he turned the wick higher, shook the lantern to make the oil feed plentifully. In another flash he was below on the forecastle, with the statement of the first head of the first these transfer. with both the mates and a handful of jabbering

but disciplined rousters.

but disciplined rousters.

There was no need to tell First Mate Dink O'Ryan his purpose. At a glance that gentleman comprehended. He shook his head though, and fixed a detaining grip on Benny.

"Whut's the use, kid?" he asked. "Ef we're fixin' to butt into a bluff, which is whut we're liable to do half a minute frum now, you won't have a Chinaman's chance out yonder on the fur end of this here stage-plank. And ef it's fur end of this here stage-plank. And ef it's thick timber you'll be breshed off like a—"
"Lemme 'lone!" snarled Benny. "You grab aloose of me! It's me goes ashore first of all

the white officers when we make a landin', ain't it? Then, by gum, it's me goes first tonight!"

"It's your fun'el!" said Mr. O'Ryan. He snapped an order and, obeying him, his squad began to lower away on the slings of the gangbegan to lower away on the sings of the gang-plank projecting like the big wooden antenna of a big wooden bug from the steamer's nose. When, swinging and dropping jerkily, it still was at an angle of thirty degrees or so, Benny started up it.

started up it.

Benny could not swim a lick; he'd thought of that. He wore no life-preserver; he hadn't thought of that. He kept going.

For once in his steamboating career, his foot-grip on the stage was secure. Without a slip he made the farther end. He balanced the stage was the stage was secure as lip he made the farther end. slip he made the farther end. He balanced there at the tip, swaying to its motion above the flattening swells, his figure outlined by his lantern gleam for those who watched from directly back of him and from the hurricane deck above. He hoped she was watching him. He felt like a demigod.

One split-second later he felt like a bullfrog—he behaved like one, too. There was a terrific jar somewhere beneath and behind him and the stage-plank bounced up like a spring-board, and Benny Dozier, becoming a comic thing of

stage-plank bounced up like a spring-board, and Benny Dozier, becoming a comic thing of flying long arms and flying long legs, was catapulted ten feet into the air and ten feet more on into the night. He soared grotesquely, like a splayed comet, since by instinct he held still to his beacon. He came down head first, ker plunk, like a plummet lead. He went under

There was less than four feet of water over the sandy bar which made out below the outlet of Gum Slough. That twister had indeed borne the steamboat far back downstream—at least a mile farther back than her pilot's mental

calculation had allowed for. The abruptly halted craft ceased her quivering and even before Benny quit trying to swallow the Tennessee River and decided to come up, the captain from aloft had shouted out his glad tidings -the boat safely beached on a shallow and no

—the boat safely beached on a shallow and no more danger for anybody—and a halleluiah chorus of thanksgiving was starting.

So then Benny came up, and he stood there shoulder-deep, facing the boat, and spat it out, pint by pint, and strove to readjust his mental processes. And then, right then, at that pregnant moment, he heard something which, ringing clear above all other sounds, pierced him like a sword. He heard her laughing. She laughed loudly and shrilly and without pause.

He thought-naturally he thought-she was laughing at him.

laughing at him.

Wanly, he wiped his eyes and peered aloft and then a flash of lightning came—sheet lightning, this time, broadly illuminating—and he saw how, still rocking to her laughter, she was held fast in an encircling arm by the accursed Winfrey, her head against his breast, his free hand patting her on the back. How was Benny to know that a lady in the acute hysteria following a severe nervous strain would be likely to lean for support against the nearest solid body?

Benny didn't know. Inside of his dank bosom something seemed to snap. He turned around and he waded away and the fringing bushes swallowed him up.

A young man lately in love had become a confirmed woman better as the believed he had

confirmed woman-hater, or believed he had. Beyond peradventure, a young steamboatman had definitely become an ex-steamboatman.

DEXT day at an inland station forty miles by the steam-cars from where he had gone ashore, the ex-steamboatman read in a gone ashore, the ex-steamboatman read in a Nashville morning paper a telegraphed account of the Richmond P. Hobson's misadventure. One paragraph down near the foot of the page he reread several times, meantime grinding his teeth.

This paragraph ran thus:

The "mud" clerk, "Benny" Dozier, aged twenty, an orphan whose home-port is at Paducah, was at first reported missing but is now believed to be accounted for. A young man answering to his general description was said to have been seen by a farmer named Harper, residing some distance back in the valley, who is alleged to have stated that the person referred to passed his house afoot in a disheveled and apparently distracted state. It is believed that fright must have temporarily unhinged the youth's reason.

Two days thereafter, well below Memphis and across the Mississippi state-line the woman-hater applied for employment to the manager of a large lumbering concern. Barely had he outlined his general qualifications, when the manager cut in with:

the manager cut in with:

"That's enough—you look like maybe you might fill the bill. We're needing a shipping-clerk in the yards here and we're also needing somebody to do checking up—sort of a rough bookkeeping job, it is—at one of our camps down in Cameron Parish, Louisiana. One job 'll pay about as well as the other, but I figure you'd probably like the opening here the best, this being a good, lively, growing town with plenty of pretty girls and young fellows in it, whereas down yonder in Louisiana you'd be out in the tall timber with a boardinggang, away off from everything, pretty near it, gang, away off from everything, pretty near it, and liable not to see a white face outside of your own crew for weeks at a time. You see, I'm telling you beforehand what you'd be up against so there'll be no comeback afterwards. Well, what about it, son?"

"If you don't mind, I'll take the job that's plum' off in the deep woods, please, suh," said the woman-hater.

FREE-FOOTED ... unrestrained . . eagerly alive . . . moving beauty with every flowing step . . . there is no substitute for grace!



in a flowing walk BEAUTY in repose is only half-beauty. To be wholly beautiful a woman must be beautiful when she walks . . . she must

be foot-free, unhampered, natural. But must she wear "common sense" shoes in order to have a charming, graceful carriage? No. For in Red Cross Shoes she can be shod with the trim smartness of the day and still enjoy exquisite foot-

freedom at every step!

It sounds too good to be true, but there is really no mystery about it. You see, Red Cross Shoes are shaped over the famous, exclusive "Limit" lasts which were developed by averaging the measurements of thousands of feminine feet. They fit your feet in action and repose, as though they had been made to order. Then, too, there is the exclusive Arch-Tone support of light, springy steel to keep the instep from sagging . . . these are the things

that make these ultramodish shoes different.

Visit the shop handling The Red Cross Shoe, today. And take daughter with you—she, too, can be fitted in this famous shoe The Red Cross Shoe for Young Ladies.



Free book! Send for this interesting lis-tle book that tells how to "walk in beauty." Address Dept. C-4.



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THE UNITED STATES SHOE COMPANY

My Neighbor (Continued from page 51)

typewriter and I have a lot of fun pecking out letters myself," he went on, "but that isn't writing a novel . . ."

Then we fell to talking of countries and travel and finally he mentioned the Philippine

"There's a spot I like," he said. "By the way, it was in Manila that I got a frightful crack over the eye playing polo with the United States Army team. I wanted to play on but they forced me to leave the game. Rotten

Suddenly he turned to Mr. Carlyle. "How about haying tomorrow, Carlyle?" he asked with a smile. "Have you got some work for me?

"There's two or three hundred acres of hay still to put up, sir, and you can have a job as long as you want one," Mr. Carlyle answered. "Then tomorrow we hay," the Prince pro-

There was some little discussion about just who would go to the fields with him. Finally it settled down to but two volunteers—Prince George and Mr. Carlyle. The others in the party were determined to get up early and go trout fishing.

"Are you much of a fisherman?" he turned

to me and questioned.
"One of the very poorest," I answered.
"So am I," he chuckled. "It simply doesn't interest me. I want real exercise-like pitching

hay."

True to his word that following morning,

that following morning of talk and storyafter a long intimate evening of talk and story-telling and playing the latest phonograph records, the three haymakers started off for several hours' hard, dusty and unromantic work. The Prince and this youngest brother of his were more like school pals than anything else. And I had the very distinct feeling that this man who will be king was not only very fond of his kid brother but that he was rather proud of him too.

It is difficult to tell of this long evening we had together. There was an ease and freedom and friendliness about it all that is hard to put down on paper. I was the only newcomer among the eight men present and the Prince and all the others tried very genuinely to make me feel at home. That's a homely way to put it, but it was a homely and old-fashioned way they went about it. I felt as if I had known

them all for many years.

The four or five members of his own intimate party the Prince addressed by their Christian names. His own brother he called Christian names. His own brother he called "George." With Mr. Carlyle he dropped the "Mister," but he usually addressed me as "Mr. Hunt."

The entire evening was marked with that intimate friendly bantering that we Americans understand best by the word "kidding." They kidded Prince George because the stripes of his blue lounge suit came to a peculiar little angle below the back of his collar. And the other members of the party came in for their full

We laughed and chuckled and told stories you know, the kind men like to tell when they

are alone and being their real selves.

It is a little hard to put down on paper the exact tempo of this relationship between the Prince and the other men; they treated him exactly as junior officers would the colonel of their regiment-absolutely free and unrestrained but with a very definite sense of respect.

In ordinary conversation when they addressed him they would add the word "sir"—just as any military man would address his superior officer—but never did they call him "Your Royal Highness."

Among these personal associates he was al-ways referred to as "H.R.H." but where any formal introduction was necessary he was given his correct title of "Your Royal Highness." He was never addressed as "Prince of Wales." As a matter of fact the men with the Prince were all either military or naval men and these small niceties were part of their very

Along towards midnight Prince George and the fishermen retired, while the Prince of Wales and two or three non-fishermen went out to the kitchen and rustled a bite of cold supper. Mr. Carlyle found a cold ham and

the Prince carved with gusto and generosity.

I think it was this friendliness and good humor that impressed me more than anything else about him—with the possible exception of the way in which he demanded his full share of whatever work or discomfort there was at h

On one of his previous ranch visits, Mr. Carlyle drove him over endless miles of grazing country, across hills and valleys, with only the trails of the salt wagons marking the rolling road. On the way out the Scotland Yard man who accompanies the Prince had opened and closed the twenty-three gates. On the return trip the Prince insisted on opening and closing every single gate—and if you've never wrestled with these wire gates of the fenced Northwest

ranges you've never met a real gate.

That is the way he seemed to be about everything—leaning backward and insisting on doing his full share.

The day he left his ranch I drove my car over to help take the party to the train. My twelve-year-old son Bob went along with me to open the eighteen gates that cut across the dirt motor road from the Prince's ranch to mine.

When we were ready to start and were arranging the seating in the two cars, I told Bob that I would be back in a couple of hours to pick him up and take him home. It would be

a matter of some fifteen miles out of my way.
"Why not let him go along with us?" the
Prince insisted. "There's plenty of room in the
two cars. Come on, Bob."

So Bob went along—the happiest boy in that part of the country.

And now that I'm through writing this piece I'm wondering if I've made clear what I've been trying to say—that the Prince of Wales is a regular fellow.

I wouldn't want a better neighbor.

He Will Save Her (Continued from page 75)

graduate of the Columbia School of Mines—Roscoe J. Harburton. He was connected with the Guggenheims and had some kind of partnership interest, spending most of his time in Nevada. When my mother died, he was worth about a half-million dollars. I was then eleven years old. He placed me in a boarding-school at Baltimore for a while and then, after he closed out his Western interests, he went to Mexico and took me with him. I was fourteen years old and that was a long time ago-nearly

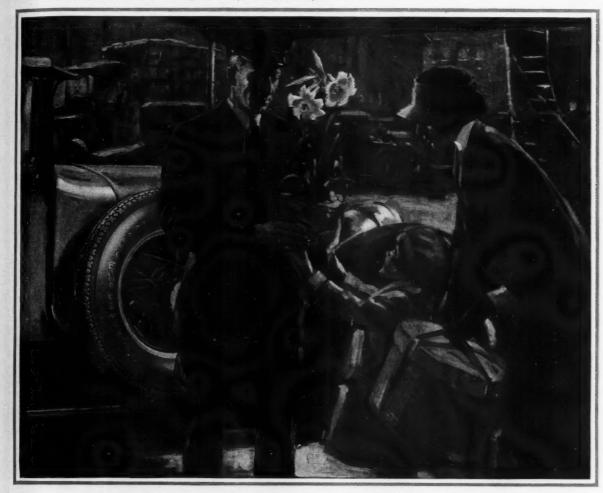
"My father had been prospecting in Sonora just after he left college and he always believed that he could find a rich deposit of gold in the Calientes valley near Vallejo. So we went to

the old town of Vallejo in Sonora and it was then I met Juan Alvarez a very prominent and influential Mexican; Santos, a half-breed, who was under the influence of Alvarez; and Texas Pete, a renegade American who had come over into Mexico after killing a gambler in Tucson. Those were the three men you in Tucson. And a saw this morning."

"But I didn't see them. You didn't tell me."

"But I didn't see them. You didn't tell me."

"It was a strange life for a young girl. The town was one of those wild border places. Father couldn't leave me there alone, so I went with him into the valley with two Indian services." vants, camping every night. The day after he made his great discovery and was drawing his



"A Word in Season"

FIRESTONE—this name on the apply brakes or turn corners. Gumtires of your car means safe, de- Dipping adds many thousands of pendable driving, at any season, miles of tire service as well as on every road. For the uncertain better cushioning and supreme travel of spring, Firestone Gum- comfort. You enjoy the benefits Dipped Balloons provide a safe, sure hold. The broad, angular tread makes any car easier to steer and control; no need of anxiety when you

of this process when you specify Firestone Tires. The Firestone Dealer is equipped and ready with better service as well as better tires.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

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AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER .. Harney Structons

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Montag's CHANTILLY CHECKS

Here is Smartness itself for the smart woman a fine quality club-size writing paper with a basket-weave texture of modish, large squares. The envelopes have the newest flap, innerlined in modernist tissue, decorated in modernist water colors. 24 sheets and 24 envelopes—ribbon-tied in a handsome self-covered box.

White, grey, blonde or lavender. Price \$1.00 - at fine stores everywhere. For those who cannot obtain Montag Writing Papers locally, we have pre-pared a special introductory assortment,

pared a special introductory assortment, The Mood Package for \$1.00 — eight sheets and envelopes each of Three ex-quisite Montag papers for the Three Moods of letter writing — formal, informal and business. A full quire, beautifully boxed, Price \$1.00 postpaid. (Canada, \$1.10.) MONTAG BROTHERS, Inc., Dept. F. ATLANTA, GA., Los Angeles, New York

maps, so as to be sure of the exact location of his find, those three men, Alvarez, Santos and Texas Pete, rode into our camp. They had

been prospecting, the same as we were.
"It seems that Alvarez had heard of an old Indian legend about the gold in this valley and he was looking for it. When he saw my father drawing a map he began to ask questions and my father was polite but very noncommittal—very. The men stayed around our camp all day. After Father went to Mexico City, to secure from the government a franchise, Alvarez followed us there and tried to find out what Father had discovered.

"Father didn't dare to name the exact location of the mine when he applied to the government, so he secured a fifty-year option on a large tract of land. The Mexican government evidently suspected something, and be-cause of the influence of Alvarez, Father had to pay a large sum for the franchise. It took practically all the money he had saved. "We came back to New York, where he was

planning to interest some of his rich friends in the development of the property, when he was taken ill and died. On his death-bed he sent for me and gave me the franchise and all of the maps and also a cipher description of the exact location of the gold deposit and asked me to memorize the instructions so that if all the other papers should be lost I might still be able to guide anyone to the spot.

"After Father died I was just about penni-is. The nurses at the hospital were very good to me and encouraged me to enter the training-school. I spent the little money I had left in learning to be a nurse and here I

am.
"Two years ago Alvarez came to New York
and in some way got track of me and began
having me watched. He knows that I have the information regarding this deposit of gold, which is probably worth millions and millions. He is trying to force me into telling him all I know. When I came here I thought I had

escaped him, but it seems I was mistaken.
"That's perfectly amazing," said I
"Sounds like a dime novel."
"Doesn't it!" said Bob.

"If you have the papers locked up and the description of the mine region in cipher, how can they get this information?"

"To show you how clever they are, they found out where Father learned his cipher code and they have the key to the cipher. All of the warning letters I have received from them are written in this cipher. I have the information they want hidden here, all of the time," and Miss Harburton laid her hand indefinitely over the heart region. "It is sewed into my dress. But even if I prevent them from getting the cipher they might compel me to tell them what I know

"How in the world could they do that?"
"In one of their recent threatening letters they said they would kidnap me and torture me until I yielded up the secret of the Vallejo gold-mine."

"That's the darnedest thing I ever heard

of," said Bob, forgetting to be grammatical.

"What are you going to do?"
"I think I had better escape. Here is my plan. I am sure that they are watching this house, every minute. Lens, the maid, is about my size. I will have her put on my white uni-form and stand with her back to one of the windows so that she can be seen all of the time. While they are watching her, I will put on her clothes and take a basket, as if going out to buy something, and go out the back way and keep on going until I find a taxi-

"You will most certainly do nothing of the kind!" shouted Bob, jumping from his chair and beginning to pace up and down the room. "Where could you go? What could you do? You are in a desperate situation and you are is someone to defend you until you can bring powerful influences to bear, to protect all of your interests and secure your legal rights from the Mexican government."

"Perhaps you are right," said Miss Har-burton meekly.

CHAPTER IV

THE PLOT THICKENS-THE CONSPIRATORS SEND A MESSAGE—"THEY WILL HAVE ME TO DEAL WITH"—BOB AND HIS TRUSTY WEAPON—THE VIGIL.

Two-hand "rummy" is not a bad game if the players are care-free and can put a lot of jolly conversational byplay into the contest. But when one of the combatants is facing the first large responsibility of his life and the other is in imminent danger of being taken out and tortured with hot irons, or something like that, the competition may turn out to be an ordeal rather than a pastime.

Of the two who sat at the card-table, well over in one corner of the living-room, so that no one could shoot at them through the window, it must be admitted that Nurse Harburton was the more calm and composed. Her antagonist seemed to have lost the knack of matching up cards. The whole affair so far

as he figured in it was a series of Waterloos. He wasn't thinking of how he could spread his hand. He was thinking of that adventurous American out on the sun-baked desert, with his sweet little daughter as a companion, and three ominous horsemen approaching in single file. He wanted to learn from Miss Harburton more about that death-bed conversation with her father, but she had insisted just after dinner that both of them she forget all about the Sonora gold-mine and the untold wealth that might have been hers, and devote the evening to jovial recreation.

Soon after the game had taken on the monotonous aspect of a massacre, Jarvis, the alleged butler, came in as stealthily as possible and handed Miss Harburton a folded sheet

of paper.
"A note for you, miss," he said, and there was a tremolo in his voice. "It was handed in at the front door by a person who was bare-headed and had a handkerchief tied over his face. I asked him if there would be a reply and he said, 'She will know,' and with that he disappeared into the shrubbery. 'Straor-dinary!'

"I was expecting this," said Nurse Har-burton. She unfolded the paper and studied something, big-eyed and breathless. Then she handed the sheet of legal cap to Bob, who looked and saw a hash of letters and cross-

"It is the cipher," she explained. "Of course, you can't make head or tail of it, but Alvares wants me to walk out to the front gate alone, at midnight, and leave at the base of the large elm just south of the entrance any propositi I may have to make in yielding up the secret. He promises that if I will give the exact directions for finding the mine, I will never be watched again and one year from today one hundred thousand dollars will be deposited to my credit at the National City Bank in New

"That's utter rubbish! If you went out there—alone in the moonlight—what assurance have you that they would not seize you and drag you away, as they've already threat-ened to do? Suppose you did tell them how to find the mine and they went down to Sonora and secured the treasure, do you think you could trust Alvarez to bring any part of the gold to you?"

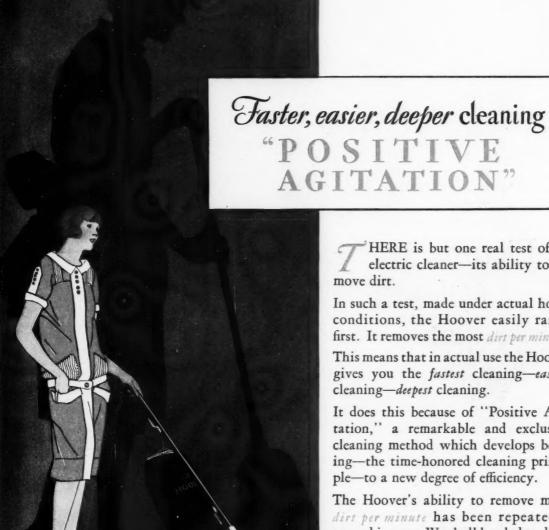
"I'm afraid not, although in all of his recent

cipher letters to me he insists that he loves me.

"My Lord! Planning to rob an innocent orphan and at the same time protesting his love! Listen! You are not going out to that elm tree to deliver any kind of a message. They will have me to deal with. I will go out and meet them at midwight?" meet them at midnight."

"You-an invalid?

"Please stop referring to my condition and let's get together on some scheme to meet this situation. You are right about the police. No use phoning them because you've got nothing on these birds. If they are arrested, how could you prove that these mysterious



It BEATS ... as it Sweeps

The accurate measure of electric cleaner efficiency is dirt per minute

HERE is but one real test of an electric cleaner-its ability to remove dirt.

In such a test, made under actual home conditions, the Hoover easily ranks first. It removes the most dirt per minute.

This means that in actual use the Hoover gives you the fastest cleaning-easiest cleaning-deepest cleaning.

It does this because of "Positive Agitation," a remarkable and exclusive cleaning method which develops beating-the time-honored cleaning principle—to a new degree of efficiency.

The Hoover's ability to remove more dirt per minute has been repeatedly proved in tests. We shall be glad to demonstrate it to you in your own home. Because of the Hoover's outstanding superiority, you owe it to yourself to see this accurate measure of its efficiency before buying any cleaner. Telephone the Authorized Hoover Dealer.

Cash prices: Model 700 Hoover, \$75. as it Cleans Model 543, \$59.50. Dusting tools, \$12.50. New . . motor-driven floor polishing attachment, \$7.50. Easy payments if desired. Only \$6.25 down. Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada. Hoover dealers will make you an allowance on your old machine.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO The oldesit and largesit maker of electric cleaners The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

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"That is a new idea"



Pictures that satisfy or a new film free!

FINE, sure film that you can depend on under all circumstances comes to you in the Ansco Speedex package-backed by a guarantee which is entirely without precedent in amateur photography.

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50 Pictures on a 50¢ Film plus screen projection

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Write for 48-page descriptive booklet

really came from Alvarez? And if you told your story to the police and reporters, who would believe it? It's all very strange and unusual—you'll admit that?"

"I've wondered a thousand times what I could do to protect myself."

"You must put yourself absolutely into the hands of someone who can cope with a bunch of ruffians. I'll phone and have Joe Reeve come out."

"Who's he?"

He

"Who's he?"

"Night clerk at our hotel. He used to be a professional boxer. He's a husky and isn't afraid of man or the Devil. We'll have him stand guard tonight and by tomorrow night he'll have out here a bunch of boys with sawed off shotguns, and I'll promise you that we'll clean up these premises so there won't be another Mexican seen around here for weeks to come."

"Are you sure he'll come?" asked Miss Harburton, exhibiting timidity and doubt, which were out of place in one about to be protected so amply. 'Who's he?"

protected so amply.

"He'll do anything I say. I own the hotel."
The invalid, as owner of vast properties and employer of man-killing night clerks, was growing on her hands and complicating the plot. Bob went to telephone, while Miss Harburton stood boldly in front of the window in spite of the fact that she was a fair target for a desperado stationed anywhere east of the

Bob came back looking somewhat like Napoleon on the eve of battle. "They have cut the wires!" he grimly said.

"The house is shut off from the outside world.

I could get past them and use an outside phone but I mustn't leave you here alone."
"I'd rather you wouldn't leave me here, because—they're out there now." 'Where?"

"Look!"

Sure enough, there stood Alvarez, Santos and Texas Pete in the most open and exposed are between the Davidge house and the Dalewood pike. It would have been more villain-like to crouch behind trees but they were statuesquely posing where the moonlight could flood them Each wore the kind of hat worn by the Presi dent of the United States when he visits a Western rodeo and poses for the news photogra-phers. Even in a pale light they reeked of the arid Southwest.

"They want me to see them," explained Nurse Harburton. "It's all part of their plan to terrify me and compel me to accede to their

This was one of the best speeches delivered by Miss Harburton since she found herself in

"They won't be so gay after I take a few shots at them," said Bob, audibly breathing

"What do you mean—take a few shots? We haven't any weapons."
"Maybe you haven't, but I have. In our of my suitcases, which I keep packed at all times. I have a new types to me by a times, I have an automatic given to me by a classmate who owns an arms factory at Worcester, Massachusetts. It shoots a cart ridge about two inches long and is guaranteed to kill at a quarter of a mile."

"You wouldn't—"

"You wouldn't—"
"I certainly would."
He went for the weapon and Miss Harburton motioned for the villains to go away. They were obdurate conspirators and stood their

CHAPTER V

THE OLD ELM—MIDNIGHT—"I DEFY YOU"—THE STOLEN CARTRIDGES—TREACHERY!—THE CONSPIRATORS IN SES-SION-HOW ABOUT JARVIS?

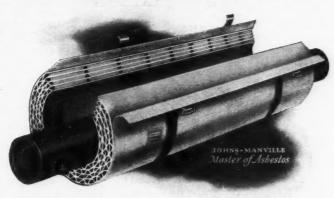
It was midnight. Bob Randle was walking along the gravel roadway leading to the east

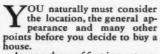
In his left hand was a message, done in cipher, which he was to leave at the old elm. The message, according to the nurse, who had

Before you decide about a house

Investigate Improved ASBESTOCE

Improved Asbestocel is a covering for heater pipes. Dead air cells enclosed in asbestos by a patented construction reduce fuel costs





Among those of first importance yet often overlooked—is this question—can the house be kept warm at a reasonable cost? The boiler may be of the newest

design. The steam or hot water pipes may be properly placed. Yet you cannot heat the house without wasting fuel unless the pipes are insulated with Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel.

When you build your house you When you build your house you will, of course, see that the heater pipes are insulated. But when you buy a house the Asbestocel may have been left out. That will mean many dollars loss, through fuel wasted, many hours of discomfort due to improperly heated rooms.

A pipe alone is not really a passageway for heat. The metal radiates the heat into the cellar, the walls or other useless places. Without insulated pipes you may some

out insulated pipes you may some-times keep a house warm but you will pay for it and pay a stiff price

in coal that is as much thrown

With Asbestocel applied the pipes become a confined highway for heat. Held in by asbestos fibres and air cells the heat flows without raste to the radiators—it is just the same whether you use hot water or steam.

The Red Band Identifies It

Before insulation is applied, look for the red band in the inner surface of the end of each section. That shows it is Asbestocel. No other product has the same arrangement of air cells separated by Asbestos. Tests show Asbesto-cel 15% superior to ordinary in-

away as if you tossed it into the ash pile direct from the bin.

water or steam.

Asbestocel means more heat from less fuel. Something white wrapped around a pipe does not necessarily mean Asbestocel. Johns-Manville, pioneer developer of asbestos, makes Asbestocel. It is scientifically designed. It is made of real asbestos. It insures the maximum of heat saving. Inthe maximum of heat saving. Insist upon Asbestocel.

Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel

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Roofs that never fail . . . From Asbestos rock, Johns-Manville fashions sturdy shingles, colorful, everlasting, and fire-proof. These shingles are the logical roofing for every home. As a new roof they make the first roofing cost the only cost. For repairing you re-roof for the last time if you use Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. The colors of these shingles never fade; rain, sun and fire will not harm them. They give a cottage greater charm or add to the distinction of a house.

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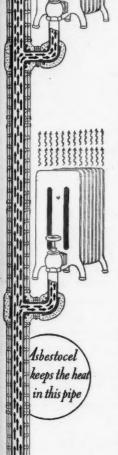
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Send me your free booklet "More Heat from Less Fuel" to the address indicated on the margin below



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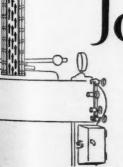
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See what Snider mulling does for catsup

HAVE you ever tasted catsup that is mulled the Snider way?

This marvellous method of blending spices with sun-ripened tomatoes has helped to put Snider's Catsup in a preferred class.

Preferred by those who want sparkling flavor, preferred by those who look for a condiment with a difference.

That all catsup does not taste alike is a discovery many people are surprised to make, the first time they try Snider's. But it is a familiar fact to the countless others who



have been using this catsup for years and enjoying its distinctive flavor.

What do you think? Don't say "catsup" but say "Snider's", and put to the test its individuality of recipe and its delightful mulled blandness.

prepared it with much care, read as follows:

I defy you. BEATRICE HARBURTON

In his right hand was the dark blue weapon presented to him by Billy Cliff of Worcester, Massachusetts.

He had promised not to shoot unless attacked. As Miss Harburton had put it, they were not entitled to mercy, but at the same time he did not wish to have blood on his hands, did he?

Now he wished that he had not made the Now he wished that he had not made the promise. Three cold-blooded brutes deliberately hounding, day and night, the most beautiful, luscious, delectable, intelligent and high-spirited specimen of American girlhood! Why should he spare them? Why had he devoted days and weeks to shooting at clay pigeons and improving his marksmanship, only to weaken when he had a chance to make some real use of his skill?

The message had a tack through it and he had been instructed to nail it high up on the

had been instructed to nail it high up on the trunk of the tree. It seemed that Miss Harburton, even in her most persecuted moments, was a stickler for detail.

He used the butt of the automatic as a hamber and then turned and there one received.

He used the butt of the automatic as a hammer and then turned, and there, once more courting the open glare of the moonlight, were Alvarez, Santos and Texas Pete! There was no mistaking them. They still wore the same

Bob thought swiftly. He had promised to spare their lives, but why not let them know that they might expect cold lead if they became too bold?

He would kick up the turf in front of them, the same as Billy the Kid used to do, when in a playful mood. He took careful aim and began pumping.

A succession of empty clicks. He looked into the weapon. The cartridges had been extracted!

He returned to the house—rather rapidly. As he scooted away, for no particular reason Alvarez said to Texas Pete: "It looked and sounded like a gun. I hereby turn over to you the business, at two o'clock, of putting the naked arm in between the curtains and wigglin' it around."

Is that part of the scenario?"

"Absolutely."
"How about the getaway?

"Jarvis will let us in and I'll keep the door open so you can make a quick exit."
"Before I tackle anything like that, I want

much coffee.

"The sandwiches and the vacuum bottle are now due at the grape arbor. They come right after the episode of the old elm tree and the midnight message."
"I'd like to slip somebody else that business with the naked arm."

Santos spoke for the first time. He said, "Nothing doing."

At that very moment Bob Randle was telling Nurse Harburton that there was only one explanation for the mysterious disappearance

explanation for the mysterious disappearance of all the cartridges. Jarvis, the butler, was in collusion with the villains.

"I filled the automatic and placed it on the table in the hallway while I went up and changed from my dressing-gown to a coat," he said. "When I got outside and pulled the trigger the thing was empty."

"You promised not to shoot."

"I lost control of myself when I saw them standing there, so impudent and brazen. This whole conspiracy against you has been so blamed cowardly and sneaking and contemptible that I couldn't resist the temptation to throw a scare into them." throw a scare into them.'

throw a scare into them."

"Jarvis has a good face."

"What's his face got to do with it? Someone took those cartridges out of the gun in a hurry. Now, all of the cartridges are gone. Jarvis has been hanging around all evening tiptoeing along the hallways, peeking around the corners, jumping every time I took a hard look at him. I think he's in with them. If he is, I'll get him and get him right." is, I'll get him and get him right."

ELECT

Sniders The mulled catsup



CHILI SAUCE COCKTAIL SAUCE FRESH-KEPT VEGETABLES & FRUITS IN GLASS & TIN

One of the smaller models, yet it holds all this food



And this great food storage space is just one vital element of value!

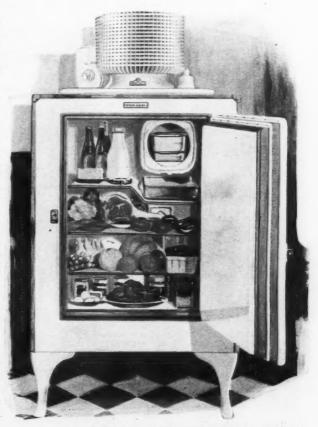
Just look at this model of the General Electric Refrigerator. It is called the seven cubic foot size, but that gives you no indication of its vast shelf area. It actually has twelve square feet of space for food.

Visualize a shelf one foot wide and twelve feet long.... that's the room you have for food in this seemingly small refrigerator. The compactness of the chilling chamber makes for this great roominess. It is scarcely larger than the two trays in which its gleaming ice cubes are made.

All the mechanism of the refrigerator is enclosed in one hermetically sealed steel casing inside the coils. It is sealed in there with a permanent supply of oil. All work is *completed* in the General Electric factory, where it is tested and retested. No additional work is done when the refrigerator is installed. It merely has to be put into place and plugged into any convenience outlet.

Remarkable, too, is the absence of all belts, fans, pipes, and connections. You have already noticed that there isn't a bit of machinery under the refrigerator. There is none in the basement either.

See these unusually quiet and spacious refrigerators. Study them carefully from every possible angle. Remember that they are made and



guaranteed by General Electric. Compare them with all others before you decide. And just drop us a card for booklet E-4. It gives complete descriptions and specifications.

GENERAL SELECTRIC Refrigerator

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT . OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY . HANNA BUILDING . CLEVELAND. OHIO

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One of the smaller models, yet it holds all this food



And this great food storage space is just one vital element of value!

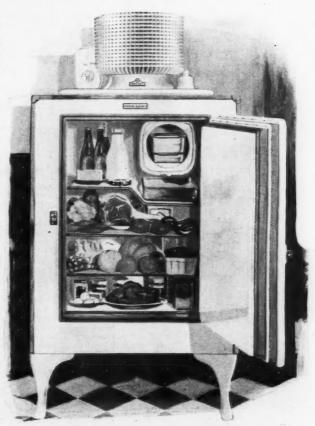
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All the mechanism of the refrigerator is enclosed in one hermetically sealed steel casing inside the coils. It is sealed in there with a permanent supply of oil. All work is *completed* in the General Electric factory, where it is tested and retested. No additional work is done when the refrigerator is installed. It merely has to be put into place and plugged into any convenience outlet.

Remarkable, too, is the absence of all belts, fans, pipes, and connections. You have already noticed that there isn't a bit of machinery under the refrigerator. There is none in the basement either.

See these unusually quiet and spacious refrigerators. Study them carefully from every possible angle. Remember that they are made and



guaranteed by General Electric. Compare them with all others before you decide. And just drop us a card for booklet E-4. It gives complete descriptions and specifications.

GENERAL SELECTRIC Refrigerator



Until you know dermutation you have yet to realize the perfect shave—for dermutation is that special property in Mennen Shaving Cream which softens and mollifies the toughest beard; which relaxes and levels the microscopic skin peaks at the base of each hair, so that the razor glides swiftly and smoothly without nicking or scraping these tiny mounds. No soreness; no rawness; no burning; no free alkali. And five soothing emollients tone up the skin, leaving it soft and smooth for hours to come

For After Shave:

There's a dash of brisk coolness in Mennen Skin Baim that's delightful. And Mennen Talcum for Men tones down face shine. The Mennen Company, Newark, N.J., and Toronto, Ont.

"Never mind what that simple-minded old galoot said. He didn't know what we'd be up against. You do exactly as I tell you."

Hoping that everything would be for the best, she climbed the stairway.

CHAPTER VI

THE MISSING CARTRIDGES—JARVIS IS CAUGHT RED-HANDED—THE ARM BETWEEN THE CURTAINS—A BATTLE IN THE MOON-LIGHT-BEAUTY IN DISTRESS.

It was about one A.M. when Bob Randle, watch-dog, called up to Miss Harburton that everything was all right and she might come down. She found him slightly mussed up but wide-awake and combative. He gave her a

copious report.

It seemed that he went to Jarvis' room to search for the missing cartridges, after looking all through the house without finding the butler. The cook and the maid were up, patrolling the hallway, wanting to know what it was all about. They had seen the men standing around in the moonlight and, also, they had been kept awake by the uneasy activities of

"I was rummaging in the butler's room when I was rummaging in the outler's room when I happened to look out of the back window," Bob explained. "Jarvis was out in the arbor serving food and drink to Alvarez and the others. I knew I was right about him. Well, I waited until he came back to his room and then I hopped him."
"Hopped him?"

"I've got him in the servants' bath, trussed up like a chicken, with a bath towel over his mouth, so that he can't squeal. The cook and mount, so that he can't squeal. The cook and the maid became alarmed by the struggle and, I think, both of them have left the house. At least, I can't find them. I've been choking Jarvis a little, trying to find out where the cartridges are, but he just keeps shaking his head."

"Poor man!"

"Isn't that like a girl? I discover that he's in with this gang and put him out of the way and rough him up some, and you begin to pity

They were in the living-room. Between the living-room and the spacious vestibule there was a wide doorway curtained with portières part of the remaining Victorian scheme of decoration. Bob was facing the doorway.

Suddenly, from between the curtains, there appeared a long white arm. It emerged with a sneaky, slithering motion, such as might have been expected from an amateur attempting the cobra dance. It was not the sun-baked arm of a desert desperado and the muscular development was not that of a rugged athlete,

but it was spooky and creepy, no denying.

Bob said "Great Scott!" and pointed. Miss
Harburton saw it and shrieked. The arm began to withdraw slowly, like an alligator re-tiring to his lair. It should have withdrawn more rapidly, for Bob Randle was through the

curtains in two bounds.

He gave Texas Pete the blow technically known as a "sock in the jaw" and the wild man from the land of cactus, who had killed a gambler in Tucson, fell over a hall ornament made of the leg of an elephant, presented to the Davidge family by a relative who had hunted out of Mombasa, East Africa. This squatty receptacle contained several walking-sticks and umbrellas, which spread themselves on the floor with a clatter as Texas Pete came to his feet and ran for the open front door.

Bob followed him. He circled around the shrubbery and headed toward the Dalewood

Miss Harburton saw it all from the living-

Bob overtook Texas Pete just between the lilac bushes and an old-fashioned flower-bed,

"You must be careful. A person in your circular in form. He brought the bad man to earth and sat on him and began to pound the sod, using the head of Texas Pete as a pounder.

H

It was then that Alvarez, arch-conspirator and petted favorite of the Mexican govern-ment, came timidly into the moonlit area and said, in the manner of a Sunday-school superintendent rebuking the infant class, "Come, come, this is carrying the thing too far."

He arose from the motionless form of the

Arizona murderer and leaped at Alvarez, as a hungry cat might go at an English sparrow. Miss Harburton was some distance away, but she could hear the cries of pain.

She saw Alvarez hold up his hands as Bob searched him for deadly weapons. She saw Santos come into the clearing, still hiding under a gigantic sombrero and carrying another of the same kind. She was not near enough to hear what he said to Bob. What he said was, "Permit me to explain."

Evidently he was not permitted. Bob started toward him and he ran into the deep shadows of the trees. Texas Pete sat up, very groggy. Alvarez cautiously lowered his

"If you two show up here again, I'll blow you full of holes," said Bob fiercely. "This is our farewell appearance in these rôles," said Alvarez. He spoke decisively.
"I'll say it is," added Texas Pete.

Bob returned to the house. Miss Harburton was lying on the couch in a faint. She had watched the fight through to a finish and then

"Poor child!" said Bob, lifting her head and putting it on his shoulder. Then because she was so limp and quiet and unconscious, he kissed her.

"Oh-h-h-h-h!" exclaimed Nurse Harburton, opening her eye

Which might have meant almost anything, under the circumstances.

CHAPTER VII

MORNING—DOCTOR BUTLER RECEIVES A MESSAGE—THE CONSPIRATORS UNCOV-ERED-A MAIDEN IN TEARS-"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

It was far into the morning of a made-to-order May day when Miss Harburton awoke and found herself on the couch, fully attired in the uniform of a nurse and a little whirly in the head. Bob was asleep in the large chair. His hair was tousled and his cravat was at an

She remembered about Jarvis, so she tiptoed from the room and went to the servant quarters at the rear of the second floor. The butler was reclining uncomfortably on the bathroom floor with his hands tied behind him. She liberated him and told him it was all a mistake.

Mistake or no mistake, he was for tendering his resignation. He spoke very harshly of the United States and expressed a desire to return to the Streatham district of London. Miss Harburton cajoled him and promised to cooperate with him on the breakfast problem. Minnie and Gertrude, the cook and the maid, were still missing—driven from home by a superabundance of Mexican mystery and

midnight maneuvering.

When the patient was aroused and informed that the bacon and eggs were ready, he looked up wildly at his serene protectress and mumWrite

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Coron

bled, "I fell asleep—just couldn't help it."
"Of course you couldn't, and before we go into the dining-room you must promise to leave poor Jarvis alone. He served coffee and sandwiches to those men last night thinking they were friends of yours, sent out here to protect

"He's crazy. What's his alibi for stealing the cartridges?"

"The maid must have taken them. She and

the cook have disappeared." It was all very baffling. After he had splashed some cold water on his face and was eagerly attacking a hot breakfast, he told Miss Harburton that he had traveled a great



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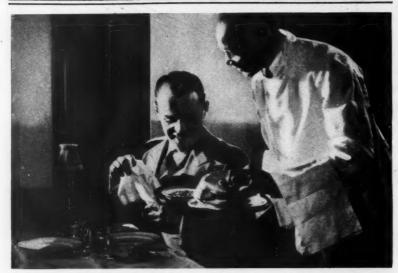
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Jastrogen Tablets bring quick relief from indigestionand without distress from gas



"Because I travel quite a bit, my living habits are sometimes irregular, and I suffer from an occasional attack of indigestion," writes Mr. B. Donlevy of 19 West 48th St., New York. "I had grown to expect and dread a siege of gas and hiccups every time I took a dose of soda. But when I learned that Gastrogen Tablets work so quietly, I decided to try them-and I'm glad I did. They stop my indigestion quickly with no aftermath of belching, and they taste so good it's a treat to take them."

Many people almost prefer the discomfort of indigestion to the embarrassing disturbance that a dose of soda usually

For by its very nature, soda can't avoid leaving an alkaline residue in the stomach. This residue hampers normal digestion and creates the gas that causes hic-cups, belching and distressing internal rumblings.

Gastrogen Tablets contain no soda. They are compounded of antacids that cannot act except in the presence of acid. So, after neutralizing the acidity of the stomach, they cease their work entirely and any excess passes from the system harm-lessly and unchanged. You get quick relief—you get effective relief (for Gastrogen does not retard normal digestion) error of belching.

Gastrogen Tablets work so quickly that they drive away the discomforts of indigestion, heartburn and gas in 5 or 10 minutes. Two or three tablets are usually effective. Get them today-try them next time your dinner brings you discomfortyou'll be surprised and delighted at the quick and comfortable relief they bring, and you'll enjoy their spicy, aromatic flavor every time you take them.

Druggists have Gastrogen Tablets in bandy pocket-tins of 15 Tablets for 20c and in cabinetsize bottles of 60 Tablets for 60c.

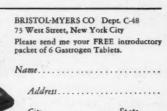
and you avoid the embarrassments of eructation, the medical term for the social

Of Special Interest to Physicians and Druggists: This reaction shows what happens in the stomach when you take soda:

HCI+NaHCO3=NaCI+CO2+H2O

Notice the quantity of carbon dioxide set free, then compare it with this equation, which pictures the action of Gastrogen

HCI+%CaCOa= 14CaCl2+14CO2+14H2O



deal and had many strange experiences but this run-in with Alvarez was about the most thrilling of the lot.

Then in walked Doctor Jeff Butler. He had intended to postpone his first professional visit to the rest-cure until the patient had enjoyed several days of quiet and relaxation, but early that morning he had received an urgent telephone message from the principal

delicatessen store in Elmwood.

The message intimated that virtue had been triumphant ahead of schedule and that three abject villains were getting ready to lead pure

"Well, how is our patient this morning?" asked Doctor Butler, in that cheery and resonant voice which had helped so much to make him a hospital favorite

"He's doing wonderfully well-considering," replied the nurse.

"Considering what? Let's see your chart."
"She hasn't taken my pulse or temperature,
because we've been too busy," spoke up Bob promptly, determined to be witness in her behalf.

"You mean that she-"It wasn't her fault."

"Three gentlemen to see the doctor," announced Jarvis.

Alvarez, the black-hearted, appeared in the doorway leading to the living-room and said, "Doc, I'd like to speak to you."

He had exchanged the picturesque sombrero

for a modest fedora, but he still wore the black

Behind him were Texas Pete and Santos, back to the tame head-gear of the anemic cities and looking most unformidable in the cold light of day.

Our hero stared at the trio in choking sur-

"Calm down, Bob," said Doctor Jeff. "I want you to meet Wilfred Forrest, Ernest Clifford and Guy Chatsworth. These boys belong to our summer stock company. were in Europe when they played here last year. They open the Grand again next week. What is your first play, boys?"

What is your hrst play, boys?"
"We are offering by special arrangement a big New York hit called 'The Spider,' " replied Mr. Forrest, leading man, alias Juan Alvarez, conspirator. "It is a mystery play. I may add that hereafter all of our mystery plays will be enacted behind the footlights."

At that moment daylight began to flood the premises so far as the patient was concerned. He turned a fierce accusing gaze at Nurse Harburton, disappointed heiress, who attempted a nervous giggle and then began to shed the kind of real tears which can be induced at Hollywood only by the use of ammonia and onions.

"Uncle Jeff is to blame for everything," she explained, rather brokenly. "He made me come up from Salisbury and read that crazy story of——"
"The story is not crazy," interrupted Doctor Butler. "It's a dandy story. The fool publishers never found it interesting, but Bob ate

it up."
"You referred to him as 'Uncle Jeff,'" said
Bob. "Do you mind explaining?"

Bob be the

"My niece, whose name happens to be Beth Harmon, won the beauty contest in her col-lege in 1925," announced Doctor Jeff, coming

to the rescue.

"And she is twenty-one years of age," added

Bob. "She told me that herself."
"She was twenty-three in February," said
the doctor. "Her arrival was my first case."

"That's all very interesting, but why was she selected for the honor of watching over me? Also, doctor, is there any gold in Sonora and how about that cipher?"

"All part of a humane plot to help you. I am an old-fashioned allopath, with a secret and heretical confidence in the efficacy of mental healing. I believe that anyone who is busy protecting someone else never finds time to worry about his own condition. The woman who has three children of school age seldom has a nervous breakdown. That luxury is 8

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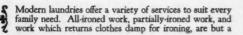
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reserved for the pampered creature with a dog

and several servants.

"When you came to me you were in a coagulated condition so far as your emotions and ambitions were concerned. You were introspective and immersed in self-pity. I, with the assistance of my charming niece and my good friends of the stage and the faithful Jarvis, arranged for you an experience which, we hoped, might stir you to the depths, put the blood into circulation and arouse in you those human qualities which have been more or less dormant since you inherited so much

"You took those cartridges!" almost shouted Bob, at Beth. He had not been listening to the

"Guilty, of course," she replied, and she gave him a beseeching look. "You see, we have so few speaking actors left, I didn't want any of them killed."

He gazed at her devouringly. What a

clever girl, to take in and bamboozle one of

the cleverest men in the world!

"I told you I heard a gun click," said Mr. Forrest, leading man, to Mr. Clifford, heavy man.

"We accepted the engagement on condition that no firearms were to be employed. Also, we were assured that the whole idea was to provide diversion and entertainment for an invalid who needed excitement. We were not informed that this physical wreck had once been named by Grantland Rice as a tackle in the second All-American eleven. My dear young lady, I congratulate you on having found so valiant a champion."

After which beautiful speech, the actors departed.

Doctor Jeff studied his patient and his subdued but resentful niece.
"What is the program?" he asked.
"We leave the haunted house—today," re-

plied Bob, with emphasis.

"I should be in Salisbury tomorrow evening,"

said Miss Harmon. "The Peabodys are giving

a party."
"I will drive you back home," said Bob. He was telling her. He was not asking her.
"I'll be ready any time."

Five minutes later the three were out on rive minutes later the three were out on the Dalewood pike in Doctor Butler's coupé— pronounced "coop" in Gridley. The younger people were crowded together, but they did not seem to mind. They were looking at each other as if wondering when, and by whom, the apologies should begin.

Doctor Jeff was humming his favorite, "The Prisoner's Song"—the part which goes as

follows:

"I wisht I had someone to love me, Someone to caw-hawl my own; I wisht I had someone to live with; I'm tie-urd of liv-ing alone."

Everything looked highly satisfactory to

There Are Smiles by Ring W. Lardner (Continued from page 35)

suppose when your ears are cold, you stop another car and borrow its hood." "I'll remember that one."

"Now what next? Do you ever get hit?" "Right along, but just glancing blows. I very seldom get knocked down and run over." "Doesn't it almost kill you, standing on your

feet all day?" "It ain't near as bad as if it was my hands

Seriously, Madam, I get so used to it that I sleep that way nights." 'Don't the gasoline fumes make you sick?" "They did at first, but now I can't live with-out them. I have an apartment near a public

garage so I can run over there any time and re-fume myself."
"How tall are you?"

"Six feet ten.
"Not really!"

"You know better, don't you? I'm six feet four, but when women ask me, I tell them anything from six feet eight to seven feet two. And they always say, 'Heavens!' "
"Which do you have the most trouble with,

.. men drivers or women drivers?"

"Men drivers." "Honestly?

"Sure. There's fifty times as many of them."

"Do lots of people ask you questions?"
"No. You're the first one."
"Were you mad at me for calling you cute the other day?"

"I couldn't be mad at you."
A silence of many blocks followed. The girl certainly did drive fast and Ben might have been more nervous if he had looked ahead, but

mostly his eyes were on her profile which was only a little less alluring than her smile.

"Look where we are!" she exclaimed as they approached Fordham Road. "And you live at a Hundred and sixty-fourth! Why didn't

you tell me?"

"I didn't notice."

"Don't get out. I'll drive you back."
"No, you won't. I'll catch a ride. There's a fella up this way I want to see."

"You were nice to take a chance with me and not to act scared. Will you do it again?" "Whenever you say."

"I drive in once a week. I go down to Green-wich Village to visit my sister. Generally on Mondays

"Next Monday I'll be on the late shift."
"Let's make it the Monday after."

"That's a long ways off."

"The time will pass. It always does."

It did, but so haltingly! And the day arrived with such a threat of rain that Ben was afraid she wouldn't come in. Later on, when the threat was fulfilled and the perils of motoring trebled by a steady drizzle and slippery pavements, he was afraid she would. Prudence, he knew, was not in her make-up and if she had an engagement with her sister, nothing short of a flood would prevent her keeping it.

Just before his luncheon time, the Cadillac passed, going south. Its top was up and its squeegee flying back and forth across the front

Through the rain he saw the girl smile and wave at him briefly. Traffic was thick and treacherous and both must keep their minds on it.

It was still drizzling when she reappeared and stopped for him at four.
"Isn't this a terrible day?" she said.

"Not now!"

She smiled, and in an instant he forgot all the annoyance and discomfort of the preceding

"If we leave the top up, you'll get stoop-shouldered, and if we take it down, we'll be drowned."

"Leave it up. I'm all right."
"Do you mind if we don't talk much? I feel

He didn't answer and nothing more was said until they turned east at Mount Morris Park.

"I could find out your name," she said, "by remembering your number and having some body look it up. But you can save me the trouble by telling me."

"My name is Ben Collins. And I could learn yours by demanding to see your driver's license."

"Heavens! Don't do that! I haven't any. But my name is Edith Dole."
"Edith Dole. Edith Dole," said Ben.

"Do you like it?"

"It's pretty."

"It's a funny combination. Edith means happiness and Dole means grief."
"Well," said Ben, "you'll have plenty of

grief if you drive without a license. You'li have it anyway if you drive fast on these kind of streets. There's nothing skiddier than car-tracks when it's raine?"

tracks when it's raining."

They were on upper Madison and the going was dangerous. But that was not the only reason he wanted her to slow down.

Silence again until they were on the Con-

"Are you married?" she asked him suddenly.
"No," he lied. "Are you?"
"I will be soon."
"Who to?"

"A man in Buffalo."

"Are you stuck on him?"
"I don't know. But he wants me and my father wants him to have me.

"Will you live in Buffalo?"

"No. He's coming here to be my father's partner." "And yours?"

"Yes. Oh, dear! Here's a Hundred and sixty-fourth and I mustn't take you past it today, not in this weather. Do you think you

can extricate yourself?"
He managed it with some difficulty.

"I don't suppose I'll see you again for two weeks."
"I'm afraid not," she said.

He choked down the words that wanted to ome out. "Miss Dole," he said, "take my advice and don't try for no records getting home. Just loaf along and you'll be there an hour before your supper's ready. Will you? For that guy's sake in Buffalo?"

Yes.

"And my sake, too."
Gosh! What a smile to remember

He must walk slow and give himself a chance to calm down before he saw Grace. Why had he told the girl he wasn't married? What did she care?

Grace's greeting was a sharp command.
"Take a hot bath right away! And wear your bath-robe afterwards. We won't be going anywhere tonight."

She and May Arnold had been in Mount Vernon at a card-party, They had got soaked coming home. She talked about it all through supper, thank the Lord!

After supper he tried to read, but couldn't. He listened awhile to the Ohman and Arden record which his wife couldn't get enough of. He went to bed, wishing he could sleep and dream, wishing he could sleep two weeks.

He was up early, early enough to look at the paper before breakfast. "Woman Motorist Killed By Street-Car in Bronx." His eyes felt funny as he read: "Miss Edith Dole, twenty-two, of Rye, was instantly killed when the automobile she was driving skidded and struck a street-car at the corner of Fordham Road and Webster Ayenue the Brony, ebortly after four-Webster Avenue, the Bronx, shortly after fourthirty yesterday afternoon.

"Grace," he said in a voice that was not his own, "I forgot. I'm supposed to be on the job at seven this morning. There's some kind of a parade."

Out of the house, alone, he talked aloud to himself for the first time since he was a kid. "I can't feel as bad as I think I do. I only

seen her four or five times. I can't really feel this bad."

Well, on an afternoon two or three weeks later, a man named Hughes from White Plains, driving a Studebaker, started across Fortysixth Street out of turn and obeyed a stern

order to pull over to the curb.

"What's your hurry?" demanded the grimfaced traffic policeman. "Where the hell do
you think you're going? What's the matter

with you, you so-and-so!"

"I forgot myself for a minute. I'm sorry,"
said Mr. Hughes. "If you'll overlook it, !"
pick you up on my way home and take you to the Bronx. Remember, I give you a ride home last month? Remember? That is, it was a fella that looked like you. That is, he looked something like you. I can see now it wasn't you. It was a different fella."

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Tide of Empire by Peter B. Kyne (Continued from page 89)

Rancho Arroyo Chico-alone, and manage it as best I can. But tell me, my friend. How much gold would you have lent my father with

the Rancho as security?

"I would have lent him fifty thousand dollars—a dollar an acre—and no land in California is worth that as yet. But in the days to come that fifty thousand acres will be worth a great fortune; it was well to plan to have it slip through your father's fingers into my out-stretched hand. In the fulness of time I would have foreclosed."

"And the Guerreros-penniless, left to the

cold mercy of the gringo!"
"I did not plan for that. I hoped you would

"I told you I was not to be bought like a

steer.

"I understood that, thoroughly. When the Rancho Arroyo Chico should have come into my possession, it would have represented the fruits of my labor, would it not? Surely, you realize how I toil for the gold I planned to pay for it?"

"Yes, I suppose that is true, Don Dermod!"

"I'T SEEMED to me, in that event, I might have the privilege of having toiled for you. Josepha, I have dreamed such dreams. I have looked into the future and found it a future rosy for the conqueror but drab and unlovely for the conquered. Even now the ruthless invaders occupy your heritage, fattening upon it,

planning to deprive you of it.
"In his pursuit of territory the Anglo-Saxon is ruthless, Josepha, justifying his ruthlessness on the ground of greater efficiency, the taking, by force if necessary, from the few for the greater good of the greatest number. When that day comes to you, Josepha, come to me and I will protect you—without price, without hope of reward other than the joy and pride I shall have in serving you-and yours.

"I will lend you money—without security; and when the title to the Rancho Arroyo Chico shall at length be certified by the United States of America and a patent issued for it, you will have no difficulty selling a little part of it and

repaying me.
"I love you; I adore you; my life will be desolate without you, but-I would not have you save for love and with love. And circumstances have rendered that impossible. The ghost of Romauldo and the resentment against the

gringo will always forbid it."
She nodded. "Even if it did not, the present is a poor time to consider it, Don Dermod. Still, I am glad to have had this understanding. I think, perhaps, I shall never know a more noble gringo, or a more foolish one, or one more undiplomatic and belligerent . . . Well, which is to be will be, thou childish one. Well, that with thy strange dreams to the dreadful tasks that call to thee-and I will pray that the good God will give to thee all that thou dost desire.'

Abruptly she turned from him, took up a bucket and departed with it for a distant spring. Across the room he saw Bejabers en-gaged in low-voiced earnest conversation with the girl Madge. The Bart still immersed in his delirium, was watching a horse-race at the Curragh of Kildare. In the long, drafty, hastily constructed ward men moaned and cursed and wept, or were silent, according to

their natures.

Spring of 1850. Along the streams the gaunt willows had put forth their buds; bears, released from their winter sleep, prowled among them, biting off the tender green shoots; deer coughed in the timber and in the valley of the Sacramento calves protested mournfully to their wild mothers, intent on the spring migration to the foot-hills. Along the trail up the valley caravan after caravan of covered wagons crawled, northbound to some fancied El Dorado, after having passed the winter in the lowlands.

Everywhere one heard the bellowing of oxen,

the ring of axes and the eager queries of new arrivals, the greetings between former friends and neighbors. One smelled the wood-smoke of a thousand camp-fires, one sensed spring in one's heart even as one sensed it in this new fat land.

But it was not spring in the heart of Mr. Poppy. It was winter. On a day in April, after a march from Stockton during which he had earned his meals and the use of a blanket o' nights by prodding six yoke of oxen hitched to a prairie schooner, he halted his teams at the crossing of the Arroyo Chico and handed his ox-goad to the Illinois farmer who had engaged him in the dual capacity of bull-whacker and

"Here's where we part," said Mr. Poppy. "I'm headed for Happy Camp, up the creek."
"Wait a minute," the Argonaut suggested.

'Read that there sign."

Beside the trail that branched off to Happy Camp Mr. Poppy saw a sign, with a crudely drawn finger pointing up the arroyo. He read:

This road leads to Happy Camp which is under quarantine for smallpox of the worst kind. If you go in, you stay in.

By Order Of CITIZENS' COMMITTEE

The Illinois farmer grinned and made as if to hand the ox-goad back to Mr. Poppy. But the latter waved it aside.

"I have friends in Happy Camp, and whether they are dead or alive, I'm going to call on them. Smallpox or ravening tigers, it's little grant to rea. I'm going them. all the same to me. I'm going home. Good-by and good luck to you."

He turned into the trail, but suddenly, discovering a curious weakness stealing over him, sat down on the low cut-bank to rest and watch the endless tide of new destinies flowing across the ford of the Arroyo Chico. For an hour he sat there, but no man turned east up the trail to Happy Camp, nor did any man come down. In fact, as Mr. Poppy presently discovered, no

traffic of any kind had passed over the Happy Camp road for several days, and this knowledge added to his perturbation and unhappiness. He felt fey with tragedy weak with a premoni-

tion of approaching doom.

So presently he had recourse to the last com-fort left to him—prayer. He prayed for strength, moral and physical, he prayed for Happy Camp and he sent forth a special prayer for his friends there. Then, his weakness passing, he rose and swung away up the deserted road, his long legs stretched in a strenuous stride

As he came up from the Arroyo Chico to the little meadow where Happy Camp had once sprawled in joyous disorder, he was appalled by a fear that it was deserted. The camp had shriveled to a quarter of its former size, the Mansion House porch was deserted, the door to the Stage Drivers' Retreat was closed and not a soul walked the single winding street.

Smoke rose from but one cabin chimney, and with a thrill Mr. Poppy realized that this was the cabin he called home. He broke into a dog-trot, shouting as he came the names of all of his friends and wondering in a bewildered, terrified way how many of them would answer

Dermod D'Arcy came to the door. "You good old human scarecrow!" he yelled, and ran out to clasp Mr. Poppy in his young arms and give him a bear-like hug. "So you came back

to us! Couldn't scare you away, could they?"
"Oh, God, I thank thee!" Mr. Poppy had
drifted far from his ecclesiastical youth, but, like most sinners, in moments of stress he remembered his old allegiance and gave thanks where it belonged. He was shaken with emotion, not only to see D'Arcy again but to receive such an enthusiastic welcome. "The rest

of the boys," he pleaded. "Where are they?" "All safe and sound, with the exception of the Bart. He's with us but—he's blind. Do not appear to notice it, Mr. Poppy, and what-ever you do, don't sympathize with him. He can stand anything but that. Don't permit his

appearance to shock you.

Together they entered the cabin and found the company at the midday meal. Two women sat with them. Bejabers relieved himself of a hearty piece of profanity, McCready and Jud-son yelled lustily, and Vilmont and Jim Toy grinned at him like a pair of gargoyles, before falling upon the prodigal to grasp his hand and shower upon his thin back many a hearty thump and slap.

Dermod, you interduce him to the ladies. while I rustle up a plate and some grub for our wanderin' boy," Bejabers ordered. "Hell's fire, dominie, you look like you been rustlin' around with the husks and the swine."

"Thave been, Bejabers." Mr. Poppy bowed as D'Arcy introduced him to Madge and Josepha Guerrero. "Where's the Bart?" he demanded.

"I'm over here," Sir Humphrey cried from the shadows at the rear of the cabin. "I est alone these days. While I haven't seen myself I've seen enough others in my fix to know what I look like. Far be it from me to spoil the appetites of my friends."

"You blithering old picture of misfortune, you look good to me!" Mr. Poppy yelled, and fell upon his partner. "Bless your heart, I'm glad to see you again, Sir Humphrey." "Same here," the Bart replied with grim irony, and hugged his friend. "Where's Martha?"

"I—I couldn't find her," Mr. Poppy quavered. "I spent all the gold the boys gave me seeking her. On my word of honor, I have behaved myself."

"Ye're the unluckiest lad I've ever know I'm sorry, partner." The Bart patted the thin shoulder paternally. "But this is no time for

discussion. Ye're hungry. Fall to it."

During the meal Mr. Poppy listened to the story of the dreadful happenings of the past winter, and then related the brief tale of his own adventures. He had got track of Martha at a cheap hotel in San Francisco, from which she had departed three weeks prior to his ar rival in that city, leaving no forwarding address. He had searched San Francisco and followed faint clues to Stockton, Sacramento and Marysville; he had been as far south as Sonora, and he had returned to Happy Camp broken in purse and spirit.

"I had a faint hope she might be here," he quavered, "so I came back. Is she here?"

WE HAVE not seen her," D'Arcy replied.
"She would not be likely to come here on account of the smallpox. However, she may come later when it becomes known that the disease is apparently wiped out. We haven't had a new case in a month-and last week, woman in Happy Camp pulled out. They were afraid of the place, afraid of a recurrence of the disease." when the quarantine was lifted, every man as

"The Arroyo Chico will not be overrun with miners this year," Bejabers prophesied. "They'll all be scared the disease'll bust out ag'in. Better stake yourself a claim, Mr. Poppy, and git busy. The water'll soon be down to normal and if you work hard you'll forgit your misfortune.

But Mr. Poppy shook his head. "The Bart and I each have a better claim off yonder in the hills. The gold's coarser, more plentiful and easier to get at. I'd rather operate there, my friends. It's lonelier but the temptations are not so numerous."

"Mebbe somebody's jumped your claim?" "Not probable, Bejabers. It's been twenty feet under the snow all winter. We have a cabin of sorts there and if I could get in a jag of provisions, some new tools and blankets I'd

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"Take fellers yo work an peacocks trying to them to they can

settle down and soon get out enough gold to reimburse you boys for your loan."
"To blazes with the loan. It was a gift."
Thus McCready.

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ve ve beBut Mr. Poppy ignored him. "I'm all through with being the man I was. From now on I'm going to stand on my own feet and not lean on my friends. Sir Humphrey, would you care to go back on Hot Creek with me? You're

care to go back on Hot Creek with me? You're still my partner and I'm going to need you sofi only to remind me of my responsibility toward life. I'll take care of you, partner."

The company looked around at the Bart and he, poor sightless helpless man, realized this. "I'll go with Poppy," he answered. "Together we got into the mining excitement and together we'll stick. At least, by my presence and with a little futile puttering around it, I can hold my claim until his is cleaned out; then he can work on mine. After that—""

can hold my claim until his is cleaned out; then he can work on mine. After that—""Don't borrow trouble," D'Arcy interrupted.
"I admire you for your splendid intentions, Mr. Poppy, and your friends here will see you to your old claim, pack in provisions for you and build you a cabin."

There was no further argument. When the meal was finished Mr. Poppy went with Bejabers, McCready and Judson, Vilmont and Jim Toy, for a stroll about the remnants of Happy Camp, leaving D'Arcy with the others. Presently D'Arcy turned to Madge Minturn. "Well, Madge, it appears we have completed the vicious circle, and from thoughts of misery and death we must now turn to thoughts of

and death we must now turn to thoughts of happiness and life. Have you any plans for the future, and do you object to discussing them

nture, and do you object to discussing them with me?"

There was a touch of grimness in the girl's smile. "I fell into a small fortune when Henry died," she replied. "I'm not his legal heir, but I do not know who is—and I suppose I'm entitled to his gold. After all, I did the best I could by Feather River Henry. When you're taking Señorita Guerrero back to her ranch you might lend me a mule and I'll go below with you. I'll just be moving on." "Well, wherever you wander, Madge, never forget that you're near to us and dear to us; if the world should ever bear heavily upon you, come back to your comrades of the dark days. We'll see you over the rough part of the trail." Josepha Guerrero's glance rested upon him like a benediction as her hand sought that of the lady who was not quite a lady. "At the Rancho Arroyo Chico, Madge, there always will be a welcome for you. It will be lonesome for you who have lived a full life, but—it is always one place where you can come to rest and think: "Wall now, what do I do next?"

always one place where you can come to rest and think: 'Well, now, what do I do next?' And what you do next is no business of mine.' Madge laughed—a little harshly. "Thank you, dearie, but I think I'd better not disgrace

you by accepting. You're a sweet thing to ask me, though."

"I am already disgraced!" Josepha protested. "I have lived here all winter with these gringos. All my people will say: 'Ah, this girl is spoiled. She has lost her reputation.'"

"IF I WAS you, honey," Madge suggested in her blunt and worldly fashion, "I'd tell 'em all to go to blazes. Who cares what they think? You have your gringo friends, haven't you? And if you ask me, I'll tell you there ain't a woman in California too good for any of them—and that bet goes for the little Chink, to

"You listen to me, dearie. I've been about this world at least a dog-watch and I know men. When you find a man what plays the game on the level you tie to him, but pass by them that feels sorry for themselves, the kind that's got a thousand excuses for every cold hand they deal you.

"Take for instance the young California fellers you been brought up with. They won't work and they don't want to learn. They're peacocks, that's what they are. While they're trying to win a girl they'll roll around at her feet like a poodle pup, do anything she asks them to do and tell her their love is so great they can't refuse. They're all for love. they can't refuse. They're all for love.

"But the day after you marry one o' them you find out who's boss. You been walking a chalk-line for men all your life, dearie, but I haven't. I'm free. But I don't like it, dearie. All I'm hoping is that some day I can surrender my freedom to some brute of a man that's all man and never pretends I'm going to be the head of the house.

"You take my tip, dearie, and marry the man that tells you, in the same breath he asks you to marry him, that he intends to run the partnership for the best interests of the part-

partnership for the best interests of the partnership and not merely to hold on to your love. Love that's got to be held on to ain't worth holding. Them's my sentiments."

Josepha stared at her, torn between bewilderment and a desire to laugh. "You are a funny woman, Madge," she replied. "Well, you have given me some advice, so now I will give some deficie to the total the total the same deficient work. It is well for your total the same deficient work.

you have given me some advice, so now I will give some advice to you. It is well for you to marry this Bejabers Harmon."

"Hear, hear!" The Bart had come to life.

"What jolly rot!" Madge laughed cynically.

"Not that Bejabers ain't the sort o' man any woman could be proud of, because he is. But Bejabers has a proper pride. He knows I'm not a lady and I know it, so what's the use casting my eyes up when the proper place to cast 'em is down. Which reminds me of another piece of advice I'll give you, Señorita Guerrero. Don't you never marry a man that can throw your past up to you. Keep your independence." independence."

"You chattering magpie, she hasn't any past," the Bart roared. "And you're talking revolution and treason." He turned to Josepha. "Will you take me out for a little walk, my dear? If I stay here listening to this huzzy, Madge, I'll not be responsible for what I say."

I say."
"Surely, Señor doctor." Josepha took his arm and led him out into the sunlight, leaving

D'Arcy alone with Madge.
"Do you think the Bart really wants to go up to his old claim with Mr. Poppy?" Madge

asked him.
"Yes, I do. There's a queer friendship existing between those two—the sort of friendship that men of opposite mental habits sometimes have for each other. Deep down in Poppy's shredded soul the spirit of self-sacrifice is burgeoning; he feels it his duty to care for

is burgeoning; he feels it his duty to care for Sir Humphrey. And Sir Humphrey knows it, knows that his presence will have a beneficial effect on Mr. Poppy—hold him to his true course, as it were.

"Of course, whatever happens, I shall see to it that Sir Humphrey wants for nothing. And I shall not be giving charity. The Bart has paid his way. I have met some men in my time but never a man like Sir Humphrey. And," he added, "never two women like you and Señorita Guerrero. How she escaped contagion is a miracle."

"God looks after her kind, Dermod. Did you know she is in love with you?"

"God looks after her kind, Dermod. Did you know she is in love with you?"
"You think so?" he replied guardedly.
"That's interesting."
"Don't try to dissemble with me," the world-ling charged sharply. "No man can fool an intelligent woman. You're in love with her,

"Not to love her would border on sacrilege."
"Not to marry her would be a crime,
Brother Dermod."

"I am not yet ready to marry and neither is

she. We'll leave that matter in the laps of the gods, if you please, Madge."

"Oh, I didn't intend to be presuming. I thought perhaps you might not know how she feels about it."

feels about it.

feels about it."

Madge saw that he was not disposed to pursue the subject further and, womanlike, the knowledge irritated her. "You're a fine lad, Dermod D'Arcy, but you're cold," she accused. "Yes, you are. You're cold."

"I'm not. I've asked Josepha Guerrero to be you are and the augustion has not been

marry me and the suggestion has not been pleasing to her—for a number of reasons of which I am aware and with which I can sym-

"Ah, so that's the way the wind blows. Well,

Dermod D'Arcy, let me tell you something. I know men. I'm a woman of the world and I know women, too. Don't listen to her. Rush her off her feet. She's dying to be rushed."

"All in my own time, my dear."

"Bah! You're positively disgusting."

"Well I'm riding home with her tomorrow.

"Well, I'm riding home with her tomorrow, am I not?"

"So I understand. Well, see to it that you return an engaged man."
"And if I do not?"

"I'll be tempted to poison you!"
He smiled at her mischievously. "Did you know that Mr. B. Jabez Harmon is head over heels in love with you?"

"Of all things! Well, Bejabers is a dear man,

"Of all things! Well, Bejabers is a dear man, but when it comes to picking a wife he's not the sort of man to choose the like o' me."

"You think, then, that Bejabers' wife must be like Cæsar's—above suspicion? Well, perhaps! But somehow, knowing Bejabers as I know him, I have a suspicion he thinks you are above suspicion. Rather an understanding person, Bejabers! What do you think of him, Madge?"

"He's all man. He'd be faithful."

"Well, he's dying to be rushed off his feet. Hasn't he asked you to marry him?"

"He does not be remembering me—and Bejabers would not be likely to forget. I shouldn't like any man to take me on probation." take me on probation."

take me on probation."
D'Arcy's hand closed over hers. "Madge,
I'd rather have a woman like you to wife than
any number of fine women with a clean but
untried past. Whatever sin you have committed against a puritanic society is a small
thing compared with what you have done for that same society. And Bejabers is no angel. He's as free of religious sentiment as a wild horse, but he has a man's code. He's no mealy-mouthed hypocrite and he uses his head entirely for thinking. I'd consider him very seriously if I were you, Madge."

"I wouldn't encourage him for all the gold in

California.

California."

"Well, have it your own way. I thought I should mention the matter, however, because on occasion I have surprised something in your eyes when you looked at Bejabers."

"Bejabers is your friend and partner. Would you be glad to see him married to me?"

"Of course I would. You're one of the two finest women in the world."

"You really mean that Dermod?"

"You really mean that, Dermod?"

He came over to her, put his arm around her and kissed her. "Dear sister o' mine," he whispered, "you have a right to happiness. Take it!"

And then he took a can of coal-oil, walked over to the old isolation camp, drenched the walls and set it afire. Presently Bejabers joined him. The little man was in a solemn

mood.

"I looked in at the cabin a few minutes ago and Madge was a-settin' there cryin'. I wonder what's up, Dermod."

"She thinks you dislike her."

"Ain't that just like a woman? Why, boy, I ain't fit to set at the same table with her. How do you know she thinks I don't like her?"

"She mentioned comething to that effect to

How do you know she thinks I don't like her?"

"She mentioned something to that effect to me recently. I assured her she was mistaken; that not only did you like her but that you loved her. I gave her to understand we all loved her like a sister."

"Well, you were wrong as far as I'm concerned. This sister love don't go in the Harmon family. Me, I think Madge comes dog-gone close to bein' a hundred and fifty percent fine."

"And yet, three months ago, you got drunk to hide your grief when you discovered your idol had feet of clay. I remember how you

"Oh, but you must be mistaken, officer; I would never dare to drive that fast on these old tires—why, they've gone over 20,000 miles.' "You might get by with that if they weren't Kelly-Springfields, but you can try it on the judge."

came rolling in one night and told us all she wasn't a lady."

Bejabers squirmed, mentally and physically. "But you got to admit I also said she'd been a lady oncet," he protested. "And that's a good sound reason why she can be a lady ag'in, ain't it?

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"I have never decried the lady's character,

Bejabers.

Bejabers sat down on an adjacent stump, "Now look here, son. You're closer'n a brother to me. Would it sort o' cramp your friendship for me if I was to proposition Madge?'

"I refuse to answer that question. Ask Madge to answer it, and whatever she tells

"Oh, I aim't in no particular hurry, Dermod."
"Then McCready and Judson are both liable to propose to her. She has the utmost respect for them and you know how it is in California these days. Almost any kind of woman can have almost any kind of man for the taking. I wouldn't delay if I were you."

Bejabers was nothing if not a man of action. He rose from the stump and hurried down to the cabin. In about half an hour he returned and found D'Arcy still watching the embers of the fire. Without a word he walked up to his friend and thrust out a horny hand. In equal

silence D'Arcy shook it, and Bejabers resumed his seat on the stump. Presently he said:
"Sort o' looks like we'd ought to be able to start minin' ag'in in a few days." He glanced around him, and added: "The spring's sure pretty, Dermod—more particular after the sort o' winter we been through. Today's the first time I've felt I ain't been camped in a graveyard. Yah-yah-yah-ya-hoodoooool I'm the Queen of the May. Me and Madge is off to Sacramento in the morning to git hitched, and I hope to tell you, boy, we're sure goin' to roll 'em high, wide and handsome on our honeymoon!"

"On your way down to Sacramento tomor-row with Madge," D'Arcy suggested, "you might escort Señorita Guerrero home. You'll be putting up for the night there, anyhow."
"Hell's bells! Madge expects her to be the

bridesmaid and I was figgerin' on havin' you

"Thanks. That suggestion does credit to your sentiment, Bejabers, but it is scarcely practical. I suggest that you be married quietly and go away on your honeymoon, while I remain here to build you a home and have it furnished and quite ready for you and Madge

furnished and quite ready for you and Madge to occupy upon your return.

"I'm going to burn all the buildings still standing in Happy Camp tomorrow, together with their contents. The sunlight is Nature's great disinfectant but the Bart tells me germs will live indefinitely in dark damp corners of rooms, so in order to provide against a recrudescence of smallpox Happy Camp must be destroyed and rebuilt.

destroyed and rebuilt.

"Then, too, I have the Bart and Mr. Poppy to get settled on their claims. You understand, do you not, Bejabers? Please be married quietly, without the usual trimmings. I'll swim a bloody river for you but I'll not be in attendance at your wedding with Josepha Guerrero. It would be embarrassing to us both."

"All right. You win, son. But what gravels me is this: Ain't you figurin' on ever makin' any headway with that Guerrero girl?

"The answer to your question is: I traded her love and her voluntary surrender to me for the privilege of hanging her scoundrel of a half-brother. And the day I did that I cast my bright day-dreams behind me."

In the morning D'Arcy groomed and saddled the mare Kitty, now thin and long of coat following a winter of short feed and enforced neglect. When he mounted her and rode her around the carry the around the camp, she was no longer the airy prancing horse of other days, and D'Arcy concluded Josepha might be trusted to ride the mare home in safety. So he rode Kitty around to the Mansion House where Madge and

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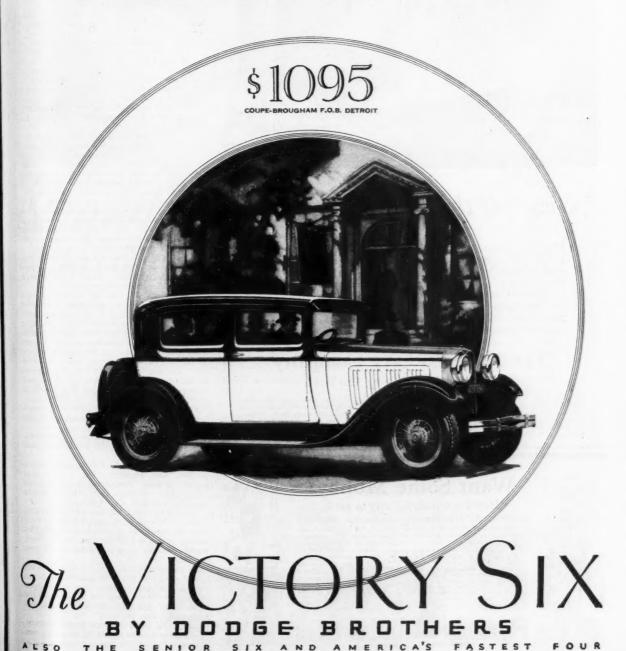
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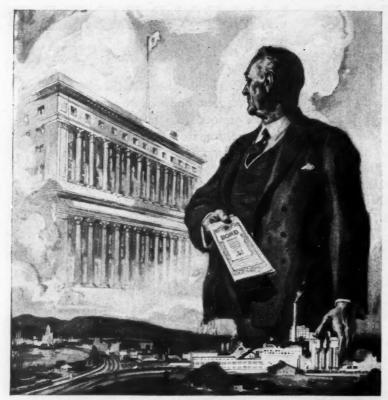
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he found Bejabers loading a pack-mule with oaggage, while two saddled horses were tied to the hitching-rack in front.

Josepha dwelt, guests without a host, and here

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Josepha came out first. Throughout her stay in camp she had worn clothing supplied by Madge from the latter's generous stock, but this morning she had donned again the black velvet riding-habit and the wide-brimmed red vicuña-wool hat she had worn on that dreadful day when the quarantine closed in behind her. She wore beautiful black calfskin boots on the She wore beautiful black caltskin boots on the heels of which little silver spurs tinkled as she walked; tucked in her belt was a pair of white, fringed, buckskin gauntlets of Indian workmanship. She had grown very thin under the strain to which she had so gallantly subjected herself; D'Arcy noted the deep shadows under the strain to which she had so gallantly subjected herself; D'Arcy noted the deep shadows under the strain to which she had so gallantly subjected herself; D'Arcy noted the deep shadows under

her eyes, the ivory paleness of her face and the consequently enhanced brilliance of her eyes. He lifted his battered old hat. "I have brought Kitty to you," he informed her. "She, like yourself, is thin and worn and tired. She should be given grain when you reach home. Bejabers and Madge will ride with you, Josepha, and see you safely to the Rancho Arroyo Chico."

"You do not ride with us, Don Dermod?"

"You have much to do have."

"No, I have much to do here."
She came to the side of the mare and placed her little left foot in the hand he proffered; he lifted her gently into the side saddle, and when she had arranged her skirts, she sat looking gravely down at him.

"You will be happy to leave this dreary, dreadful spot," he suggested, to bridge an embarrassing silence.

"I have not been unhappy here. Never be-fore had I worked, never had I been called upon to give thought to the sufferings of others the unusual experience was a novelty. Never had I met or lived on terms of intimacy and comradeship with a woman like Madge; in all the world there could not exist one so noble, so uncomplaining and so brave as that Irish doctor; while his affliction saddens me, his mighty humor makes me forget I have been saddened by him. I have learned much about

saddened by him. I have learned much about the gringo that is a closed book to my people and I am pleased with what I have learned."

"That is comforting. I know of one gringo who values your good opinion greatly. Perhaps you will tell him which of our strange characteristics impressed you most."

"The gringo you refer to is ruthless. He takes that which he can and holds it while he may. But he is, most of all, ruthless with himself. In him there is no self-pity but a very great pity for the helpless. He has a vast pride in the correct consummation of great things; little things he scorns and despises; he seasons if the correct consummation of great things, little things he scorns and despises; he seasons his life with victory as one seasons a steak with salt. He can feel deeply—love deeply—but he hides, as bashful as a nun, behind his finer feelings. And he does not run from the fight, preferring honorable defeat to dishonorable flight . . . Yes, I think I know that gringo better than I did before I came to Happy Camp.

He gazed up at her with boyish eagerness. "Do you like this particular gringo more than you once did?"

you once did?"

She shook her head. "That would be impossible, Don Dermod. But I have great respect for him. He has faults but they are not the faults of a weak man. It is too bad he hanged my brother, Don Dermod."

"I have no regret for that act," he retorted fiercely. "You should be grateful to me for ridding the model of a venomus revitle, for

ding the world of a venomous reptile, for ridding you of a relative who, had he lived, would even now be busy gambling with your

patrimony."

"If today were that day you rode from my father's door with the body of Romauldo across your saddle, and if today you could listen again to the offer I made you in return for the surrender of that misguided boy—would you listen to me, Don Dermod?"

"No!" He spoke the word almost savagely.
"If older my duty to excitety for above my own patrimony

"I place my duty to society far above my own

Want Some Money? Here's a wonderful way to get it



Our beautifully illustrated book tells how. It tells all about our new methods of art decoration, art treatment and how anybody can learn without previous training or experience. It contains page after page of handsome color illustrations of what you can make and FREE all supplies are sent by sell. You can make good property of the profits are larger than in almost any other business. You can produce beautiful finished art objects almost from the beginning.

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The Improved SI=WEL=CLO



Authorities have agreed that a seat should encourage a natural sitting position. It stands to reason that the organs and muscles of elimination are not easily stimulated to action if forced into a position never intended by nature.

The exceeding comfort of the Si-wel-clo saddle seat minimizes the unhygienic tendency, especially noticeable in children, to grudge sufficient time for proper elimination. The decided dip in the rim elevates the front and rear of the bowl opening, reducing the possibility of soiling. The Quiet Si-wel-clo water-closet makes a bathroom more sanitary, more beautiful and quieter. Dripping and gurgling sounds which emanate from ordinary water-closets are almost absent.

The Si-wel-clo is one of many charming and durable plumbing fixtures belonging to the TE-PE-CO family. They all carry the star in the circle trade mark as a guarantee of superb quality. Look for it whenever you equip a bathroom or kitchen. For your guidance we shall send you our booklet "Bathrooms of Character" upon receipt of 10¢ in stamps.

THE TRENTON POTTERIES COMPANY

Trenton, New Jersey, U. S. A.
New York San Francisco
Export Office — 115 Broad St., New York City Philadelphia



Brad Norwood Discovers a Wonderful Girl

N a casual and somewhat imper-Norwood had known Dorothy Benson for perhaps a year. Yet in all that time, he had never given her more than a passing look or word or thought.

One night recently they were both guests at a coming-out dinner and dance. When Brad escorted his partner in to the table, he found that the luck of the placecards had seated Dorothy at his right.

Strangely, suprisingly, for the first time she instantly drew his attention.

He caught himself again and again stealing glances at her. She was much prettier, he discovered, than he had realized. Her smile, her voice, her laugh, he noticed, all were pleasing. He heard snatches of what she was saying to her partner. It dawned on him that she was both charming and intelligent.

His newly-aroused attention turned into eager interest. He engaged her in conversation. Soon he was so completely captivated that he almost forgot the girl allotted to him, though she also was lively

When the music started, as soon as he decently could after dancing with his dinner companion, Brad asked Dorothy for the next number. Afterward he cut in on her every chance he got, was re-peatedly drawn back to her.

Before the evening was over, Brad was aflame with the new-found fascination she held for him. "A wonderful girl," he thought "once you begin to know her"; and he made up his mind that he was going to know her better.

What was it that night about Dorothy Benson which so instantly impressed her on Bradley Norwood's consciousness which for the first time made him really aware of her

What was it that so suddenly stirred his interest and led to the belated discovery of her delightful charm?

Perchance it all began with the witchery in the perfume she had chosen for that night . . . a perfume strangely striking, arresting, infatuating, unforgettable.



He . . . was repeatedly drawn back to ber.

It was Orange Blossom Fragrancia... a perfume which weaves its thrall on all who breathe of it.

So That Others Also May Delight In It

Until recently this enrapturing perfume was known only to a fashionable few—and in all the world there was only one place where those few could obtain it.

So that others also may each delight in its entrancement and with it each enhance her charms, it is now being supplied to stores – both in perfume and companion toiletries.

"But you have not been unhappy since?" "Sacrifices that involve a man's happiness are not lightly made or lightly forgotten. I have been unhappy, but—I shall in time recover. "And forget?"

"No, I think I shall always remember." "And perhaps regret—ah, just a little, Don Dermod?"

"A very great deal. I am human, Josepha. But I shall never be sorry for myself, never regret that I ruined my own happiness, because I would rather be an unhappy man than a weak one. I shall always grieve in the knowledge that I have lost you."

"You will come again, in time, to the Rancho Arroyo Chico?"

Arroyo Chico?"

He shook his head.
"You will not come, even if I send for you?"

she pleaded.
"I will come from the ends of the earth to do you a service."

"You love me, then, Don Dermod D'Arcy?"
"God help me, I do."
"Let us, then, be friends. Yonder comes the blind doctor with the others. They come, I think, to bid me farewell."

They did. One by one they shook her hand, thanked her in their curious restrained way, wished her luck. Only the two killers, McCready and Judson, went a step further.

"If you ever want some skunk dry-gulched," Judson said to her earnestly, "just send for

Judson said to her earnestly, "just send for me."

"You'll split that contract with me, Jud," McCready warned him jealously.

"What do you mean—to dry-gulch a skunk?" Josepha queried.

"Busted wide open—killed. Your enemies are ours, ma'am," McCready explained.

"Ah, the fierce ones! But I understand and I am very grateful. One always has need of good friends—and we have been a sad big family in this great misery. So I love you all, amigos." To Judson, Vilmont and McCready she administered a gentle little slap on each leathery cheek; to Jim Toy she gave a friendly little tug at the pigtail. "And now, thou sweet, unselfish, uncomplaining one," she continued, turning to Sir Humphrey and addressing him in Spanish, "come thou to me."

to me."
D'Arcy translated and the Bart moved toward her, his hands outstretched before him, his feet lifted unnaturally high at every step, after the manner of the newly blind. Josepha leaned from her saddle and took the leonine old head to her breast; thrice she kissed the sightless eyes and murmured, "Vaya usted con Dios"—"Go you with God!" Then she straightened in the saddle and touched heel to her mare's flank. But Dermod D'Arcy's left hand was on the bridle reins, his right upthrust to her. to her.

"At least," he pleaded, "you might say farewell to a friend."
She looked down at him through eyes that brimmed with tears. "Ah, thou stubborn one!
Thou doer of deeds! Thou leader of men!" He thrilled at her use of the solemn style, in Spanish so variable in its implications, so strangely beautiful when employed in the affectionate sense, so redolent of contempt when employed toward an enemy. "Thou too art blind, even as this poor one!"

She extended her hand and he kissed it. Then Bejabers and Madge mounted and the trio rode off down the trail.

When Bejabers and his bride returned to Happy Camp they discovered that every orig-inal building had been burned, including the cabin D'Arcy and his friends had built in the summer of '48. But on its ashes a newer and larger cabin had been erected, and hard by it a three-room shanty for the first married couple

in Happy Camp.

The Bart and Mr. Poppy were gone, having been helped over the trail to their claim on the beat and the bea Hot Creek by Judson and McCready, who had remained with them a week to erect for them a suitable summer camp. D'Arcy, Jim Toy,

Orange Blossom -And Fragrancia These Also . . . L'Endeley A magnetic, mystifying od-eur that stirs the imagina-tion and stays in memory. ume\$2.75, \$4.50, \$7.50, \$15, \$30, and \$100. Purse size \$1.50.

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these aids to charm are not yet at your favorite counter, any of them you desire will be mailed pre-paid on receipt of price.

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Weather Dull ... Cloudy? Don't let that change your plans

Rain or shine . . . indoors or out . . . Everyone can make good pictures with the Modern Kodak



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Remember, picture opportu-nius never wait. Take your Kodak along wherever you go. Be ready for pictures whenever they happen.









There's no need now to wait for sunny days or Summer suns. If it's raining go ahead and make the picture. Keep your Kodak handy.

BE prepared to change your past ideas about photography. A new realm of picture-making opportunities is open

to you now.

If the day is dark or cloudy . . . go right ahead and take the picture.

If it's indoors . . . the kind of picture you never previously dared to make . . forget your fears and "click" the shutter.

For today your Kodak's usefulness has multiplied many times. These favorite subjects, once so difficult, are simple pictures now. A remarkable development in the manufacture of lenses has brought this great change about.

Here's the Reason

This wonderful improvement in the art of taking pictures is made possible by faster lenses on Kodaks of moderate

Thus the photographic day is lengthened for those using the Modern Kodaks.

For example, on the \$20 1A Pocket Kodak is now supplied a lens that in 1925 was not available on any camera selling for less than \$40. Now you can take good "snap-shots" in dark and cloudy weather that would have been impossible a short time ago.

You can even take them in the rain or indoors under favorable light conditions. It's no longer necessary to have your subject in direct sunlight. Sports in the shade . . . traffic during the rain . . . children inside the house . . . pictures you never hoped to make are easy to snap with a Modern Kodak.

The Modern Kodak is an all-day,

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ter or Summer, daylight to dusk.

Easy now-to make good pictures

The Modern Kodak is simplicity itself. Everything possible has been made automatic. Things to adjust have been reduced to a minimum.

On many Kodaks you'll find a simple "Exposure Guide"—a wonderful feature, created by Eastman Scientists, which practically does your thinking for you. It instantly shows you the correct speed and lens opening to suit any light conditions. Helps avoid mistakes . . . takes the guesswork out of making pictures.

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In addition, Kodak film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. It has wide latitude. Which simply means that it reduces the danger of under-and over-exposure. It gets the picture.

Be sure to Keep your Kodak handy

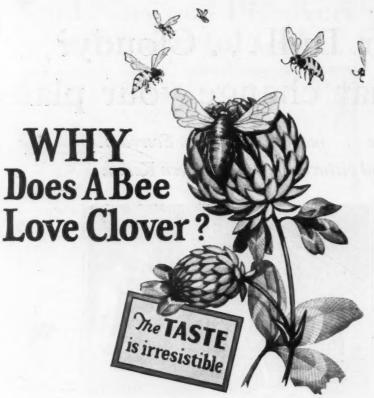
Look around you! Everywhere you go you'll find picture-making opportunities. Spring sports. Friends, neighbors, chil-Adventure, travel, romance. There's no need now to miss a single picture opportunity-no need to wait for sunny days, or Summer suns, or "right" hours.

Step up to the nearest Kodak counter and see these modern cameras. Find out how modern science has simplified the making of pictures. You can start at once . . . today, tomorrow . . . making just the photographs you want, wherever and whenever they "happen.

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Fresh, fragrant clover blossoms, laden with delicious sweetness - bees will go miles to sip the honied nectar.

There's the same irresistible appeal in the delicious flavor of Blatz Grape Gum. It has captured the nation. Insist on the original - look for the name Blatz.

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Vilmont and Francisco were again busy washing the auriferous gravel through the long H

Bejabers brought with him all the latest political news. The legislature was in session, order was rapidly coming out of chaos and in Sacramento there had been some squatter troubles. Crime was rampant; Bejabers told tales of many hangings in many camps. But the phile of texts we graing sheet under follers. the ship of state was going ahead under full sail and Bejabers was filled with optimism for the future. He and Madge had had a glorious honeymoon and had spent five thousand dollars. Madge had a diamond engagement ring and Bejabers had brought back with him three complete outfits of clothing; the pair were

deliriously happy.

For a month they were alone in Happy Camp; then a few of the old-timers drifted back, appropriated the little deserted portable sawmill and commenced getting out lumber for new shanties. Soon a dozen strangers came up the trail from the Sacramento valley, and the sibilant whine of the sawmill resounded through the canyon from daylight till dark. Happy Camp was being born again. Each day saw the old half-worked and abandoned claims along the Arroyo Chico restaked by the men who came in the covered wagons.

By the first of June Happy Camp was again the same old center of mining activity and distribution; mail and express service had been resumed, a new Mansion House had arisen on the ashes of the old, a new Stage Drivers' Retreat catered to the parched throats of the daily arrivals. New dance-halls and gamblingdaily arrivals. New dance-hais and gamoing-halls and saloons on a grander scale flanked the Mansion House; the winding street echoed again to the thud of dancing miners' boots, the whine of fiddles, the plunk of guitars, the rattle of poker chips, dice and roulette balls, the popping of corks, a few pistol-shots, the whoops of intoxicated miners and the spurious laugh-

ter of the imported daughters of joy.

Nothing had really changed. Happy Camp
was the same old riotous ruinous route of for-

On their claims D'Arcy and his partners labored from dawn till dark. By the first of July they had sluiced all but the very fine flourgold from the gravel on the ancient bars; then they put in their wing-dam, altered the course of the stream until it flowed down across the denuded bar and along the opposite bank, when they fell to work upon the former bed of the stream. As D'Arcy had predicted, it proved to be immensely rich.

There was no scarcity of labor now, for the land was filled with men who preferred the certainty of incredibly high wages and steady employment to a will-o'-the-wisp career seeking gold for themselves, engaging in the mad com-petition. D'Arcy and his partners built a huge bunk-house and dining-hall for the fifty men they employed; when their claims had been cleaned up and they realized there was no more ground along the Arroyo Chico worth their attention they found themselves, on a day in mid-December, no longer gold-miners. Bejabers was still the alcalde, but a regularly

elected one now. Also, since he was the most sociable and gregarious of men, his marriage to Madge had not operated to halt his peregrinations around Happy Camp at night. He knew everybody; no figment of gossip escaped him and as fast as he gathered it he called at the cabin of his portners to retail it. The day after cabin of his partners to retail it. The day after D'Arcy had paid off his men and was making plans for his future, Bejabers bounced into the cabin in a state of wild excitement.

"Martha's here," he announced. "Mr. Poppy's gal has got to Happy Camp at last."

D'Arcy was profoundly interested. "How do you know?"

"Met up with her casual-like about a week ago and I been seein' her every night since.
Well, son, every time I look at that gal something tells me I've seen her before; her face is sure familiar but I can't place her until about half an hour ago I met her at the postoffice and then something clicks in my fool head and I have her spotted. You armember that I have her spotted. You remember

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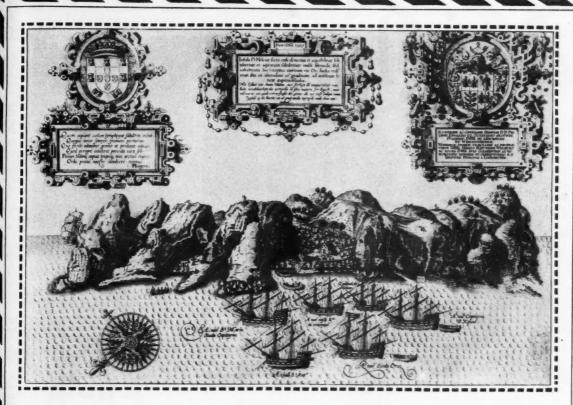
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You know its name...Where is it?

THE island of St. Helena! That is the place where Napoleon was imprisoned, where he spent his last years.

Yes, but where is it? How many of those who read this

page can tell?

There are hundreds of places on this earth of ours whose names have an equally familiar sound but which remain little more than mere names to us.

Until, one day, thrilled with a sense of personal discovery, we suddenly run across them on the map!

Instantly they become close and real, stirring our memories with their historical or literary associations, enriching our minds by the quickening to life, the reassimilation of half-dead, halfforgotton knowledge.



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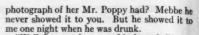
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"Well, I ups and says to this damsel: 'Excuse me, miss, but aren't you Martha?' She admits she is and I says: 'Be you lookin' for Mr. Poppy?' She turns white as milk at that and says: 'Is he livin'?' I tell her the general impression among his friends is that he's mini?' your to Htt Creek and then I relate how the over to Hot Creek, and then I relate how he went down to San Francisco lookin' for her and couldn't find her and come back to Happy Camp all broke in heart and pocket. Which Martha then cries quite a bit and begs me not to mention to Mr. Poppy I've met her. Which I promise her I won't, but that's no reason why some other friend of Poppy's can't tell him."

"Where is Martha staying, Bejabers?" The little man scratched his head. "Well, I hate to tell you, son, but I reckon this here gold-fever has sort o' turned Martha's head.

She's up in the Bird Cage."
"Oh, Bejabers! The poor thing! How did that happen?"

"Busted in a strange land—couldn't meet up with Mr. Poppy—and the pressure got pretty strong, I reckon. Anyhow, she's workin' with the rest o' the girls up to the Bird Cage."

"It would probably be a favor to Poppy not to tell him, Bejabers," D'Arcy suggested. "Since it seems his romance has gone on the rocks, he will be happier if he never knows of Martha's tragedy,"

"Seems like she figgered Mr. Poppy'd kicked the bucket, and havin' no friends, no money and nobody to care, she sort o' drifted. But she's still in love with that weak vessel—at least enough to want to spare him the news of her downfall."

The partners sat looking at each other, dis-tressed at this crisis in the affairs of the weakling for whom they had, despite his faults, a genuine affection.

"Martha's a right nice-lookin' girl, too, Bejabers resumed presently. "She sings right sweet when somebody plays the pianner for her.

D'Arcy's fist came down on the table.
"Bejabers, I'm through."
"Through what?"
"Mining. It's time to quit. It's a mad, sad,

sordid scramble; men go insane with suddenly acquired wealth and toss it away in calm confidence that they can gather new fortunes indefinitely. I'm weary of the atmosphere of drunkenness and depravity in which a miner has to operate. The jackals follow the tigerand the placers are already showing signs of petering out, leaving the tiger's kill in the maw of the jackals.

"As many people as enter California by steamer now leave it; there is disillusionment, despair and unhappiness. The gold is a curse to most of the men who have sought it; it has sapped their vitality, bred a new race of scoundrels, first exalting men and then dropping them to the depths of despair. The state is swarming with men who call themselves miners and yet know nothing of mining. Good ground is becoming increasingly hard to find; more time is required for exploration than can be expended profitably in mining before the snows drive men out of the Sierras.

"On the ninth day of last September California was admitted into the Union and now the politicians are gathering for their harvest. There was a man around yesterday trying to collect an infamous and excessive mining tax from Vilmont and Jim Toy, because they are foreigners. I'm a foreigner too, for that matter, but they know better than to try such extortion on me even if the legislature has authorized it

"We were on the job first, we have skimmed the cream of the Arroyo Chico and because we stuck to our claims, refusing to waste our time and our strength wandering in search of some-thing better, every man in our company is now independently rich. Bejabers, tomorrow we're going to dissolve partnership and divide the spoils."

"How much spoils we got to divide?"



GIFT of the Mi Choice Package somehow subtly reflects the calm glory of Eastertide. The smooth chocolate coatings—the surprise fillings, the beauty of the package—all vindicate your judgment in choosing the gift of gifts. C.Your dealer has the famous Mi Choice Package in one, two, three and five pound sizes. If not, send the coupon and \$1.50 for the one pound Mi Choice or 25c for an attractive Miniature Sample Package packed with the pieces that have made Mi Choice world-famous.

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Beauty is a priceless attribute. No matter whether Nature bestows it, or Man creates it, all eyes turn in its direction.

(I Nash has achieved beauty, and a finer mode of motoring, in the Nash motor car. Perfection of taste in line, in color and in appointment, with painstaking care in coachcraft, lend luxury to your motoring when you choose the Nash.

(There is a richer lustre to your car's finish. The

Nash deep-lustre process imparts depth and sheen to color tones.

(Nash interiors are exquisite. Upholsteries are chosen for beauty and quality from hundreds of fabrics offered by America's finest looms. Walnut and walnut-finish panelings are liberally used. Solid walnut steering wheels have inlaid designs. Silvered interiorware is done in patterns inspired by the artistry of Early American silversmiths. Every detail is correct.

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Its loveliness will thrill SMART AMERICA

POR fifteen years I endeavored to bring more grace, more loveliness to the hands of my clients who, I really believe, are among the most fastidious women in the world.

My only problem was to find a polish that would adorn the nails with beauty.

I had begun to believe that I was looking for a rainbow when I discovered Glazo. First I applied it to my own nails. Imagine my delight when I saw that my fondest hopes for perfection were realized. And my clients were enthusiastic too.

Here at last is the liquid polish that bestows on the nails a lustrous beauty to match the alluring tint of a flawless pearl . to make hands fairer.

Its soft patina, its lovely lustre . . . for a whole week its radiant beauty remains undimmed! And it does not crack, peel or dull in spots.

Its ease of application makes Glazo more wonderful. For now you can give your nails the same loveliness which distinguishes the hands of my clients

Of course, you can purchase Glazo at all the better shops and stores. Its price complete with remover is only fifty cents. Also for preserving the beauty of the cuticle there is nothing better than Glazo Cuticle Oil or Glazo Cuticle Cream. I suggest that you use the one you prefer.

Just the merest word from you will bring you my complete little booklet on manicuring which shows you how to keep industrious hands forever lovely - and a Miniature Glazo Manicure. Fill in and mail the coupon with ten cents.

Miss Rosaline Dunn, 204 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, O. Please send me your booklet and the miniature Glazo manicure set, you enclosed. City.....

Strangely enough it had never occurred to Bejabers to ask before, nor had he even evinced a desire to look over the company's books.
"More than a quarter of a million dollars

"Jumpin' Judas! Am I that rich?"
"You certainly are, Bejabers. And we owe not a cent in the world."

"What you goin' to do with yours?"
D'Arcy smiled brightly. "A commission has been appointed by the President of the United States to investigate, report upon, certify or reject the titles to all the old Spanish and Mexican land grants in California. All of the holders of such grants are required to pre-sent their claims, with proofs of title to this commission within six months after the first sitting of the commission; if they fail to do that their titles may not later be certified. "There'll be unexcelled opportunities for the

crowd of spoilers this situation will attract; swindling the Hispano-Californian will be raised from an industry to the realm of high art. Well, Josepha Guerrero's down at the Rancho Arroyo Chico waiting for me to come down and

Arroyo Chico watting to help her in this emergency——"
"So she finally sent for you, eh? Boy, you keep up that gait and you'll win her yet. Of course, while the old man lived he'd talk her out of it, but with him gone she just can't keep we the old resentment."

up the old resentment."

"She has not sent for me, Bejabers. And I doubt if she ever will. I doubt if she realizes she is in danger of losing her ranch if she delays action. She needs a gringo on this job—and a gringo who will play her fair. So I thought I'd take her over her battles."

"And then—what?"
"I don't know, Bejabers. Probably I shall go to San Francisco and get into some sort of business. If I employ my capital shrewdly I imagine I can make a far larger fortune in trade than will ever be made in a placer-mine. What are your plans, Bejabers? Want to throw in with me?"

"I'd love to, son, but I never did have no head for business. I like public life, Dermod. I'm pretty well known and I figger on runnin' for sheriff. I've had practical experience as a jailer, I'm strong for discipline, quick on the trigger and just naturally hell-bent on law and Thanks, Dermod, but I reckon I'll stav here.

That night D'Arcy cast up the company's accounts and divided the product of their incredible toil and privation. They had some fifty thousand dollars in gold on hand, and he issued checks on a New York bank for the remainder, each partner signing the checks. None of his associates accepted his invitation to expert the books; indeed, McCready and Judson were slightly hurt at his suggestion that

they do so.

The next day they parted. Jim Toy accepted one of the pack-mules and departed into

the north to seek a new claim, while Vilmont departed via the stage-coach. He was seeing a vision of a vineyard and winery in some fertile interior valley.

McCready and Judson dreamed of a cattle ranch, for in the beginning they had been cowmen in the Southwest and it is written in the Book of Things that a cow-man shall return to his cows. Francisco had no plans beyond the purchase of a thoroughbred horse which he might bedeck with a silver-mounted saddle and bridle; a few excellent game-cocks and a pleas-antly situated adobe casa where, while his money lasted, he could live the life of a Hispano-Californian gentleman.

As D'Arcy rode south with McCready, Judson and Francisco, he realized the truth of what he had so often prophesied; that the discovery of gold in California was but a prelude to the discovery of California. On the fat lands of the Rancho Arroyo Chico the wild cattle which once could have been counted by cattle which once could have been counted by the thousands were now numbered in the hundreds; evidently, to forestall wholesale appro-priation, Josepha was rounding up and disposing of her cattle as fast as she could at whatever price was obtainable. Squatters had settled upon her land and thousands of acres of grain were being planted; the shanties of the homesteaders dotted the plain and before their axes the lovely valley oaks were fast disappearing.

D'Arcy engaged several squatters in conver-D'Arcy engaged several squatters in conversation as he rode through and was enabled to glean a knowledge of their peculiar viewpoint. Because the wish was father to the thought they elected to believe that all Spanish and Mexican grants were of fraudulent title; the gobernadores had given away the land to whosoever had asked for it; and since lands belong to the people as a whole they were not the to the people as a whole, they were not the

gobernadores to give.

Some appeared quite genuine in their belief that the Conquest had nullified all previously existing titles; hence all lands were public lands and subject to preemption. Pending the operation of land laws they considered it a wise move to take possession, since such possession might tend to establish the priority of their claims over those of their competitors. Seem-

ingly, they operated under the ancient principle that possession is nine points of the law.

D'Arcy smiled sadly. "There'll be work her for Bejabers when he's elected sheriff," he decided. "These ruthless people will not be deposed without battle. The gold-lust has given way to the land hunger.

given way to the land hunger."

Frequently they passed the carcasses of cattle and McCready hazarded the opinion that they had died of disease carried into the state by the oxen that drew the covered

wagons.
"Poor Josepha," D'Arcy reflected. "She is, indeed, sadly beset.'

Josepha's heritage is endangered by encroaching Americans, and D'Arcy comes to the rescue, in the final instalment of Peter B. Kyne's novel of Gold and Adventure-Next Month

Murder (Continued from page 79)

wasn't. Armour, with subtle instinct, divined the cruelty which lay at the base of Clyde's nature.

"Dislike, of course, often leads to avoidance.

Sometimes, however, it has a contrary effect and pushes men into a peculiar and disagreeable intimacy. This is what eventually occurred in the matter we're dealing with. Lawyer and philanthropist came to know each other rather we'll, one might say too well. Arguments took place between them. Their natures prompted them to debate. They couldn't let each other alone.

"I think Armour had an itch to wean Clyde from his cynical outlook on human nature, which was ingrained in the man. Armour was terribly sincere, tremendously in earnest. As to Clyde, he wasn't after conversion. Armour irritated him, brought out from him a wity bitterness. Clyde had an unreasonable hatred for what he called sentimentality—with which he included sentiment. But there must have been something in Armour which interested him. Otherwise he would never have given so much time to opposing his views and trying to

"In their famous club they were called 'the enemies.' But it was noticed that they were fairly often together. A member said of them that they were attached to each other by the iron link of dislike.

"Well, in the course of time the Public Prosecutor was given a step up. One day the chief newspaper of Saarlen contained the announcement that Renfrew Clyde had been appointed to a judgeship of the criminal court."

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PINAUD'S LILAC

[Lilas de France]

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Vandovan paused at this point in his story and seemed to be hesitating. I wondered why. "Yes?" said Leyton at length.

"The newspaper containing the announce-ment was published in the early morning. Men saw it at breakfast time. Late in the afternoon Mark Armour came into the club. He looked tired and said he had just had a

long train journey.

"I have been visiting D— prison,' he said, speaking to a man he knew very well.

"D— prison was one of the biggest prisons in that country, one to which only those con-

demned to long terms were sent.

"He took up the paper and added, 'I was writing in the train a report on what I've seen. I haven't had time to look at the paper yet.'

"He sat down, turned to the middle page and began to read. He read for two or three minutes, then exclaimed, 'No! No! His friend looked across at him. 'No, this is too bad! This is infamous!' he exclaimed. 'What?' the other man asked.

"'What?' the other man asked.
"'They've actually made Renfrew Clyde
a judge of the criminal court! How wrong!
It's a shame! It's a terrible shame!' He got
up. He was deeply moved. 'That man is
absolutely unfitted to be a judge!' He leaned
toward his friend. 'Do you know why?' he said.
"'He's a very clever lawyer. Why?' said
the other man.

the other man. "'Because he's got a mania for cruelty,' said Armour. He struck the newspaper. 'This is an infamous appointment!'

"He flung the paper down and went out of the room. Out of the club too!"

Vandovan paused again, and I heard him sigh in the night. I glanced at Leyton and noticed that in Leyton's eyes there was still a great concentration.

great concentration.

After a minute or two, during which all four of us were silent, Vandovan went on.

"The crescendo in Armour had reached a height of what ordinary men, I dare say, would consider fanaticism. His sense of pity, though I don't think he was aware of it then, was nearing danger point. From that moment the new judge had a deadly enemy."

He looked at me

He looked at me.

"Hasn't there been," he said, "within your recollection a judge in England who was sometimes called 'The Hanging Judge'?"

"Oh—" I thought for a moment. "Yes, I believe there was. Yes—yes, there was." I glanced at Leyton, whose eyes gave assent.

"Clyde became the hanging judge of Saarlen," said Vandovan somberly. "He was a good lawyer. He had, of course, to heed evidence. But whenever the cruelty maniac had his chance—the jury's verdict of guilty was promptly followed by a savage sentence. Now and then a sentence of his was upset on appeal, but most of them stood. He was, as I have said, a very clever lawyer. He was a beast, said, a very clever lawyer. He was a beast,

Vandovan said the last words with startling

energy.
"It was, without doubt, a keen, an exquisite pleasure to him to condemn a man to hard labor for life; a keener, more exquisite pleasure still to pronounce a sentence of death. And there was, I feel sure, nothing he hated so much as a recommendation to mercy. To show you the type of man he was—just to show you!" Vandovan leaned well forward in his deck chair. "One winter's evening he came into the smoking-room of the club looking extraor-dinarily contented with himself. He had even, one might say, a sort of horrible radiance on his big clean-shaven face. Armour happened to be there. Clyde sat down beside Armour and lighted a large cigar.

"'You look very pleased with yourself this evening,' Armour said.

"'I'm a man who enjoys life,' Clyde replied.

"Why not? I've always had a perfect digestion and an easy mind."
"When the late edition of the evening papers came in Armour found that Clyde had condemned a woman, almost a girl, to death that afternoon."

I uttered an involuntary exclamation, "A beauty!" I heard Ferguson mutter. "Your judge isn't an attractive fellow!" Leyton said. "But unfortunately he exists." "What?" said Vandovan. rather sharply.

"What?" said Vandovan rather sharply.
"I mean that his type exists." "Everything exists!" Ferguson broke in.
"Even sharks and boa-constrictors have been invented and successfully launched upon our long-suffering globe."

"I suppose they are purely instinctive," I said.

"And perhaps hanging judges are!" said Leyton, with a touch of acute cynicism.
"There are monsters which should be suppressed when suppression is possible." Vandovan said, in his muffled voice.

After he had said this there was a long silence. Leyton broke it at last by saving.

silence. Leyton broke it at last by saying:

"And—the rest?"
"The rest?" Vandovan said. "Oh was going to tell you—to be sure! After that evening's interview in the club I think—from that moment-the crescendo in the natures of those two men began to mount towards a climax. But the mystery kept its counsel, and no one, I suppose, suspected it.

"Armour had by now come to hatred of the judge. But there probably seemed no special reason to suppose that his hatred would emerge in active form, would ever create a deed. Nevertheless, his hatred was on the way towards just that—a deed. Still, time went on and the deed hadn't been accomplished. Armour kept on with his prison work. Clyde

Armour kept on with his prison work. Clyde kept on with his summings-up and his sentences. And the deed was only—what shall I say?—was only shaping, beginning to take shadowy form in the void of the future.

"I have told you hardly anything about Armour's prison work and prison experience. His chief aim was to keep hope alive in the hearts of those unfortunates with whom he came into touch, and especially to look after them when they were let out at the expiration. them when they were let out at the expiration of their sentences, to find them employment, and to prevent them from falling again into

"Some years after Clyde had been made a judge, and when his severity as a judge had become notorious in Saarlen, a woman in whom Armour was interested was let out of prison. She had been in for five years. she was released she was only twenty-three. Her case was ordinary enough. She had been a servant in the house of a very rich woman in Saarlen, a widow, vain and extravagant, who went out perpetually in society, and who had a remarkable collection of jewels. This woman took a great fancy to the young servant, who was very pretty, and had also very pretty manners, and promoted her from under-house maid in her house to lady's-maid.

"In Saarlen, as in so many great cities, there was a company of men closely linked together who lived on what they gained by clever rob beries, minutely planned and audaciously carried out. One of these was young, very good-looking, very seductive to women, completely unscrupulous. His principal rôle in the operations of the band was to fascinate girls and women who were in positions which gave good opportunities for the theft of realy valuable jewelry. He was, in fact, a professional seducer, not to satisfy his passions but to increase his banking account.

"When Armour's eventual protesticals."

"When Armour's eventual protégée—we might call her Ellen Dale—became the intimate maid of the bejeweled widow, the gang turned this young fascinator on to her. He managed to get to know her in a quite ordinary and legitimate way, made love to her, asked her to marry him, became engaged to her, for several months was her sweetheart, and when finally he had obtained absolute empire over her heart and senses tempted her to rob her. her heart and senses, tempted her to rob her employer.

"I needn't go into all the circumstances of the case, but he represented himself to be a ruined man unless, within a fixed time, he could lay hands on a large sum of money. He appealed to her pity, her love. He played the

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- Envelope must be postmarked before midnight, June 30, 1928.
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tances of to be a time, he ney. He ayed the rôle of a desperate man on the verge of suicide. Only she could save him. The temptation was too great for the poor thing. She robbed her employer-but not cleverly enough. She was found out, with the result that she went to prison for five years.

"She went to prison—but she didn't give the man away. It was discovered that she was the actual thief. But she steadfastly refused to tell what had become of the jewelry she had taken. This of course tell-included. taken. This, of course, told against her. She

sacrificed herself for her lover.

"Armour came to know of this. He admired the child's chivalry, and resolved to do his utmost to help her when she had served her sentence. She had gone into prison little more than a child. She came out of prison a woman who had suffered intensely, and who, of course, had the world against her.

"Almost her only friend was Armour. Hehe gave her employment. It doesn't matter what the nature of the employment was. But it enabled her to earn her living, and it was in the country. He considered it essential that she should live away from Saarlen. He watched over her as well as he could

"I don't want to keep you too long with my story—no, no! Really I don't! So I'll leave out from now on all but the absolute essentials. This girl, Ellen Dale, had committed one crime for the man she loved. She was destined strangely-to commit another crime, but this time against this same man. She had served five years at hard labor on his account without ever mentioning his name except to Mark Armour. Nevertheless, her second crime was committed at his expense. An irony indeed! It came about in this way.

"The gang of criminals to whom her lover still belonged had no intention of losing sight of such a pretty girl as Ellen Dale was, even though she had made a bad mistake and got caught in her first robbery. Eventually they managed to find out where she was living and they set her lover on the track. He re-

appeared in her life.

"A woman who has made a great sacrifice for a man usually, I think, loves him all the more on that account. Ellen Dale, at any rate, was still devotedly attached to this unspeakable blackguard. But she was attached to some-thing else, too, something immaterial. Armour had succeeded in planting in her an ideal. Her nature wasn't criminal-though she committed two crimes. She was surely meant to be a happy, innocent woman living a happy, in-nocent life. But something went awry with her fate. An evil star cast its influence upon her. That's how it was."

When Vandovan said this he stared, not at any one of us three who were listening to him, but into space, into the deep night of the sea. His face was abstracted. For a moment he had certainly forgotten that men's minds were attentive to him, that strange suppositions were forming, dissolving, re-forming in at any rate one of those minds.

remember that I glanced at Leyton and met his extremely clever eyes fixed significantly upon me. Immediately I looked away from him. I didn't want just then to be too in-timate with his mind. "Please go on," I said. "This poor girl—what happened?" timate with his mind.

"What happened? To put it briefly, nakedly if you like to call it so, she was placed between two passions. I believe they were passions in her, for she had an intense, emotional, and acutely sensitive nature. The passion for the man she had suffered for drew her one way. An opposing passion drew her in an opposite direction. This opposing feeling had been

roused in her, one might perhaps even say had been brought to birth in her, by Mark Armour. It was the passion to go up, to get right away from the mire into which she had been thrust, but to which she didn't belong. It was a desire after an ideal which Armour had set before She wanted to be herself henceforth, and

herself was a clean self.

"A battle was joined between the infernal blackguard she loved and—well, I might almost say, and Mark Armour. Mightn't I?"

He looked hard at me with his feverish eyes. "You mean Mark Armour's influence operating in her," I said. "Yes—I suppose if you want to put it in the sharpest way possible you

might put it like that."

But the infernal blackguard was with her and Armour was at a distance. Armour at

that time was in Saarlen.

"One can, of course, only guess at what went on in that girl's heart—soul—whatever you like to call it. It must have been what men call a battle royal. Her lover was tempting her to his life, his black, filthy life. No temptation in that but the supreme temptation of sharing it with him. In those last days to a considerable extent, I understand, he threw off pretenses. He went for her as a primi-He didn't mince matters. tive man. glove methods were no longer for him.
"He meant to have her in the gang as his mistress, his slave; as a decoy too! She was to

be a money spinner for him, and secondarily for certain pals of his. He didn't want her now as formerly, to perform an isolated act of theft for him. She was to become his mistress and a

professional criminal

"She must have struggled hard against his influence, for finally he offered to marry her at once if she would throw in her lot with him and his associates. And the offer, I believe, was sincere. I believe—I feel sure that he was genuinely fond of the girl by this time.

"Probably, almost certainly, that was by far the biggest temptation she had ever had to face, for in spite of the opposition of her whole character to this man, she was desperately in love with him. How? Physically—what you will—but she was desperately in love with him. Nevertheless, she must have put up a big fight for her principles."
"Principles!" said Leyton.

"A woman's principles against her physical emotions!"

You doubt the possibility of any fight between the two!" said Vandovan sharply. "Perhaps you think a woman is incapable of

aspiration."
"I think her aspirations wouldn't fight very

hard against her desire for a man she loved."
"I can tell you this," said Vandovan, "that when a woman of naturally fine character, who has fallen once, is fired, as that girl wasby Armour-with a burning desire for betterment, that can be a fighting desire. Mysticism may enter into it, faith, big things. And she saw that the life that fellow was trying to drag her to must be hell for her, in spite of her feeling for him. Her eyes were open. After all, she'd suffered years of prison. She'd tasted the fruit that only grows in the depths."

"But she went to the fellow, of course!" said Leyton, with an accent of cool certainty that roused in Vandovan intense irritation. cast a look that was almost malign at Leyton. "Didn't she go?" Leyton said.

"She did go

"Ah!" said Leyton, with the satisfied accent of a man so experienced that he couldn't make

a mistake about human nature.

And within a very few days she fled from that life with him and those associates of his. She couldn't stand it. It was impossible to her then, that life of the underworld. Even her persecuting love couldn't make it possible. She went to Mark Armour and asked him to save her—from—well, in spite of the irony, I must say it—from the blackguard she loved.

"Armour, for the moment, took her into his But circumstances that I needn't trouble you with forced him to go away from Saarlen just at that time. He went away ing the girl, Ellen Dale, in his house. When he came back she was gone. That brute had found out where she was and had taken her away. And then her deed took shape." "What was it?" I asked.

"In what must have been a moment of sheer despair, of something like madness, she fought to get away from her lover and would-be destroyer. She injured him seriously—with a

"She was tried for attempted murder.

Renfrew Clyde was her judge. Mark Armour was the principal witness for the defense. Such was the design of fate.

"Partly owing to Armour's position and reputation in Saarlen—he was well known for his work, and he happened to possess a big fortune, which of course always fastens attention on a man-the trial of Ellen Dale was a cause célèbre. The court where the trial took place was crammed. Not only that! During the progress of the trial crowds waited outside e law courts, dense crowds—dense.
"Mark Armour went into the witness-box

and fought hard for Ellen Dale. She had a brilliant counsel for the defense, who helped Armour in his effort to lay bare the truth of the girl's soul, to show how she had been driven to violence by sheer desperation. judge was Renfrew Clyde."

Vandovan paused. I noticed that beads of

perspiration stood on his forehead.

"The summing up was an infamy. two men were one against the other at last. But the final word was with Clyde. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty without a recommendation to mercy. Armour had expected to draw that recommendation from them. But Clyde had had the last word with them. And then he had the last word with Ellen Dale. He sentenced her to penal servitude for twenty years."

I heard someone sigh. Vandovan stood up. "You're not going!" said Leyton.

"After the verdict was delivered—late in the evening of winter," said Vandovan, standing, "the crowds in the street outside the court became unmanageable and there was almost a It seems that the judge came out at the front entrance and mingled with the dense crowd. Sentiment in the condemned girl's favor ran very high—for some occult reason. And a queer thing happened."

As he paused again Leyton said, rather quickly, "What was that?"
"The judge was shot dead in the crowd."

"Shot-by whom?" I asked.

"It was dark. The crowd, as I've said, was The shot must have been fired very dense. cleverly. The assassin was never discovered. But the sentence that night was death.

He stood for a moment with his head slightly ent. Then abruptly he turned away. "But—one minute!" said Leyton.

minute! You said something about Mark Armour. You told us that his hatred of the judge was on the way towards a deed. You spoke of the deed shaping, beginning to take shadowy form in the void of the future."
"Did I?" said Vandovan, looking round.

"Yes, you did. What about that deed?" "I leave that to you," said Vandovan. "But it was never discovered who shot Renfrew Clyde. And then he walked away under the stars. He went forward and disappeared.

We didn't stay on deck much longer that night. Ferguson was the first of the three to go. He got up and said:

"A queer story enough! But how does Vandovan come to know it in so much detail?"

"Difficult to say!" I replied.
"Well—good night," said Ferguson.
When he had gone I said: "It must be

awfully late."
"Yes," Leyton agreed. "I suppose we'd better turn in."

We walked towards the cabin way. "A queer fellow, Vandovan!" I said as we paused for an instant before separating.

"Very!" said Leyton.
"Where does he come from? What's his

nationality?" "I know nothing about him except that he suffers from insomnia."

"And what he told us tonight," I said. "What he told us tonight?" said Leyton.
"He—he told us a good deal, didn't he?" I

"Think so?" said Leyton. "Well, good night!" He walked away down the corridor. "An old lawyer—and a cautious man!" I said to myself. And I went to my cabin.

to the me a single po as a text-vidual was new sort Even t Orange, or pictures w ense the burghers a traits and unremittir bout to d depth. I crown. Then de

Hears

ONE da enter She was wealthy, f heir to a la and politic "Saskia: pondered A few da burgh led the most and the n genuinely that he we was nothir But he l her frail be with his ev ooked up,

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Friesland r

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Rembra

Rembrandt by Emil Ludwig (Continued from page 31)

to the medical guild. Rembrandt had a new idea: he focused the eyes of the auditors upon a single point, the body which was being used as a text—and while the likeness of each indi-

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as a text—and while the likeness of each indi-ridual was preserved, a concerted movement of anew sort had been effected.

Even the Stadtholder, Prince William of Orange, ordered for his castle a series of Passion pictures which were all executed very scenic-ally and for the most part quite coldly (one can sense the commission). Thus, in demand by burghers and sovereigns as a painter of por-raits and pictures, a miller's son of twenty-six, unremittingly at his easel, Rembrandt was about to develop his art more in extension than depth. He was reaching towards a civic cown.

rown. Then destiny sent him a star.

One day, a year after his arrival, Ulenburgh entered his studio with the news that a cousin had come to Amsterdam from Friesland. She was young and good-looking, and also wealthy, for she was an orphan and the joint heir to a large estate. Her father was a mayor and politician, and the girl's name was Saskia. "Saskia?" thought Rembrandt, and he

"Saskia?" thought Rembrandt, and he pondered over the name.

A few days later the doors opened and Ulenburgh led in the girl, who was curious to see the most fashionable pictures in Amsterdam and the man who painted them. She was genuinely disillusioned. She had imagined that he would look like a painter; and there was nothing to see here but a workman.

But he liked the versatile creature, the little blonde Frisian girl with her bright eyes and her frail body. He was already devouring her with his eyes. Once he laughed; and when she lowed up, for the first time she saw him as a lover.

Her cousin, the art dealer, stood by smirking in silence. And to assist his friend in getting a good order, and also perhaps with fleeting designs as a matchmaker, he suggested that she

syns as a matchmaker, he suggested that she should have her portrait painted.

Saskia began to take a liking to Rembrandt, it he acted very tenderly towards her. If she cometimes became uneasy at the wildness in his eyes, suspecting that volcanoes smoldered beneath the surface, such fears only served to draw her closer to him. When he finally asked her with minded hesitancy and importunesses.

her, with mingled hesitancy and impetuousness,

she said yes.

Her guardian was furious. Was a miller's son to win the wealthy patrician? He was after her money; he looked like a day laborer. In this bustling business center, with his hopes for a career whetted by his first taste of fame and money, Rembrandt did naturally take Saskia's wealth into consideration. He integring the helder way of living a combination. magined a bolder way of living, a combination of work and pleasure, with himself loving Saskia and painting Saskia to the point of exhaustion, and at the same time gaining freedom for his art. The days of oppression would be over, and he would need accept no more commissions, but could paint wholly in accordance with his own spontaneous desires. Deny him this because he was poor and low-born? How?

this because he was poor and low-born? How? Did he not earn plenty of money, and was he not a man of high repute?

Rembrandt became sinister. All the wildness in him broke forth—which always signifies that a man is but half himself. And when sakia had gone back North, and he was sitting alone again in his studio, he say how his wishedalone again in his studio, he saw how his wished-for home was being withheld from him; and projecting his anger and resentment upon the projecting his anger and resentment upon the canvas, he painted abductions. As an audacious god, transmogrified into a bull, he made away with the lovely Europa. Then as dark Pluto he carried off the savage Proserpina, who was digging her nails in his face while the fery black steeds swiftly bore her off in the lion-shaped chariot. Such sign-language served to mitigate his furry, until Saskia's guardian in Friesland relented, and she returned the follow-Friesland relented, and she returned the following summer. And as she stepped into his studio,

on this day Rembrandt cast off his gloom and became happy. He was to remain at Saskia's side for nine years.

What would first interest an authentic painter in his betrothed? On the third day, he took his silver-point and drew her. She was suddenly transformed. Tension and formality, laces and gems, the heiress, the lady—all that is gone. Half-reclining, a charming child looks dreamily out of her youth into a brightly veiled future; the flower which he has given her droops gently in her hand, and the broad garden hat hovers in waves above the olond garden hat hovers in waves above the blond

They were engaged for a year. She as not always in the city; yet when he had her near him and could fondle her and love her, he also painted her. Once again he painted her with great pomp, as he had done the year before; but now she was holding the frail rosemary in her hand as a symbol of her betrothal. How quickly the features have altered! Yes, under Rembrandt's impetuosity and possessiveness the neonle whom he loves blossom forth as the people whom he loves blossom forth as though beneath tropical suns, unfold and wilt again as quickly as they have opened! Saskia

Became Rembrandt's first offering.

He then went to Friesland, on a visit to those who had opposed him the year before. He came now in triumph, to claim his bride. The pastor of the Saint Anne parish recorded in his parochial register the fact that he had married "the painter Rembrandt van Rijn to Saskia van Ulenburgh, daughter of the deceased van Versie of Leonwarden".

mayor of Leeuwarden."

It was at the height of summer. For them the world was aglow.

The best of health to you, our audience of the future! When we are dust and less than ashes,

future! When we are dust and less than ashes, perhaps in some favorable hour you will look upon us and think: Those two were happy!

So in the picture of the Breakfast, Rembrandt calls out to the stranger, baring his teeth with laughter. Will he give proof to the world? Though a miller's son, he has red doublet, with plumed hat and dagger. A prince of life—for his big hand is laid against the hip of his delicate wife, he has lifted her in her blue-green velvet dress lightly upon his heavy knee, and even as he paints he raises a heavy knee, and even as he paints he raises a tall glass in his right hand and drinks to us.

The picture seems permeated by some vague anxiety, as though the happiness were overdone. This impression is further borne out by the greenish-lilac tones so devoid of the merriment which seems to be in order. And when we ment which seems to be in order. And when we stop to reconstruct the scene, and think of the painter carefully decorating himself and his wife, questioning his proprietary air in the mirror, and testing the degree of his laughter, we grow old before this overheated picture. Yet Rembrandt was freer. He felt that all his senses were awakened, and that he stood on solid ground. His mind was focused on the wife for whom he had waited perhaps too long.

wife for whom he had waited perhaps too long. And his best paintings in the first years of this love life disclose intoxication and frenzy. He went to the Bible less often for his subjects. And if he did paint "The Finding of Moses," it was only as a pretext to introduce the three bathing women. When he made an etching of Potiphar's wife, he was attracted solely by the posture of a woman tossing in bed. A Susanna from this period is a spectacle of wantoness.

posture of a woman tossing in bed. A Susanna from this period is a spectacle of wantonness. Saskia, who kindled such fire within him, became her husband's model. In the third year of their marriage he depicted her charm on his canvas. Should he fear the Philistines? In the neighboring country, for all its religion, was not the great Rubens doing the same with his Helena? Saskia was copied for posterity by her lord and master, once as Susanna, and most splendidly as Danae.

Never has nakedness been nainted with a

Never has nakedness been painted with a more languid seductiveness than in this study by a painter who always distrusted formal beauty. Here nothing is oppressive. The

cover is a glowing golden red; the curtains of the bed are a luxurious olive green. A few tones in blue and gray fail to diminish the in-tensity. Before this freshness and fulness of love we catch our breath, as we feel the invisi-ble presence of the artist hovering over the young wife almost like the presence of a god.

In these three years of love Rembrandt had changed from a brooding seeker of God to a dazzled consort of the gods. And in the course dazzled consort of the gods. And in the course of these same years, with telling swiftness he had led this child at his side away from the frail rosemary into the tropic forests of delight. A demon prompted Rembrandt to produce a quick development, and a still quicker destruction, in those whom he loved.

In keeping with such fulness of life, he wanted money and property. Not that he might entertain the &ite, like Rubens, for he had never been drawn to this class. "When I need relief from my work. I seek freedom, not

had never been drawn to this class. "When I need relief from my work, I seek freedom, not honor." This manly saying has been handed down to us by a pupil. He wanted beauty and more room, an abode for work and family. He had always been domestic; he had never roamed or traveled; he had no interest in adventure, and could be contented only in a highly circumscribed environment, and now highly circumscribed environment—and now, at the age of thirty, Rembrandt demanded of life a house.

To be sure, during the first years of marriage this man's homing instincts seem to have been frustrated. A son and a daughter had died in infancy. After the death of one child Rembrandt painted the sacrifice of Isaac. But as he still hoped for sturdier offspring, and as his wife was in good health again after her con-

wife was in good health again after her confinement, he reverted with greater determination to his plan for a house of his own. Was not Saskia rich enough for that?

She seems to have been. But whereas her charm developed in the hands of the artist and became fertile and immortal, her wealth, the money of the Ulenburghs, proved to be the genius's undoing. He was made richer by her charm, but impoverished by her money.

Back home the poor miller's son had never heard of financial investments. On coming to Amsterdam, he had spent what he earned.

Amsterdam, he had spent what he earned. His wealthy wife confused him as to his posi-tion in the world. Her possessions, which were tied up in lands and were besides held in joint ownership with nine brothers and sisters, never became liquid. Saskia's money came to them only in occasional dribbles.

So they lived on what he earned, and that was considerable. Now that he accepted orders less frequently, his prices were higher. At times he received 500 guilders for a single portrait. Also his pupils netted him a good deal, for in accordance with the customs of the contract of the co times, he touched up their work and sold it under his own name.

One day Rembrandt heard that near by on the One day Kembrandt heard that near by on the same street there was a beautiful house for sale. Immediately he pointed it out to his wife, telling her with a laugh that this was where they ought to live. The whole front was windows, nothing but light, and four steps led up from the street to the house door. They would always mount those four steps in quiet happiness!

would always mount those rout steps in quite happiness!

"Is it expensive? On the contrary, quite reasonable! Besides, we should not have to pay anything for the first year, and the Stadtholder alone still owes us two thousand guilders for his last two pictures!"

Rembrandt bought the house for 13,000 milder 1000 as an initial nayment and the

guilders, 1,200 as an initial payment and the balance in either five to six years, at his

He had hardly taken the house before his troubles began. He lived on a generous scale, spending his money as fast as it came in—and if at times none came in, he was not greatly concerned. Now he had to begin thinking of dates like a merchant.

He had signed the contract in January, so

iscouraged

with patchwork treatments of the skin ~



Thousands of women are turning to this new method of care and skin health

RE you, too, one of those who have tried treatment after treatment for the skin, yet without any visible results? Have you perhaps come to feel that nothing can give you one of those clear, smooth, glowing com plexions you envy in some of your friends?

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that they might occupy the house in the spring. Yet by February he was already writing letters to the secretary of the Stadtholder dunning him for his money. And because he needed it in a hurry to meet at least the small initial payment on his house, he reduced the price of the pictures from 1,000 guilders to 600, "providing that I should also be reimbursed for my expenses and for the two ebony frames and the case, which all told amount to 44 guilders."

amount to 44 guilders."

But the treasurer refused to pay, alleging that no taxes had come in. Learning from the tax-collector that the treasurer was lying, the painter wrote the treasurer another letter: "It is with misgivings that I trouble the gentleman with this further communication

. . . So I beg you, my kind sir, to see that my claims are met forthwith, since I should like to receive now my well earned 1244 guilders. Herewith I greet you cordially and hope that God will long keep you safe and in the best of health."

The prince finally paid, and the painter was able to hand over the first payment of the purchase price. He was immediately relieved, with no thought of the future. They moved in; and he transferred all his collections to the many rooms of their bright house, and during the following years he continued to buy and collect whatever struck his fancy—often on borrowed money, and purely for the sake of a varied but trivial excitement for which, even while indulging it, he had scant respect.

Rembrandt the connoisseur was soon as well

known as Rembrandt the painter. People came to him for advice and for appraisals. Also he occasionally traded or sold something Asso he occasionally traded or soid something which he had got previously—or if he thought an engraving was valuable, he might buy up the whole printing at once. In one document Rembrandt van Rijn is now designated as a

merchant. His wife's relatives were annoyed by the fantastic beauty of his private life. For it was something apart from the outside world. Rembrandt had few intimates. He avoided the upper class, although his work would have gained him entry there. Though he possessed the trained Dutch transcription has been been as a support of the control of the property of the control of the property of the the typical Dutch tranquillity, he completely lacked the equipoise of his people; and if he wanted to make merry he had to do so in the style of a sailor. When immersed in his work, he was content with bread, cheese and a herring. At such times, we learn from one of his pupils, "the mightiest prince in the world wight the style desired admittance but he would might have desired admittance, but he would not have been received until Rembrandt was

Remarkable contrast between his peasant insolence and an unconquerable weakness for worldly glamor! For he was well aware that sovereigns and ambassadors liked to visit celebrated painters and inspect their standing, much as though they were attending a circus. He knew that Rubens often had music played to him or Plutarch read aloud while he painting. But what he did not know was that this Rubens had built up his brilliant manner

this Rubens had built up his brilliant manner of living slowly, step by step through decades. Rubens never left his mind. Now he even bought an expensive picture by him, though it could teach him nothing. He borrowed the money and left the picture with the lender as security. But when its value rose several years later, he sold it at a profit of a hundred guilders. He now looked with less enmity upon the worldliness, beauty and color in the pictures from Italy. He did not like this formal style, which he had refused to seek as a youth; yet once it was before him, it attracted him. He now painted a gentleman with the falcon, a now painted a gentleman with the falcon, a lady with the fan, as though he had been trained in Florence or in London with Van Dyck. His portraits in this period became gentler, almost lovely.

This artistic attitude, this more anonymous and more formal mode of painting, made it more of a risk to place-orders with him. For though he was also famous in the city now for a "beautiful gold tone, almost like that of the Venetians," he did not always set himself to

penetrate the character of his people, the libeness was less accurate, and he often made the types of a society to which they did not albelong.

Yet ugliness never lost its attraction for Rembrandt. Inasmuch as it was true, it was to him often sacred, always natural, and evacurate also that the time. When he was close to the sacred that the sacred

to him often sacred, always natural, and eva agreeable. At this time, when he was closed to formal beauty, the ugliness is confined to his sketches, where it was always most at home. As evidence of this, one may turn at random to any work of this period.

Meanwhile he was pleased to annoy the humbers with his naturalism, as in the realistic.

burghers with his naturalism, as in the realish treatment of the "Ganymede," or of the Sermon of St. John, at whose holy work two dogs are courting in the dark foreground Even at the time, this created a stir in the city. The picture was dubbed by its critics the "Prayer of Diogenes," yet Rembrandt laughed Better than many a man, he knew in his hear how close god and beast are to each other.

But the dumbly dramatic, with a silence that takes the breath away, is rarely to be found in this period. It is strongest in "The Marriag of Samson" and in "David and Absalom" This magnificent picture, one of the brightest that Rembrandt ever painted—wherein David in light blue, white and silver stands before the boy in rose and gold with his fatal blond hair, forgiving and asking forgiveness—contains the sum of tragedy in the back of this averted boy, as one will similarly find it later in the backs of man and beast. It is the theme of the lost son, which had occupied Rembrandt before, and

which he also dealt with now in an etching.

For the man himself, with his remarkable semi-darkness, had always seemed like a pilgrim in quest of an eternal home; and even now. midway in the drama of his life, this profound impulse again broke through the brilliant wals of his stage, causing them to collapse like wings. Yet if a friend asked him which he was seeking, God or eternal rest, he could only have shaken his head, and pointed in embarrassment to his pictures.

What Rembrandt sought was the light. In his childhood he had watched this light flickering through the windows of the mill; as

flickering through the windows of the mill; as an older boy he had seen it reflected in weapons; and with humbly tentative hands be conjured forth its invisible presence and diffused it through each of his canvase. That is the magic secret which distinguished him from other men, and which served him lieu of God and nature. It was his creed, nowhere avowed but everywhere implied For it was omnipresent; yet he never revealed it, since on this earth it was never revealed to him. Towards this is pilgrimage was directed. him. Towards this his pilgrimage was directed. He felt it, like some purer power, radiating through his own dark manner. And though his figures continually recede into the night of

his figures continually recede into the night of instinct, yet it pursues them and throws itself in flakes upon their bodies.

He never repudiated the complimentary half. He depicted greed and ugliness, as he felt them within himself, at every stroke of his incorruptible brush. But being a thorough Christian, a thorough child of the North, he always felt all this as inferior. Thus he enwrapped the people of his imagination in half-illuminated darkness, as though they were fugitives from light. Unlike the old Mediterranean masters, towards whom he felt no rivalry, he never bathed his pictures in a flood of brilliancy. All through his life, as a man and as a painter, in through his life, as a man and as a painter, in the problems of both his life and his art, he fought the battle with light.

Now, in the later years of his marriage, he was drawn more to the Old Testament. This was the time when he was attracted most

was the time when he was attracted most strongly towards the Jews.

Rembrandt lived for almost thirty years in the Jewish quarter, and yet he could have had his house in whatever part of the large city he preferred. Was it only the bright caftans, the turbans, the Oriental element, which allured this Occidental painter? Undeniably there were more heads with character to be seen on these streets than elsewhere. Close be seen on these streets than elsewhere. Close

MADA JACQUI

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The Beauty who might have married a Prussian Prince ...

MADAME RÉCAMIER

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PAINTING BY
JACQUES LOUIS DAVID
IN THE LOUVE

"Throat and shoulders of admirable form and proportions, beautiful arms and an incomparable brilliancy of complexion." She was the favorite of the French salons—yet she is said to have bad "neither wit, learning, nor political acumen". The book she studied most was her mirror—with good reason!





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"AN incomparable brilliancy of complexion"—a gift within the reach of most any woman today! Yet it was the outstanding charm of lovely Madame Récamier, adored by the

foremost wits and wise men of France! It was the brilliant Madame de Staël who said she would give all her own genius for Récamier's looks!

The great Napoleon urged upon her the post of lady-in-waiting to the Empress, but she feared him—and his brother—and declined the position. When she called upon Madame de Sael—in Coppet—Prince Augustus of Pussia saw her and fell desperately in love. He entreated Récamier to divorce her husband and marry him.

But Julie recalled her elderly huband's unfailing kindness, his lost fortune, and refused to consider the Prince. On her huband's death, she retreated waconvent, where her "salons" attracted the great from many lands.

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behind the Breestraat lay the synagogue and the Talmudic school. The eastern and western walls of his house bordered the homes of rich Jews. He observed their customs and festivals. Jews. He observed their customs and festivals. He liked to sit surrounded by silver candlesticks and women in costly silks, and lose himself in the beauty of ghetto eyes. This was his trip to

Here was a whole race with the imprints of fate upon their features. Here was a people doubly driven, in flight first out of the lands of doubly driven, in hight inst out of the lands of their fathers, and then out of Spain and Por-tugal accepting the hospitality of the Span-iards' enemy. And while they were going about their business, as everywhere else in the world, and while they cherished, and quarreled over their prayers, laws, rites and dogmas, Rem-brandt the brooder, Rembrandt the pilgrim, felt akin to this people in a foreign land.

They were distinct; they were isolated; they did not get on well with the burghers of Amsterdam with whom they had so little in common: was not this also his rôle? Because they felt strange in this era and this environment, they appealed to his lonelinesswas precisely in this worldly period of his career that he associated with them, as though for the unconscious purpose of guarding his

integrity.

With the passage of decades Rembrandt had kept but two friends. The one, Copperel, her but the control of the cont were remarkable men, upright and retiring— and besides, Menasseh ben Israel the Rabbi possessed great learning and understanding. About this time, and later, Rembrandt often depicted scenes in the life of Daniel, a prominent figure in Menasseh's large mystic-cabalistic book, the subtlety of which attracted the painter as he pondered on the Bible. warmth of these mystics was sure to enlist a temperament which froze in the clarity of Calvinism. Rembrandt probably read Hebrew.

At the same time he was of course a Men-nonite, though not a strict one, and later he had his children baptized as Calvinists.

In Menasseh's house, which he has drawn, Rembrandt had the opportunity to meet Hugo Grotius and other men of powerful intellect. He also made friends with the astute Doctor Ephraim Bonus Freund, whom he has immortalized in one of his best portraits.

In the Hebraic school which Menasseh

founded, a young man was attracting great at-tention because of his precocity, and later because of his revolutionary leanings. Rem-brandt was often in this circle, frequently pro-curing his models there for his Biblical pictures. Perhaps the sharp eyes of this boy are also peering out from one of these groups.

His name is Spinoza.

Rembrandt was now at the height of his reputation. A Leyden chronicler praised him "one of the most famous painters of his century.'

The one thing he and Saskia lacked was a son, a child. In the new house their third had son, a child. In the new house their third had died at birth. Rembrandt has confessed in his own way how, after the loss of three children, he prayed for one that would survive. He painted the "Sacrifice of Manoah." And the prayer was heard, and Saskia brought a son into the world, whom they named Titus, and who did remain living.

But the mother was exhausted. She was

But the mother was exhausted. She was not yet thirty, yet the strain on this bright gentle creature had been too great. She had been ornamented, overwhelmed, carried through the air by his big passionate hands, then bedded full upon the earth, enwrapped in the control of the in fantasy, now naked, now arrayed like a queen; and amidst all this fury of desire and will, of contradictions, turmoil and silence, four children had been born and brought into the world, and three of them were lost. It was too much for her, it had burned her out. She became pale before her day, she was growing sick and frail.

Did he know that he was painting her now for the last time? How fully developed she has become; with what pleasure he has held her and

adored her! The red dress is half open, the low addred ner! The red dress is had open, the low cut of the neck allowing the glimpse of an under-garment. She is wearing corals in her partly undone hair. There is a glitter of bracelets, pearl earrings, and a gold chain wound twice about her body. But her expression shows about her body. But her expression show, weariness; the young neck is creased; and only one thing suggests the picture of the bride which he drew eight years ago; as though she wanted to recall those times, she is again holding a flower in her hands, but now she is offering it to him, and it is a full red carnation, like a voice calling him. How long would she will held the red carnation. still hold the red carnation?

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During these last months of her life, an important order was brought to the painter's house, and along with it came much disturbance, considerable eminence, great hopes and many people. The captain of a company of arquebusiers in Amsterdam had engaged Rembrandt to do a group portrait of his men. Sixteen riflemen, each of whom would pay a hundred guilders for his picture, were to parade for sons and grandsons on a large canvas, arranged in an arresting manner, with every face quite plainly recognizable.

Rembrandt always needed money. When his mother died the previous year, he immediately sold the mortgage he inherited for more than 2,500 guilders, but he did not think of paying an instalment on his house. It was or paying an instalment on his nouse. It was much pleasanter to get pearls for Saskia, and as a matter of fact the creditors had never yet complained. Now the amount appealed to him, and he accepted the commission accord-

At the height of his skill as an artist, and no longer accustomed to such protracted work, what interest could be possibly take in sixteen guardsmen whose characterless heads he was to plaster upon a canvas! So he tried to figure out a way of doing the thing so as to make it attractive to himself, rather than to his attractive to himself, rather than to his clients, for whom he may have had scant respect. Another drinking scene, with one mailifting the tankard? Or one of them hitting the bull's-eye while the others shouted brawl Banal! Why, in heaven's name, is a person famous if he cannot settle such matters in his own way! Days passed. He had not touched a brush. He cleed his eyes waiting listening.

a brush. He closed his eyes, waiting, listening.
Of a sudden, out of the dark, grotto-like room
the sixteen agitated, bright-colored figures
take form. Now they come nearer; it seems

that they are carrying weapons. Are they not hurrying by? How many are there? Sixtem? At this count he opens his eyes and picks we the list of the riflemen which the captain has given him. Tomorrow the first sitting? They shall really be received!

Rembrandt paints a crowd at night press forward in sudden alarm, with spears, dru and guns, as though they were emerging out of the tumult of unending war. In the fore are two portraits, all black and yellow: the captain and his lieutenant. The rest are merely figures-more as in dreams than in pictures figures—more as in dreams than in picture—and they do not at all resemble these specific men who are standing here before him as models. Whereas he has always, until today, painted the individual face unmistakably, with its destiny, he now paints the faces of a throng where each depends upon the others for its meaning and significance. A dramstic nocturne, a brilliant apparition; purposeles, bold; as infectious as the sound of flutes rising out of martial music. out of martial music

In two places, with more mystery than he has ever previously attempted, light falls from nowhere upon men who do not deserve it. Rembrandt was feverish as he dreamed and

painted. In an adjoining room Saskis lay in the feverish reverie of death. Would be recover?—he thought as he came to her addressing. evening. Which would reach the goal some, he or death? And in the mornings, when silently begged him with her suffering eyes to remain there a little, since her infirmity we always worst at night, he would only kiss be and step into the studio, for he had to finish

She lay alone; she looked over at the sleeping

Sore throat's easiest victims reducing women!

Neglecting a cold or sore throat is dangerous business for anyone-doubly dangerous for reducing women weakened by strenuous exercises and "canary bird" diets.

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For both colds and sore throats often lead to serious complications if not treated immediately.

Look upon throat irritation as a warning, and at the first sign of it gargle repeatedly with Listerine, the safe antiseptic, used full strength.

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Time and time again, how-

colds and sore throats before they had a chance to become

Certainly, this pleasant precaution is worth taking during winter and early spring weather when grippe, "flu, and pneumonia are a constant threat. Lambert Pharmacal ever, Listerine has checked Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



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Billy Dorg

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child, whom she could no longer feed. A plump nurse sat near by. Saskia thought: He is always painting, always painting, and I am dying.

In a fever the painter stood before the large canvas, painting. The men watched the progress of the work with distrust, yet they waited for the outcome. In the end thirty-one life-sized figures had arisen. Who were they? Who was the dwarf, this doll on the left? A beggar woman—and yet with gems strung on her collar? Was it a goblet she was carry-ing, or was it a casque? What was the point to the lowl she was holding at her waist?

Finally, the gigantic picture was completed.
There it stood. The painter was exhausted, pale and suffering, like his wife. He could hardly speak, and he did not care what they said to him. What did the men say who had evidenced the picture. ordered the picture?

"Just where are we, the sixteen who pay for the whole thing? Isn't everything in a muddle of heads and weapons; and aren't many of us only half visible? Is that supposed to be you, only half visible? Is that supposed to be you, Adrian? And are those supposed to be our uniforms? On yellow one wears a blue sash—every apprentice would know that; and is the one of the lieutenant's white? He looks like a canary 'bird! This will make fools of us! The whole town will say: Do you see? He was always a bit queer; now he is completely

And that is what happened. Half the town had soon gathered before the picture. There was much surprise and derision. Even the connoisseurs who were attracted by this canvas shook their heads. The burghers felt that they had been gulled—and they were right.

The city had to rise up at this. The picture

was hung on some half-forgotten wall. And

simultaneously, they banished the reputation of the artist, who had once been a favorite and notwithstanding his slight peculiarity had unit now been one of the city's distinguished Hears

Rembrandt took no notice of this, for Sastin was dying. It was June again, she thought the time of their betrothal, the time of the marriage. Would she hold out until the dr of their anniversary? That would be the eighth.

It was too little, for it was too much.

Then they called in the notary. In her of the frail child sleeping alongside her named as the heir to her property. Or in the event of his death, the property went to the event of his death, the property went to be father, who was otherwise to act as truste for the child, and could not be supervised by any orphans' court or in any other of the child, sand trusts that he will consciention carry out her wishes." All for him, benefit and rights. However—if he should many again, all this is canceled; he should in the case relinquish one-half to her sister, even if the child were dead. the child were dead.

It is remarkable how this dying young man, even in her last days, oppressed by the curse of her Frisian money, had to weight pros and cons of the future instead of abad doning herself to dreams. He had been hap with her; she still felt this, although she was succumbing to him. He should not be hap with another; but if he were, the money more than the should be taken from him for its transfer. just as well be taken from him, for it had m

brought him happiness anyhow.

She died. From the sexton of the all
Wester Kerk, Rembrandt purchased a graw
beneath the little organ. Then she was carried out in silence across the four steps of the big house.

Rembrandt now enters into two love-affairs, and lives with a recklessness that brings him to the heights and depths of human experience-in Etail Ludwig's instalment for Next Month

A House Divided (Continued from page 95)

himself. Paint your walls cream-color here, Marcia: use mahogany furniture and yellows and tans. Give the room a sense of space and sunlight and cleanliness. By the way, I don't approve of twin beds. No man does—so approve of twin beds. I doubt if Harry—"

Marcia exclaimed furiously:
"I haven't criticized your plans for this house, Jerry Graham! It was your affair. But the hall closet is far too small, you haven't allowed nearly cnough room for linen, you haven't built in enough bookcases, and the kitchen is too big and sprawly for modern methods of efficiency. Your fireplaces don't look as if they'd draw, either. I didn't say anything as the Howards seemed content. Suppose you keep away from my job and stick

to your own!"
"Well," remarked Jerry, after a silence.
"Go ahead and decorate the blooming house. It looked pretty good to me until you got at it. But I had forgotten that a woman is going to live in it—at a man's expense. Carry on. Have an orgy of taffeta and petit-point and rainbow effects. Make it a cross between a depart-ment store window and a night club. It's nothing to me.

"There won't be any comfort in the place just a lot of those lovely feminine touches. Harry can come to my flat if he wants to put his feet on things and smoke a pipe. heaven's sake save some place in the house, will you, where he can at least hang up his hat

will you, where he can at least hang up his hat without wrecking your color scheme?"

Marcia answered not a word. She stalked out and he followed her. They were working up to a lively little war. The quarrel itself was absurd enough—each admitted that silently. But each felt, too, that his particular talent and creative instinct had been insulted.

One of the other rooms, which was many windowed and sunny, appeared to clear up the temper-clouds on Jerry's horizon. "Now this," he explained dotingly, "I designed for Harry's use. It has been labeled guest-room, but there are plenty of those—one, that is, and one's enough. But this room with the trick shower and window-seat and deep closet is for Harry himself. A sort of pokerstudy. There's the place for his humidor, and I put in an extra plug—see? There's a little electric ice-box on the market which looks like a cellaret-and is one. He can have his radio here, he can bring men up here when a game is on and shut himself off from the rest of the

He looked at Marcia expectantly. Surely, no matter how misguided the poor girl was she'd see the common sense and suitableness

she'd see the common sense and suitableness of this masculine scheme of things. But she had listened, abstracted and frowning. And now she whipped out her notebook again. "Nursery," she said. "Kate Greenaway wallpaper and ivory and blue paint. Bars at the windows, I think, and one of those adorable cut-out screens. The furniture will be made to scale."

Lerry stared aghest. It was borne in most

Jerry stared aghast. It was borne in upon

him that women were very dangerous, very ruthless. Nursery, indeed!

Somewhat awed and unusually embarrassed, he asked faintly, "Aren't you a little-previous?"

Marcia just looked at him and he had the sensation that if the cat had brought him in Pussy had indeed made a fatal error.

"Previous?" she asked him with a rising inflection. "What do you mean?"
"Well," Jerry stammered, "after all—a nursery—with nothing to put in it—doesn't that strike you as a little extravagant?" Marcia stamped her foot at him. "Stupid!" she exclaimed with bitter exas-

peration. "I haven't any intention of furnishing the room now. I'm going to leave it as it is.
Then when the time comes I'd be able to pick

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If I were a pedestrian

and had to walk along dark, heavily traveled roads, no motor-car would ever tackle me for a loss. Because I'd carry a lighted flashlight so that all drivers could see me . . . in time!

And because it would be my life to guard, I'd take no chances on justany-old-batteries. They would have to be genuine Evereadys, ever-ready and ever-dependable, crammed and jammed with life and light.

Get the flashlight habit. It pays. And that's no "light" fiction!

up things easily and have the room all ready when Reba comes back from the hospital."
"Hospital?" parroted Jerry feebly. "But is she?—I mean—will she?"

"Of course she isn't. But when you're planning a house you have to think for the future, don't you? And what's your objection to hospitals? Do you still cling to the idea of a little gray home in the West with a brass plate on the door—'The birthplace of—'?" Jerry, a little bewildered, collected himself

sufficiently to announce, irrelevantly:
"I won't have this intelligent and masculine room turned into a howling wilderness of

room turned into a howling wilderness of nursery—and a hypothetical nursery at that."
Marcia looked at him, level-eyed, and went on drawing little oblongs for cribs and squares for wardrobes and ovals for high-chairs.
"What with your plans and all," went on Jerry recklessly, "it's a good thing I made these walls sound-proof. But don't you think you'd better consult Reba and Harry?"
Marcia snapped her notebook shut She

Marcia snapped her notebook shut. She exited. She closed the door softly and left Jerry standing in the middle of the disputed apartment. Downstairs another door shut-with a slam. And Jerry realized that Harry's poker-study was not as sound-proof as he had

poker-study was not as sound-proof as he had intended it to be.

He whistled a bar from a current musical comedy. He shrugged his shoulders. After all, anticlimax awaited Marcia. She'd have to drive back to town with him. And he wasn't looking forward to it.

He went down slowly, peering into line closets and such. To the devil with her carping—the house was perfect! He'd put real low and labor into the planning and superintending of the thing. That incinerator and the laundry chute—the many plugs—the trick curtains enclosing the open porch in rain or lowering. chute—the many pings—the trick curtains en-closing the open porch in rain or lowering enough to shut out too strong sunlight—it was a wonder she wouldn't see all the excellent features of his house instead of wasting his time and hers in idle, silly criticism.

Downstairs, no Marcia.

After a futile search Jerry clambered gloom ily into the car and drove down the road. Just as he had Sherlocked, he overtook her tramping in the direction of the nearest small town.

"Well?" asked Marcia over her shoulder.
"Well?" asked Marcia over her shoulder.
"Don't be silly. Get in."
This hearty masculine approach was not to her liking. She said simply: "I prefer to walk."
"Back to New York?"

"There's a depot-and tracks-and trains,"

she reminded him.
"At least," said Jerry, very annoyed, "you'll let me drive you to the station?"
"No." She walked on. Heel and toe, hay

foot, straw-foot, a very determined sort of pace.

Jerry drove alongside, the car held down to a crawl. "But what have I done?" he asked.

"Nothing. Please drive on. You make me nervous, creeping up on me like that."

Jerry stopped the engine completely and got out. In the brown dirt road they faced each other.

other, two angry young things prepared to fight it out. "Now, look here," said Jerry. "What the

devil are we quarreling about, anyway?"

devil are we quarreling about, anyway?"

Marcia shivered slightly and her voice was an arctic breeze blowing over icebergs.

"Please moderate your language—I'm not aware that we are quarreling. But it's evident that we can't work together. You are far too opinionated—far too masculine."

"Well," Jerry excused himself with assumed diffidence, "I didn't know that was a fault-these days."

"Tog flippent" continued Marcia ignoring

"Too flippant," continued Marcia, ignoring this, "and too selfish. I can tell Reba that I won't do the house after all. You can do it instead."

"I have done it," Jerry argued. "The important part of it."
"You've planned walls and a roof and places." "You've planned walls and a roof and places." "You've planned walls and a roof and places." "You've planned walls and a roof and places."

for doors and windows," Marcia told him, "and someone else carried out your plans. And that's all you have done. You've erected a building. I expected to make a home out of it."

Lloyd Waner Baseball Star, writes:

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"Fifteen Minutes a Day is indeed a valuable adjunct to The Harvard Classies and I constantly consult it with profit and delight. Here is a college doucation within the reach of everyone the knowledge populates and presented with attractive succinctess. The Reading Guidenay be opened at random; a subject heading selected by chance, and an hour is the reader's who will add to his education and pleasure."

—H. C. WITWER.

H. C. WITWER, popular short story writer, confessed that he has acquired a college education without going to any college. In response to a query concerning the classical literary flavor of the opening paragraphs and titles of his current stories in Collier's and in Cosmopolitan Magazine, Witwer produced a letter he had just written to a friend in New York.

"I most assuredly have a Five-Foot Shelf," he wrote, "and if you don't think I use it constantly for inspiration, reference and mental calisthenics, you should see the well thumbed pages.

In response to further inquiries, Witwer In response to future any any said that he has been successively a newsboy, soda jerk, circus publicity writer, sports editor, and short story writer. "I have never a dear old Yale." had time to be an inmate of dear old Yale," he added, "but a constant inmate of my home has been

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The publishers cannot undertake to send the booklet free to child

All his love of his profession, his interest in and enthusiasm for it, his belief in himself,

and enthusiasm for it, his benef in himself, turned him red with rage.

"My ability to 'plan' as you call it," he said, "has taken years of study and hard work. Your alleged profession has meant renting a shop and going to wholesalers and getting a whacking good commission on the things you tell your clients they must have. I fail to see how you can compare the importance of your. how you can compare the importance of your hobby with my work."

Now, dreams had gone into Marcia's choice of her calling. She loved color and textures and the fine grain of woods. She adored the fun of playing with lighting effects and the magic of turning a walled, bare space into a livable, lovable room.

"Stick to your last," she advised him, "and I'll stick to mine. You're the most conceited man I ever met!"

"And you," said Jerry, "are the most obstinate girl!"

And he got into his car and drove off. Marcia walked to the station, waited half an hour for a local, and boarded it, cursing in a feminine fashion all the way home. She'd always hated red plush and it now surrounded her, irritating her nerves. She'd see Reba as soon as she got back to town.

She went directly to the Howards' flat and

found chaos.
"My dear!" explained Reba. trying to get you all day. And Jerry too. Harry's firm is sending him to England immediately to take over the office there. We're

"I know—the house!" Reba rumpled her pretty hair with ink-stained fingers. "What on earth shall we do with it, Marcia? We'll have to try and sell it, or at least rent it. We can't afford to turn down the offer-it's Harry's big

"T'll take the house," resolved Marcia.
"From today. I'll rent it and give you three hundred a month. Is that satisfactory? Perhaps, later, I might buy it and make a turn-

over."
"Marcia, you're wonderful! I'd rather you had it than anyone else. But what," asked Reba, "are you going to do with it now?" "Decorate it," responded Marcia grimly. After this she was submerged in a whirl of

spring and summer business. She did not see the Howards off for England, being afraid that the same friendly idea had occurred to Jerry. It had. But he didn't see them off either, not caring to meet Marcia on the dock.

He never wanted to meet her again. was the sort of girl who insulted a man's lifework and then walked to stations. He'd been put in a very embarrassing position through her quick temper and short-sightedness and self-confidence. Moreover, he'd had two blowouts on the way home, and while changing tires had had time to reflect that if he had been rude, so had she.

Some weeks later a load of furniture arrived at the cottage Marcia had rented on Long Island. She arrived with it, having led the way in her own roadster.

She was busy directing heavy-handed but amiable truckmen. "The couch here, please—" "Oh, do be careful of that tiptable!" when there was a loud roar as of motor in agony, and another truck appeared in a cloud of dust. On the truck, sitting pretty

a cloud of dust. On the truck, sitting pretty beside the driver, was Jerry Graham. Marcia, who had looked from the windows, now ran out on the porch. She watched a wet-sand carpet roll out of the new arrival, followed

sand carpet roil out of the new arrival, followed by solid pieces of furniture, all mahogany. Jerry had dismounted and was doing a Mussolini, "Here, take this! Here, take that!" when he heard a voice.

"What does this mean?" He turned. Stared.

"But what are you doing?" He strode up to her, peered past her at the welter of helpers and furniture. "All this furniture! I," said Jerry stiffly, "have rented this house from Harry Howard."

"And I," explained Marcia, under control, "have rented it from Reba."

They stood still and glared. The truckmen milled aimlessly about them.

"What'll we do with this here stuff, boss?" inquired one veteran mover—a courageous man, may his tribe increase. "Take it into the house, of course," com-manded Jerry, "and leave it. Anywhere." The truckman and his companion obeyed.

There were wars and rumors of wars. colored carpet and violet-gray, painted furni-ture and mahogany, twin beds and double, were carted in and piled up, established in an unnatural intimacy, a sort of mésalliance, and there were stumblings, swearings, crashes and fallings.

Marcia sat down on the steps and Jerry sat beside her. They compared notes, coldly. It presently became apparent that while Marcia paid Reba three hundred a month for the

house, Jerry paid Harry four hundred.
"We can't both have the house," Jerry summed up finally.

"I should say not," Marcia agreed, with conviction.

"It's up to Reba and Harry then," Jerry figured out and grinned. He had to grin. He didn't like Marcia now, of course, but somehow he was glad to be with her. He hadn't met any one interesting-or as interesting-in the interim. And the whole thing was rather funny. Of course, his claim was the better.

We'll go to a telegraph office and cable them," he went on, "as there's no good King

"Very well. And in the meantime?"
"Oh," answered Jerry carelessly, "yo needn't remove your things. I'll store themthere's lots of room in my very well-planned cellar."

His cellar!

Marcia was so angry she had nothing to say. Well-planned! A lot of wasted space! Any fool could see that part of the place should be

made into a-well, play room.

Presently, after both loads of furniture had been distributed messily over the house, Marcia climbed into her car and drove off and Jerry trailed her.

They pulled up at the telegraph office and sent two cables.

Did you rent house to me or not stop Jerry Graham here with impossible load of furniture says house is his stop what am I to do Marcia

Girl name of Marcia claims she has rented house from Reba stop already has it frilled up with useless sticks of wood 'stop what about our bargain you old shylock Jerry

When the costly complaints had been handed to a pop-eyed telegrapher the two cars started off again and drove into town. The following day Jerry at his office and Marcia in her shop received their answers, which were identical save for signatures. Raging, each

Fight it out yourselves we are drawing down seven hundred a month.

Marcia reached for the telephone and men-Marcia reached for the telephone and menioned a number. After twenty or thirty years the operator responded, reproachfully: "Party trying to get you—" Marcia listened. Jerry's voice reached her. He was shouting wearily: "The line's not busy, I tell you—you haven't been ringing." "Hello" said Marcia at that. "Hello—that you, Marcia? Did you hear from Reha?"

from Reba?"
"I did."

"What did she say?" "She's a fool," answered Marcia bitterly, "and if this is her idea of a practical joke——!"

"Ah! I take it she cabled you to the same effect as Harry's message to me. Well, shall

"Shall we what?"
"Fight it out!" replied Jerry who intended doing that very thing.

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6 Lhe pity of it-

when a woman no longer dares to smile!



It was Oliver Wendell Holmes who said:

. but for women, to hide whose smile would be to take away half the sunshine of life, there is no element of their beauty which can take the place of white, even, well-shaped teeth.

The pity of it, when a woman no longer dares to smile! It is so unnecessary. That

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ear

flashing allure of your smile—firm gums, pink with the glow of health; teeth, sound and brilliant-may be preserved

That fascinating, flashing line where the pink of gums meets glistening teeth —that beauty line, leading dental authorities now know, is also The Danger Line. In those almost invisible crevices where gums meet teeth, tiny particles of food collect and ferment. Acids are formed. It is those acids which cause tooth decay and gum irritation.

Then come pain, worry—and the telltale, beauty-marring lines that come with them. Poisons of decay, seeping into the body, sap vitality, bring premature



age. Often, serious diseases follow. . . . That happens to so many women!

And so many men!

The reason is that merely brushing the teeth is not enough. Only by combating acid can decay and irritation be prevented.

That is why leading authorities recommend Squibb's Dental Cream, made with more than 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia.

Squibb's Dental Cream contains no ingredients that might be harmful to the most delicate teeth or gums. No harsh abrasive. No astringent. Nothing but cleansing agents, and Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. It protects the precious enamel of your teeth by striking at the



source of decay-mouth acids. It creeps into crevices that no tooth-brush can reach. It remains there to give protection for a long time after use. It protects the beauty of your smile—and your health—as no other known dentifrice can. On sale at all druggists at 40 cents for a large tube.

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"You're-impossible, Jerry Graham," Marcia "Do you mean to tell me you won't let me have the house?"

Why should I? I've paid six months in advance!"

Marcia slammed down the receiver. Then she sat in blue serge and deep thought and chewed the end of a pencil savagely. Presently, she arose and arranged with her two assistants to be absent from the shop for some days.

Her father, just returned as it happened from a trip of sorts, eyed her at dinner that night and cocked an eyebrow in speculation.

"Youngster, what's up?" he asked her.
"Nothing. Father, you believe I've made a
success of my business, don't you?" she asked

him wistfully.
"I sure do. Seeing's believing. Anything go

wrong at the shop?'

"Not a thing—" She looked across the table at him, observed how handsome he was, show kindly were the eyes dwelling upon her. She said, pushing her plate away: "I'm glad you're home. I've missed you."

"I'll have to do without you some day, my

"Dad!" She stared, paling.

"Dad!" She stared, paling. "You—you're not ill?" she whispered fearfully.
Mr. Meadows laughed. "No—never better. I meant when you marry."
"I'll never marry," stated Marcia with conviction. "For I'll never find anyone like you in all this world."

you in all this world."

"Thank you, my dear—but don't get a father-fixation, or whatever your appallingly frank young friends call such filial devotion nowadays. By the way, what's happened to Jerry Graham? I've been home twelve hours and haven't seen him yet."

"I—haven't seen him for some time. He's—ok, how I hate men!" burst out Marcia suddenly. "Ok, how selfish men are!"

And with that she burst incontinently into

And with that she burst incontinently into

tears and fled the room.

Mr. Meadows sat where he was, frowning at the table-cloth. She was in love then—and genuinely so. His—Marcia. But he liked genuinely so. His—Marcia. But he liked Jerry. He rose and followed her and found her drying her eyes in the living-room and turning over the pages of a book. Little sniffs escaped her.
"Tell me, Marcia," her father ordered.

When she was all through Mr. Meadows stretched his slim legs and asked thoughtfully: "Well, and what are you going to do?"

She had planned a coup, she told him, and

divulged her plans.
"Very neat," said her father, "as a starter.
Of course, the whole situation is absurd. Reba and Harry are just amusing themselves. They'll see light presently. Don't worry." On the following day Mr. Meadows cabled the Howards. The cable read:

Your illegal gold-digging and rent-collecting is leading to interesting complications stop hold out as long as possible and ignore all messages from entangled parties and warring factions.

For Mr. Meadows was very fond of his daughter, and it was time, he thought, for Marcia of the high hand to get her come-

Marcia, with a maid and a handy man, de-parted in her car for Long Island and put up at an inn near the Howard-Meadows-Graham

house. After which they went to work.
In a week they returned, exhausted. Marcia and the loveliest thing! I want to buy it."

"That might be arranged," said her father.

The next day he telephoned Jerry.

"Meadows speaking. How about luncheon at the club today—one-thirty?" Now Jerry liked Mr. Meadows as much as Mr. Meadows liked Mr. Meadows as much as Mr. Meadows liked him. So he accepted enthusiastically. They had a very good luncheon and talked of everything but Marcia. After which Mr. Meadows remarked: "I understand

that you and Marcia have rented a house.' Jerry choked.

"Of course," went on Meadows, Howards find it all a very good joke. They're a frothy young pair."
"They're darned practical," commented

Jerry bitterly. "Seven hundred a month! For an unfurnished house!" "It's not unfurnished," Mr. Meadows con-

completely equipped," Mr. Meadows con-"What the devil!"

"Keep your shirt on—a very nice shirt, by the way," praised Mr. Meadows who had a the way," praised Mr. Meadows who had a clever eye for clothes. "And listen to me—"

He leaned closer and spoke several words in

Jerry's ear. Jerry gasped.

"She has a nerve!" he began indignantly.

"She always has had. My advice to you is—" and Mr. Meadows buzzed counsel busily for some time. When he had concluded he made a rash promise, "And I'll guarantee to keep her away. I need a rest. And we men must stick together.

So Mr. Meadows developed gout and bilious-ness and nerve-strain. And Marcia, who loved her father, took another vacation and went with him to their place in Westchester—after he had vetoed Long Island-and they played

chess and read aloud and were quite happy.
"I do hope," said Marcia once, "that Mrs.
Manning—the caretaker I left in the house—

is competent.'

Her father nodded. He hoped, silently, the caretaker could read. He had given Jerry a note for her—on his business letter-head.

Jerry was on Long Island with a handy man He observed Marcia's color scheme. Dash of scarlet and all. But, he admitted, effective enough. The Lanvin-green bedroom drew snorts. And when he put his hand on the door of the sacred poker-study he found it leaded. Gehenna!

But there was no sense in breaking it open. He'd have a locksmith up. Meantime, he'd go to work. He did so.

About this time Mr. Meadows, god from the machine, had engine trouble. A wire called him to Chicago, and in the interests of a large, lucrative business he could not but obey. So he cured himself of his assorted ailments and sped West. He tried to get hold of Jerry to warn him, but there was no telephone in the new house. So to Chicago went Mr. Meadows hoping for the best.

Released from filial duties, Marcia was seized with a longing to gaze upon her new mansion. She'd wait till tomorrow. But the Park Avenue apartment seemed stuffy and lonely, and the night was very early summer studded with stars and laced by a little gipsy wind. So Marcia, ever impulsive, telephoned for her car and started for Long Island.

She had a clear road ahead and could hit it up. She did so. And was picked up for speed ing-and argued herself out of it. her way twice. And had a flat which she was forced to change—and so arrived at her house in the middle of the night, dirty and hungry and tired and inclined to think herself a fool.

There was a light in the house. Mrs. Manning, thought Marcia, must be taking her duties very seriously.

She put her key in the door, opened it and walked in. And then she gasped.

Her lovely living-room was in confusion. The walls had been newly painted a soft green, and there was no carpet, merely newspapers on the floor. But a rolled wet-sand-colored object stood in a corner. Some of her furniture remained, in close conjunction with other trappings of solid mahogany.

Jerry had been down! Jerry was moving her out and moving himself in! She started for the stairs—stopped. She couldn't go into that room upstairs, the room she had locked. If she found radios and cellarets there, if she found red leather instead of blue and ivory enamel, if she discovered proof positive that Jerry had opened that Blue-beard's closet of her dreams!

A sound from the kitchen held her. She'd go confront Mrs. Manning and demand an

explanation.

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erry promise

So she stalked into the kitchen, and there sat Jerry at the table eating bread and jam and pork sandwiches, his hair on end and his long figure bath-robed and pajamaed. "Well!" said Marcia inadequately.

Jerry goggled but recovered. He rose with what dignity was left to him.

"Won't you sit down?" he asked politely. She sat, principally because her knees were weak as water. She hated him—hard. But he looked very attractive—and somehow it was wonderful to be with him again.

"How dare you move my things out of my."

"How dare you move my things out of my house?" she asked, and because she was hungry she reached for the loaf and cut it, and

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hungry she reached for the loar and cut it, and sammed a piece of pork between two slices and looked for the pickles.

"How dare you move your things into my house in the first place?" asked Jerry reasonably, and pushed her the strawberry jam.

Marcia said, eating with unadorned ferocity:
"But it's my house! I planned it—inside, I

Marcia said, eating with unadorned ferocity:
"But it's my house! I planned it—inside, I
mean—I put all my most precious ideas into it
—and then you laughed at them."
"That's what you did to me," Jerry reminded her. "I built the house—as if I were
building it for myself. You'll think me crazy,
but before it was up I resented Reba and
Harry. I didn't want anyone ever to live in the
place but me. And then you told me that
everything about the house was wrong. That
hit me where I lived, Marcia."
"I was angry," she said and she said it
sweetly. "It's a dear house—and awfully well
planned. I had no business criticizing your
scheme for decoration," Jerry replied with
eager generosity. "When I came into the place
the other day and looked at the way you'd
fined it up I hated like the devil to disturb it.
You do know your business. The house was a
dram. I was converted—even to mauves and
blues and dashes of scarlet. And almost,
Marcia, to twin beds. But I was just obstinate, that's all."

He looked at her. She was so tired. She was
head the reves were dark rimmed. And she

He looked at her. She was so tired. She was pale and her eyes were dark-rimmed. And she had a smudge of grease on her left cheek. She wasn't being sparkling or matter-of-fact or businesslike. She was weary and sweet, a little

girl-just Marcia.

He said, huskily, looking like a youngster for all his graying hair: "Oh, Marcia, take the house! I built it, but you put the soul in it."

The shabby bath-robe was belted around his slim waist and the collar stood up crookedly. He looked like an ardent boy.

Marcia said shakily: "No—it was your house—"

Jerry came around to her and dropped on his mees beside her and put his arms about her.

"Our house. See what it did for us. It brought us together—it forced us into a quarter will be a live of the second of the rel. We'll live in it, darling, together—and I'll take care of repairs and additions and things, take care of repairs and additions and things, and you shall decorate it to your heart's content. Let me keep the big leather chair and the radio and the footstool and the humidor, and send the rest of the stuff to—to the Salvation Army. Take your house, Marcia, but take me with it. You do need a furnace man, Marcia darling—and—and I love you."

Now this was utterly unlike any proposal Jerry had ever proposed and any proposal

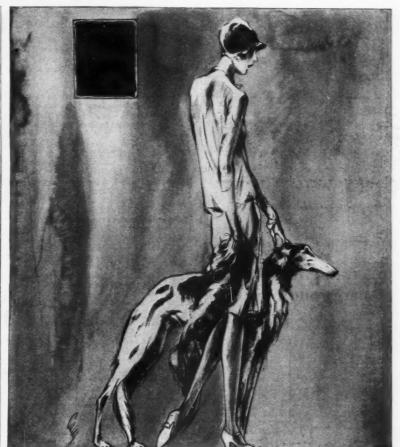
how this was utterly and any proposal erry had ever proposed and any proposal Marcia had ever accepted. She said, with her lands cupped about his face and her lips near

his own:

"Inever meant to marry."
"Neither did I," Jerry told her, shaken and stonished. "But—oh, what's a house without wife, Marcia? See, we built it together. We created it. It belongs to us. It isn't worth a darn without the two of us in it. I'm—I'm Surv I said such ratten things to you. I was sorry I said such rotten things to you. I was just sore because I'd loved planning the house and you didn't like it.

"I did, I did! I was just stubborn."

"Kiss me!" said Jerry.
Later they went into the chaotic living-room and proceeded at two in the morning to move amiture about. "We'll repaint the walls!" kry promised happily.



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cules stopped them in a burry." In almost all cases, fits are due to improper care and feeding. Many a valuable dog has been shot for mad because the owner did not know the difference between fits and rabies. Use Sergeant's Sure Shot Capsules and Condition Pills.

ground with legs moving rapidly. Dog rises and is stupid. Do You Know?

of Fits

Animal clamps jaws and froths at the mouth. Mus-cles jerk and throw body to the ground with legs

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"No-I-I do like that green. We'll work it out, somehow-a beautiful compromise-a happy blending of two personalities."

They went down in the cellar and dragged

up some wood and built a fireplace fire. And:

"It draws!" announced Jerry.
"Of course it would draw," Marcia told him roudly. "You planned it." proudly.

And they sat hand in hand on Marcia's couch with Jerry's fireplace in front of them, and talked—futures. How Jerry would build houses and Marcia would decorate them, and how this house would be their masterpiece and their model.

And after a while it was dawn, and Marcia's

And after a while it was dawn, and Marcia's pale cheeks reflected that rosy light.

"Good heavens," she said. "it's morning!"

Jerry became aware of his lack of fashionable morning attire. "Darling—I'll go to the able morning attire. "Darling—I'll go to the inn," he said, "and you must get some sleep. There's linen, of a sort, upstairs—" She rose and he with her, and they kissed simply and tenderly, as children kiss, and then

closely and passionately, as lovers embrace.
"Darling house!" said Marcia. "Darling
Jerry!" She waited while he went upstairs and dressed. She was so very sleepy, so very

"Jerry," she said when she was telling him good-by upon their very own door-step, "Jerry,

did you—did you—go into the poker-study?"
"No, dearest—it was locked, and I didn't

He

Sh

ing

gin

"No, dearest—it was locked, and I didn't bother—I was going to get a locksmith."
"Don't," said Marcia, and she blushed deeply, "don't. Not yet."

Jerry went off in his car. "I'll cable," he shouted as he drove past, "and ask how much they'll take for a quick sale."

Some months later the Jerry Grahams returned from a long wedding trip. Jerry had business in California, and after the honeymonn he and Marcia went West. But they were back in the Long Island house for Christmas. back in the Long Island house for Christmas.

Christmas day—they had arrived there Christmas eve—Marcia put a key in his hand. "I—I arranged to have things sent out," she said. "Mrs. Manning attended to them. The room wasn't all furnished—before we were

So they went up to the poker-study and un-locked the door. Kate Greenaway wall-paper and ivory and blue paint. And little furni-

and ivory and blue paint. And little furniture all built to scale.

"The—the hypothetical nursery!" said
Jerry, and turned to take her in his arms.

Marcia hid her face against his shoulder.

Then she raised it and looked straight into his
eyes. "Not—so hypothetical!" she said, and
kissing her he wondered if she were lawking. kissing her he wondered if she were laughing or

What We Really Did Over There (Cont. from page 91)

was a retreat and some of us stayed too long and were caught."

He hated to say so, and would not directly, but it was plain he thought something was very wrong at the top. He was losing confidence in his leaders.

When the Germans and the Allies asked: "Would the American soldier fight?" they did not expect that he would refuse to do so, or doubted, however, if he would fight with that determination, that desperation, of the man whose whole heart and soul is wrapped up in the success of the cause for which he goes to battle.

The Germans and French had been fighting each other since the Treaty of Verdun in the year 843 split up the Empire of Charlemagne year 843 spint up the Empire of Charlemagne the Great, giving Germany to one son and France—the new name for what had been called Gaul—to another. The Germans had not forgotten Napoleon's conquests. The French remembered their bitter defeats during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71, followed by enemy troops in occupation of their country until a huge indemnity was paid. In the war then going on they had seen their women, children and old men taking such meager belongings as they could carry, fleeing before the invader. They had seen, and still were seeing their villages and towns destroyed by the violence of modern shell-fire. A large part of their country was still in the hands of the invader. They had every cause to fight. The British remembered German sneers at

their early military defeats, and subsequent difficulties throughout the Boer War of 1899-1902. They had not forgotten German sympathy with the Boers and hostility to the British even prior to the Boer War. They remembered the Kaiser's famous telegram to the Boer President Krüger, after the Boers had repulsed the British raid led by Doctor Jameson, In this telegram, the Kaiser, besides congratulating the Boers upon their success, decidedly gave the impression that Germany had been ready to help them had they been unable alone to beat Doctor Jameson.

For years before the World War, the British

had watched the steady growth of the German Navy, built to fight in the North Sea, thus plainly intended as a challenge to the British Navy.

For years they had watched the growth of German colonies backed by a colonial ambition which was ready to seize territory in every quarter of the globe if given the oppor-

So convinced had they become of the challenge of Germany that they had settled their troubles with France and Russia, their two which the world accepted as being for all practical purposes alliances against Germany.

The vicious fighting which had taken place

from 1914 on plainly showed that the French, British and German soldiers all thought they had the best of reasons for fighting, and as a consequence, put their heart and soul into it.

The general staffs of these three countries,

however, asked the same question, though the German one hoped for the opposite answer

from that wished for by the Allies.

Every nation likes to believe that it is made up of natural-born scrappers who only need to have weapons put in their hands to give an opponent a good licking. While everyone laughed at William Jennings Bryan's statement that millions of men would spring to arms overnight as an answer to the argument for preparedness, he had only expressed in words what the public-perhaps not quite consciously -believed.

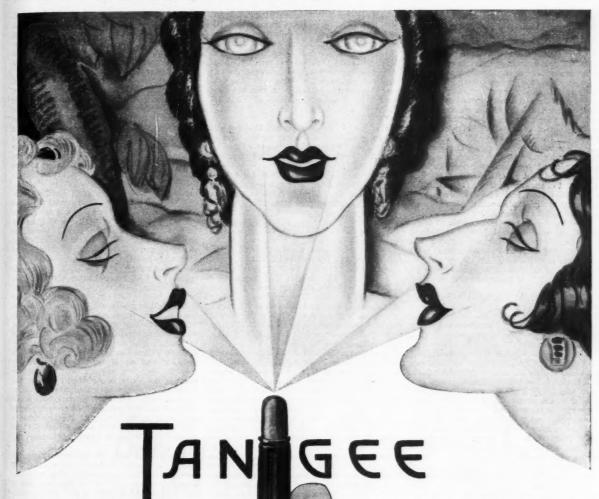
However, general staffs, like managerial de-partments of big businesses, are from Missouri,

and have to be shown.

They knew we had successfully fought British regulars in the days before modern armies and when we were still a hardy frontier people, the majority of whom were really ex-pert riflemen. They knew we had fought each other for four years in our Civil War. However, as both sides started unprepared, and com mitted the same military errors for the first few years, until hard campaign and battle erperience had taught the generals and armies how to fight, they did not consider that war showed what we would do on European battle fields, face to face with a modern foe equipped with modern weapons.

More than anything else, the Europe staffs had overemphasized the differences opinion which had existed in this country about the war prior to our entry into it. Each side had overestimated the value of its own propaganda and mistaken the noise made as indica tive of the feeling of a large part of our peop The Germans overestimated the number of those friendly to Germany. The Allies believed they had persuaded us finally and with reluctance to do our duty towards them

With that curious European inability to recognize the fact that there are American just as there are Britons, French and German, they insisted upon considering us as Europ



The smart woman achieves lovely lips

She runs a little stick of orange magic firmly over her lips. For a second or two nothing happens. Then, gradually, her lips begin to glow-not with the orange color of the lipstick-but blush-rose! Nature's own youthful bloom!

Once more she rubs the lipstick over her lips . . . the color deepens, becomes richer, astonishingly lovely! And yet there's no trace of grease or pigment, no unnatural coating. Nothing except a lovely glow, so beautiful and yet so natural it seems a part of her own lips . . . and, indeed, it is - for it is as permanent as the day is long.

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colonists who could only think about or act in the war from the point of view of our different European ancestors.

Thus, Europe was doubtful as to how hard our men would fight, because it missed the heart of the matter, which was that the American soldier was not fighting for Europe or Europeans, but for his own country which had

been defied by Germany.

The first combat experiences of our troops were in trench raids, by the Germans against us or by our people against the Germans. While nothing out of the usual run of such affairs happened, these raids showed that our green soldiers would stand the gaff. These sudden forays by night or by day, while on a small scale, unite all the terrors of war—surprise, hand-to-hand fighting, often with cold steel, as in combat of ancient days, and the vicious fire of machine guns and wholesale destructive uprooting by high explosive shells, the developments of modern civilization.

The first German raid was made at night against a small isolated post of the First Division. While the German surprise was complete and resulted in their getting some prisoners, they lost prisoners to us and left wounded and dead on the ground. Our dead were found at their posts, showing they had

not flinched.

The first daylight raid by American units was made by two companies of the 168th Iowa Infantry of the 42nd (Rainbow) Infantry Division. This raid had for its objective the destruction of an enemy strong point in their

third line of trenches.

The Germans became alarmed before the raid started and heavily shelled the American trenches. Despite losses in killed and wounded, and though it was the first time they had ever been under any kind of fire, the companies moved to the attack exactly on time, penetrated to the enemy's third line, destroyed the strong point and returned with prisoners. In addition to other troubles during the raid, they were attacked several times by low-flying German airplanes the machine-gun fire of which added to their losses.

Though not his duty, the chief of staff of the division, Colonel Douglas MacArthur, went along on the raid. The 168th Infantry (then the 51st Iowa Infantry) was one of the regiments which fought in the Philippines in the division commanded by General Arthur MacArthur, the father of Colonel MacArthur. General MacArthur started his career at the age of eighteen as a private of infantry in a Wisconsin regiment in the Civil War.

In May, June and July of 1918 came the first opportunities for American divisions acting under their own chiefs to show how they would fight in battle. On May 28th, the First Division, in our first divisional attack, stormed and took the village of Cantigny and the ground on either side. Despite repeated and stubborn German counter-attacks, the di-vision held what it had taken. The 31st of May, the Third Division, but recently landed in France and without previous experience at the front, was rushed, starting with its motorized machine-gun battalion, to stop the Ger-mans from crossing the Marne at Château-Thierry.

They did it.

The first of June, the Second Division was put in north of the Marne, to the west of Château-Thierry, across the road to Paris, to stop the German advance in that direction. They did it.

In June, the marine brigade of the Second Division, by stubborn fighting, wrested Belleau Woods from the Germans, while the regular infantry brigade of the same division took

Vaux early in July.
In July, the 42nd Division in the Champaigne and the Third Division on the Marne, received unflinchingly and without losing ground their share of the last great German assault of the war. This was the first phase of the second

Battle of the Marne.

The smoke and dust of this combat had hardly settled before the Americans and French successfully attacked from Château-Thierry on the south to opposite Soissons on the north. This attack, the second phase of the second Marne battle, was the first of the Allied attacks which continued until, driven from France,

the Germans sued for peace.

In this attack, the First and Second divisions south of Soissons drove six miles into the German lines. In two days the Second lost nearly 5,000 killed and wounded; in four days the First lost 7,500. The majority of the infantry captains and field-officers of both divisions were killed or wounded. Every battalion commander of the four infantry regiments of the First Division was a casualty. The 26th Infantry was left in command of a captain. The German general in command of the Soissons section said afterwards he could offer no excuses, as the best German troops had been

put in to stop this advance, but ansuccessfully.

In the south the Third Division, despite its heavy losses in resisting the German assaults of July 15-16, fought its way across the Marne River, up the hills on the northern side and eleven miles beyond before being relieved. Its

casualties were over 6,000.

Without rest or waiting for replacements the and Division was hurriedly withdrawn from the battered Champaigne trenches where it had so gallantly and firmly stood on the 15th and 16th of July. Hurried to the vicinity of Château-Thierry, it entered the line. Driving forward to the Ourcq, it crossed that river, and after four days' obstinate fighting, in which some of the fortified villages and farms changed hands as many as four times, drove the Ger-mans off the wooded hill-crests above the river. In this fighting it added 5,500 names to its He

In this fighting it added 5,500 man.

In this fighting it added 5,500 man.

The 4th, the 26th, the 28th, the 32nd and 77th Infantry divisions all did their share of the successful attacking, at the cost of considerable casualties, which drove the Germans back from the Marne to the Aisne River, and closed the second phase of the Second Battle of the Marne. This battle, like Second Battle of the Marne. This battle, like the one in 1914, was named after that river which through the long centuries so often has had its waters stained with the blood of men killed in battle. Roman and Gaul and Hun in the early stages of European history, German, French and English later, and finally Americans, from a continent undiscovered when the

Marne Valley was old as a highway for armies.

In the second Marne battle, one of the great decisive battles in the history of the world, the American soldier demonstrated beyond doubt of friend and foe that he would fight and fight with his whole heart and soul.

Whether on the defensive in the white chalk trenches of Champaigne, being torn to pieces by shell-fire, smothered by gas and attacked by the enemy's infantry and tanks; whether grimly holding on unprotected by trenches on the southern slopes of the Marne Valley; whether attacking midst the hell of crashing shells, banging grenades and the rat-tat-tat-tat of machine guns in the dark green depths of Belleau, Villiers-Cotterêt Woods, or the Forêts de Fère and de Nesle; whether struggling through the deep ravines near Soissons or south of the Vesle; or stubbornly crossing the bullet-swept, poppy-sprinkled wheat-fields of the plateaus south of Soissons, or on both gentle slopes of the Ourcq River-the answer, proved by the thickly scattered dead, the long columns of ambulances filled with wounded and the long columns of prisoners in German field-gray, was always the same.

The Regular with his numerous campaign badges; the National Guardsman whose father served in the Spanish-American War and whose grandfather was in the Civil War; the man in the National Army, drafted it is true, but because he instructed his representative in Congress to vote for the draft as the fairest way both to the individual and the nation to raise an army; some of old stock whose ancestors had fought for America, some the first genera-tion in the United States, and some born abroad; but all Americans, they were proud to serve their country and determined to pass with

honor through that greatest test of citizenshipservice in war for one's country

Next month General Reilly will tell the dramatic story of how American soldiers almost came too late to keep Germany from winning the war

The Outcast by Rube Goldberg (Continued from page 67)

soul in Purgatory. He came to a stop behind the chair occupied by Nathaniel Gooseflesh, the great captain of industry. Waiting for an opportune moment, he tapped the big man on the shoulder and said, "I have made a thorough investigation of conditions in this country and find that stock-market prices are all out of proportion to the actual commercial value of necessary commodities."

The great man looked at him blankly and replied, "I was justified in bidding three spades because I had a singleton in hearts and also

had the jack, queen, of her suit."

Hagerdorn wandered away in a daze.
He stopped alongside the great electrical investigator, Wolfgang Spark, and said, "Do you think that the potential kilowatts contained in a thursday a term cauld be hearest tained in a thunder-storm could be harnessed into active amperes by the indirect electrification of rain-drops?'

Mr. Spark, with a pained expression on his face, addressed this speech to the person

opposite him, who happened to be Wendell Graves, the noted archeologist, "You poor sap! Why didn't you play your jack of hearts? That extra trick cost us the game and rubber. Such dumbness!

Hagerdorn tried once more. He spoke to Senator Englehart J. Sinus, the minority leader of the senate. "Tell me, senator," he said, "do you think that the cancellation of the French debt would be neutralized by the consequent increase in trade with continental

Senator Englehart looked fiercely at Hager-dorn and said, "If that boob opposite me could only get it through his thick skull that it is sure ruin to lead away from an ace-queen, we might have a chance to win a game."

The "boob opposite" was Wellington J.

The "boob opposite" was Wellington J. Scrams, the noted guest of the evening!

Poor Yolk was beaten. He had learned everything but the one thing that counted. He had forgotten to learn bridge!

Culture, refinement, position, breeding were mere details in the social scheme, and the art of conversation was dead. Yes, the little spotted pasteboards had ruined the spoken word. The parlor, the drawing-room and the salon were now tombs of silence, occupied by stuffed shirts draped around small tables in stiff postures, like a window display of wax figures in an instalment furniture store showing the family spending a pleasant evening at home. The drawing-room was a waxworks and even the dummies didn't smile.

Hagerdorn staggered out into the hall, asked the butler for his hat and coat, and took the first train back to his home town and his father's bird store. As he slumped into the illsmelling establishment he heard a parrot say,

Three no trumps." In the back yard was a large cage containing

Julius, the man-eating gorilla.

Hagerdorn opened the door of the cage and walked in.

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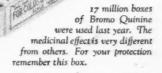


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"I say, o you—but I girl mediur to be your "Shamm Mallard.

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"Yes?" a "— that hady named "Meaning though a fa "Meaning great career perhaps, to attractive y Mallard "Rubbish! and has a le "I agree,

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"Who tol sharply. H which was a Boyd did from "I he Mallard a stress mus she, poor gi my reputat f've led a cl. "One of c "Why we—yo can't have Pople are! "What imp Mallard his brain. began to pa nesst this a alarmed son

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He was it ten his fricen him in ten him in tened to s "Not fair, In only give your repu Mallard st

Darkened Rooms by Sir Philip Gibbs (Continued from page 49)

You see I've never had time for them." things. You see I've never not turne for them.
Wilfred Neal interrupted this dialog,
presently. "Well, I'll be going. Thanks for
an amusing evening, sir."
Mallard smiled at him and, putting a friendly

and on his shoulder, bade him "good night."
Boyd remained silent for a few moments
after Neal had gone. He seemed to be interested in the pattern of the carpet, until he looked up suddenly and spoke in a hesitating

I say, old man-excuse my saying so, won't -but I was rather struck by one thing that gil medium said tonight when she pretended to be your brother Ivo—if it was pretending." "Shamming flagrantly, I'm afraid," said Mallard. "What thing?"

Downhesitated before he answered. "'Watch your step with the pretty ladies!" A kind warning, eh? It occurred to me—"Yes?" asked Mallard sharply.

-that it might refer to a certain young

hdynamed Rose Jaffrey."
"Meaning what?" asked Mallard very coldly, though a faint color flushed his face.

"Meaning that as a married man with a great career ahead of you, it's rather dangerous, erhaps, to see so much of a very alluring and attractive young lady."

Mallard waved his hand impatiently.

"Rubbish! I like seeing her. She's exquisite and has a lovely mind."

"I agree," said Boyd. "But it is the second time this week that she has had supper with you at the Carlton. And three times last week,

"Who told you that?" asked Mallard, rather haply. His temper was rising, his irritability, which was a sign of middle age and nerve strain. Boyd did not give the source of his informa-tion. "I hear things," he said.

Mallard shrugged his shoulders. "Even an actress must have supper somewhere, mustn't the, poor girl, after the theater? Do you think my reputation is likely to hurt her? I fancy ve led a clean life."

"One of our idealists!" said Boyd. we-your friends and hero-worshipersand have you let down by—indiscretion.

People are beginning to talk, old man."

"What people?" asked Mallard savagely.

"What impertinent swine?"

A sudden gust of anger seemed to storm in is brain. He sprang up from his chair and bean to pace the room very rapidly, trying to mast this absurd irritability which made him armed sometimes

"Well," said Boyd cautiously, "I read a para-raph the other night in one of the papers. It ggested in the usual bland and innocent -no harm meant-that one of our leading I.C.'s was cornering a table at the Carlton, where he could be seen very frequently with

Mallard laughed loudly and harshly but aised his clenched fists. "Those infernal gossp-mongers! If they're not careful of the law

"Your wife showed it to me," said Boyd. It seemed to amuse her a good deal, but that and of amusement is rather—well—dis-

"Evelyn showed it to you, did she? You and tittered over it, I suppose? Poor old tittered over it, I suppose? Poor old has fallen for a little actress! Oh, I can ar you both, sniggering over the inevitable of human nature—and Evelyn's castic laughter . . . Damn you! . m you!

He was incredibly angry. Boyd who had in his friend since school-days had never in him in this white heat of passion. It

"Not fair, old man!" said Boyd. "Go easy. only giving you a friendly tip. I'm jealous your reputation." Mallard strode about the room again, until he faced round and spoke passionately with a

fierce light in his eyes

"My friendship with Rose Jaffrey isn't going to hurt my reputation. She has the mind of a clear spring. I have a worshipful love for her—worshipful!—and I've been starved of love for years. Evelyn doesn't care a curse for me. Night after night she goes out to those dance clubs with Freddy Duke and a crowd of immoral, loose-living young swine, and I've no more home life than a Jesuit priest.

"And I've lived like a priest, for years. I've never played about with women. I've played the game by Evelyn. But do you think she plays the game by me? Why, I've enough evidence to get her divorced tomorrow, if I liked to use it. I don't like to use it. I've seen enough dirty linen washed in open court. don't even blame her. I admit quite frankly that I've put my career first and that I'm an egoist up to the eyebrows, absorbed in my own work and my own ambitions. But I'm not going to have Evelyn or anyone else slan-

dering Rose Jaffrey."
"Dear old man," said Boyd, "people are be-

ginning to talk."

Mallard's face was no longer flushed. had become deadly pale, but there was a smile on his lips and a kind of scornful amusement in his eyes. He breathed rather heavily and

seemed to be trying to get a grip on his temper.
"Boyd," he said, "you silly old devil! If you weren't my best friend I'd smash that ugly old mug of yours and kick you out of this flat. As it is—you've made me so angry—so ridiculously angry—that I'm rather afraid—I'm damnably afraid-

His hand pressed tight against his ribs on his left side. Then, quite suddenly, he gave a lurch sideways against the table as though he had stumbled over something, and fell in a crumpled way face-down on the carpet with one arm twisted beneath his body.

It was the shock of Boyd's life.

When he saw Mallard twisted up like that on the floor, he sat staring at him in a paralyzed way, as though he too had been stricken. What on earth had happened? Mallard of all men in the world—this athlete, this man of dynamic energy and inexhaustible vitality, lying there like a log on the carpet!

A confusion of thoughts rushed through Boyd's brain under that red hair of his which seemed to be standing on end. He went down on his knees beside his friend and cried, "Mallard! Mallard, old man!" Then he pulled him over almost roughly, so that he lay on his back with his head sideways, his cheek touching the carpet. He looked ill.

Boyd stood up and said, "Good God! Good God!"—though a little earlier he had shrugged his shoulders on the subject of God and had preferred the name of Creative Evolution.
Then he rushed to the bell and rang it, and went out into the hall and rang other bells and shouted. "Sadler! Sadler!" for Mallard's man.

The man came quickly out of a door at the end of the passage and startled Boyd. He had never seen this silent, respectable, deferential man in pajamas, with bare feet and tousled

"Is the master taken bad again?" he asked breathlessly. "That's the second time

"Do you mean to say it happened before?" asked Boyd, very frightened. The man nodded. "Yes, sir.

After a game of rackets at the Bath Club. 'Too many cigarets,' he said, and wouldn't let me send for a

doctor. It's serious, in my opinion."
"Ring up a doctor," said Boyd sharply. "Quickly

Before the doctor came Mallard was sitting in his chair again, after gulping down some neat whisky. Boyd and Sadler had dragged him up

from the floor and loosened his collar.
"Sorry, Rupert," he said presently, with a
good attempt at his old jauntiness. "Smoker's heart, you know. Too many cigarets. Foolish habit!"

"Yes," said Boyd. "I expect you've been overstraining yourself. Burning the candle at both ends. It can't be done in the romantic

forties. Not even by an athlete."

He too spoke lightly, with a smile about his lips, though he was desperately alarmed.

"It's nothing," said Mallard. He repeated the word "nothing" as though perhaps trying to convince himself as well as Boyd.

"I've sent for a doctor," Boyd told him.

"Better be on the safe side, don't you think? A tonic and so forth."

Mallard hated the idea of a doctor. hadn't seen a doctor as far as his own bodily health was concerned since he had had mumps at Eton. He had a perfect constitution. Perhaps he had been working rather too hard lately—a whole string of important cases and only an occasional chance of decent exercise. Then he had been smoking too many cigarets.

If he cut down a bit on nicotine poisoning—
"Good evening," said the doctor brightly.
"Mr. Adrian Mallard, K.C.? Nothing wrong,

He was an elegant young man attached to a hotel near by and accustomed to night calls from rich patients. He had his little black bag with him, prepared for all eventualities—from suicide by drugs to a case of delirium tremens. There were strange calls in the night in the neighborhood of Knightsbridge.

"Good evening, doctor," said Mallard. "I'm afraid you've been hauled out of bed to no purpose. I came over queer, as they say in thewitness-box. A touch of indigestion, I imagine.

"Thanks!" answered the young doctor, brightly. "But first of all I'd better take a squint at you. Heart a little queer, eh?"

"Oh, my heart's all right," said Mallard.

"Sound as a bell. Barring cigarets, perhaps.
"Quite," agreed the doctor. "Quite. Wel let's have a look, Mr. Mallard."

His way of least

His way of looking was to listen down a kind of telephone which he attached to his ears, after Boyd and Sadler had taken off Mallard's coat and waistcoat and slipped off his shirt. Mallard winked over the doctor's shoulder at Boyd, as much as to say, "These medical Boyd, as much as to say, "These medical Johnnies! Absurd nonsense making such a

The young doctor took off his telephone and slipped it into his little black bag.
"Yes," he said. "Thanks, Mr. Mallard.
Been overdoing it, haven't you?"
"In what way?" asked Mallard.

The young doctor laughed as though at a good jest. "In every way, I should say! Overwork. Violent exercise. No let-up for the nervous system. Not a chance for an

overstrained heart."
"Smoker's heart," said Mallard. "Nothing more than that. Thirty cigarets a day. Rather foolish, eh?"

THE doctor looked at him sharply as though wondering how much to say. Boyd at least noted that look and felt dejected.

"Not too good, thirty cigarets," said the doctor. "Still, to be quite frank, it's rather more—organic—than nicotine poisoning. I mean you'll have to be careful. It's so often the case with athletes—and of course I know your record, Mr. Mallard—they will try to keep up to form as though they had the gift of eternal youth, after thirty-five, for instance. most of them have strained their hearts long before that. I don't believe much in rowing and running for young men, as far as physical fitness goes. The heart can't stand it sometimes. Puts it out of gear, as you might

say."
"Rubbish!" exclaimed Mallard sharply. "Let's see, how long ago is it since you won

the rackets championship?"
"Last year," Mallard told him. "What's that got to do with it?"
"Well," said the young doctor, "you've got to be careful."



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He glanced at Boyd. There was no mistaking his meaning. It was a desire to be left

Boyd slipped out of the room and closed the door. He paced up and down another room for twenty minutes. At last the door of Malit and the doctor came out with a cheerful remark.

"Good evening. Thanks for calling me."

Boyd went back into Mallard's study. He

was sitting there in his chair and his face was white and his head drooped a little until he heard Boyd's footstep, when he straightened himself up.

"Well, old man?" asked Boyd. He could not keep the tremor from his voice, a desperate

Mallard looked at him with stricken eyes. "Angina pectoris," he said quietly. tence of death, Boyd."

He rose slowly from his chair and stood there, looking across the room, not at Boyd but at some pale dread vision.

"Death," he said in a hoarse whisper.
"Death... That's what it means."

There was a terrible silence in the room until Boyd gave a kind of cry, harsh and incredulous. "No! . . . No, old man!"

Mallard did not seem to hear that cry of disbelief. He slipped his hand into the breast pocket of his dinner jacket and pulled out his cigaret case and tried to light a cigaret. his hand trembled as he held the match, and he tossed the cigaret into the fireplace and stubbed out the match in the ash-tray on the mantelpiece

"The end of all things," he said presently, in a low voice which sometimes Boyd had heard in court when he was addressing a jury, emotionally, gravely, in some murder case when a man's life hung on his words.

"Of course I knew, after that first attack. I

called it smoker's heart and kidded myself. It's not the first time I've heard of angina pectoris. A man can carry on for a while. Then one day he gets a jolt—stumbles over a piece of orange-peel, gets into a rage about some damn triviality—and drops dead as if he'd been shot through the heart. Full stop. An end to ambition, egotism, the good game of life, the vital urge, love, little dinners at of life, the vital urge, love, little dinners at the Carlton—everything. Snuffed out. Ex-tinguished. Fini, mon vieux!" He clenched his hands together and raised them like that above his head and gave a cry

of anguish.

"Steady, old man!" said Boyd. "I don't believe it. We'll take better advice than that jaunty young doctor's. What does he know?"

He went close to Mallard and put his hand

on his shoulder, but Mallard moved away from him, and for a moment went through his agony again.

Then he became calmer and spoke again quietly, with a kind of apology for this revelation of weakness.

"It's because I'm such a damned egoist, oyd. You see, I've never had a day's illness in my life—before that jolt the other day. I've been so infernally interested in myself that I been so infernally interested in myself that I can't bring myself to believe that it's all going to end. 'Mallard, K. C., the famous athlete, you know!' The court is always crowded when he's got a good case. They point him out at the Carlton . . 'That's Mallard. Won the rackets championship last year. Can't think how he gets it all in. Wonder he finds time to sleep. He could do anything in politics if he gets his chance. Our future attorney-general'. . All that has been jam to me, Boyd. I've lived on my personality. Frightfully amused by myself! That's why I dislike the idea of sudden death—that snuffing out. It seems sudden death—that snuffing out. It seems impossible."

Boyd denounced the young doctor again as an ass and ignoramus. Mallard must go and see a specialist—one of the big men.

But Mallard waved that idea on one side.

"It's true," he said. "Angina pectoris.

Death staring me in the face at close quarters. Today, tomorrow, six months—suddenly, any-how. Well, why not? Ivo faced it in the

trenches. All those millions of boys faced it without whining. I escaped all that. Now

it's my turn . . . "I wouldn't mind so much if I believed in a future life—the survival of personality. Ego-tism again. That's why I went to that medium tonight. That's why I rether want to believe that doll-faced girl wasn't faking. Death wouldn't have any terrors for me if I knew I was going to meet old Ivo on the other side of f was going to meet out two on the other side of the bridge, and other fellows; if I knew I was going to carry on somehow. That's why Billy has the pull on us, Boyd. He's certain of all that. Hasn't a doubt about it. Holy Mother Church tells him so!'

He laughed, and Boyd thanked God (in whom he didn't believe) for that note of

whom he chart's beauty laughter.

"Yes," said Boyd. "One would like to carry on. One of these days perhaps science may get as far as—well—a definite proof of survival. We might find out. Who knows?"

"Yes, find out for me, Boyd," said Mallard.

"I'm keen to know!"

His old humor had come back to him for a moment—his courage—even the color in his face. But he spoke gravely again, grabbing

Boyd by the arm.

"Not a word about this to anybody eke, you know. Nothing to Rose, or young Billy, or any of my friends. Sacred word of honor?"

"Not a word, old man," said Boyd.

The tall clock in the hall chimed out three minutes better whose Rouden less.

and a few minutes later, when Boyd was leaving, there was the sound of the front door opening and shutting quietly. "Who's that?" asked Boyd, startled for a

moment.

Mallard raised his head and listened. "My beautiful wife returned from her night club. Quite early!" He whispered with a sudden

She came in, seeing the lights up, and stool for a moment in the doorway with raised eyebrows and a smile which was not altogether friendly, thought Boyd. She was a slim grace ful blonde in a white silk cloak which fell away from her bare shoulders. She looked girlis and ten years younger than Mallard, but ther was something hard about the line of her lips, thought Boyd, and in her pale blue eyes. See did not notice her husband's pallor.

"Hullo!" she said. "Still talking?"

"Trivialities," said Mallard. "Had a good time?"

"Fairly good," she answered carelessly, and then gave a little laugh which wasn't quite pleasant to hear. "Freddy Duke gave a sup-per party at the Carlton before we went on to the Russian cabaret. You were so much engaged with your little crowd that we didn't care to distract your attention. Rose Jaffrey was absorbed in your monolog, Adrian. Hor

nice for you!"
"As long as you were happy-Mallard calmly

"Oh, perfectly! . . . Well, good night!"
She nodded to Boyd and went out of the room. They heard the rustle of silk going down the corridor, and then the slam of a bedroom

Before the long vacation Adrian Mallard arranged to go down to his country house in Surrey, and Boyd agreed to keep him company, Surrey, and Boyd agreed to keep him company, provided he could do some work on a book he was writing. Young Neal was going to join them later when he had his holiday. The degant Evelyn was going for a cruise down the Mediterranean with Freddy Duke and some of her friends, and as Mallard said, with a shrug of his shoulders, "Why not?"

He had been prosecuting counsel in two murder trials which filled the newspapers for a time, and he had defended a cabinet minister.

time, and he had defended a cabinet m in a long and tedious libel action. He had given counsel's opinion in many cases. On a few personal friends, and a judge of appeal noticed that he had lost some of his vivady and looked worn and rather melancholy as and then. It was also remarked at the Bah Club that he did not turn up now for his A FAS

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usual game of squash which he had played with such dash and zest.

"What can you expect?" asked one of them of a man who had commented on this absence. "With all those big cases—to say nothing of his work in chambers—it's a wonder he has time to eat. Did you hear his address to the jury in that murder case? Brilliant! Devastating! That swine was as good as hanged after Malard had been going ten minutes."

"Oh yes he's brilliant" said the other man

"Oh yes, he's brilliant," said the other man, who happened to be a well-known novelist. "All the same"—he laughed mysteriously— "he's not above our little human weaknesses You know the Jaffrey girl who was playing in Carfew's comedy at the St. James's? Yes, charming, I agree. Mallard thinks so too. He has planted her in a cottage near his country house. I hear his wife is going to sue for a divorce. Well, it's the way of the world!"

Boyd overheard that conversation. He made himself distinctly rude to the well-known novelist and frightened him into a complete withdrawal.

It was true, however, that Rose Jaffrey had -rather more than a cottage taken a housenot far from Mallard's place and was living there with her distinguished old father, who had been a great actor in his time. It was either a coincidence or a great indiscretion,

and Boyd was not sure which.

Before going down into the country, less than forty miles from town anyhow, Mallard had some strange psychological experiences and Boyd heard about them from young Neal and occasionally from Mallard himself, who was never very secretive and could not help talking about himself, because of his unfailing interest

in his own personality.

Sometimes when he was pleading in court before a judge or jury he had a curious feeling that the scene in which he was taking part was just an illusion, and utterly unreal. He heard his own voice speaking, but it did not seem

to belong to him.

More often he was overcome by the fut lity and falsity of it all—his simulated passion over the defense or prosecution of some criminal, his sham indignation with his brother counsel on a point of law, the ponderous summing-up of the judge and his stern unmerciful words when delivering sentence—what did these things matter? Life was only a phantasm. If there were no future life more real than this it was absurd to make a fuss about such trivialities, such illusions of the mind and senses. Perhaps the whole code of law was founded upon false psychology and moral shams. If there were no future life it might be more sensible for a man to steal what he wanted, to kill the man he disliked, to go off with any woman he desired, instead of obeying some self-imposed morality which had no authority behind it and led to-nothing. Of course, if one believed in God-

He had stopped in his argument, interested in that line of thought, absorbed in it, until suddenly he was aware of the judge's voice and a nudge from his junior, and a surprised look on the face of the foreman of the jury.

'If you are feeling unwell, Mr. Mallard-"Not at all, m'lord. Begging your pardon, m'lord-

With a mental effort he had picked up the

thread of his argument again.

Rose Jaffrey came into his mind sometimes when he stood in court, cross-questioning some frightened witness. It was during a murder trial that he caught himself smiling as his gaze strayed from the jury-box with those twelve silent, dull-eyed men, and wandered to where a shaft of sunlight came through the high window above the color-washed walls.

She had asked him whether he minded be cause she had taken a little house near his. She had seen it advertised and had gone down with her father who had fallen in love with it . . . Whether he minded! . . . She wasn't playing anywhere in July and August. She would be near him when he went down with Boyd. They would meet sometimes on the heath, or in the quiet woods, or in his garden. She would let him kiss her hand now and then, when they met or parted. Nothing more than that—but enough. He would hear her voice, the sweet low tone of it. He would see the laughter of her brown eyes, or that shy serious look which gave him an ache in his

Two months of summer in her dear neighborhood. hood. His last summer, worse luck. Almost certainly, unless he was extremely careful Well, he would make the best of it, with thankfulness . . . Let's see—what on earth was this trial about? What the dickens was he saying to the jury? Oh, Lord, yes! . . the prisoner had not changed his clothes

One evening he found himself wandering about London in a mood of the blacket melancholy. Evelyn had gone off to the Mediterranean and he had hoped she would have a good time. She had looked at him very queerly, with a kind of shame in her eyes, and had suddenly put her hands on his shoulders and kissed him and said, "Sorry! . . . We've made a bit of a mess of it, haven't we?" She had waved her hand to him from the taxicab. and he knew somehow that it was her farewell to him. She wasn't coming back. She was going off with that swine Freddy Duke. Perhaps there would have to be a divorce... Yes, they had made a mess of it, like so man

modern marriages. Probably it was his fault good deal. He had been far too self-absorb He hadn't given marriage a chance. He had put his career first—always and supremely And Evelyn had been hard and cold after their first days of love. She had done without him—seven years ago now—and there had been no comradeship between them.

For years there had been a sense of lone-liness in his heart, despite all his friends and his work and his success. A frightful mess of it, they had made. A frightful mess! Now she had gone. She wasn't coming back again. He was alone under sentence of death. Evelyn's good-by-the end of their adventure to gether—had given his heart a jolt. He could feel it pressing against his ribs. He would

have to be careful. He felt a drizzle of rain on his face. Where was he? He had walked across Westminster Bridge and was somewhere on the south side of the river. Where were those street-cars going to? Brixton—that was where that photographer lived with his sister who had spoken about Ivo—who had pretended to speak in the voice of Ivo. Emery Jago—that was the following person to Suppose the following person the following person to the street the following person to the sound to the sound to the street that the street the street the street that the street the street that the stree was the fellow's name . . . Supposing it was Ivo speaking? The spirit of Ivo, but unchanged. If he could get to know that, he would not be haunted by this fear of death and annihilation. It would be a direct prov of the survival of personality. It wouldn't b a snuffing out into nothingness. Death wo just be a passing on across the bridge, with Iw

and old pals on the other side. A wonderfuthought, that! Enormously comforting.

Why not pay another visit and find on the truth of it? Probably a fake, of courserather squalid for a man like himself-but very

He followed a group of people into a car marked Brixton. An elderly woman jabbed him in the chest with a wet umbrella as she struggled past him, eager for a seat. He was wedged between a girl in a damp raincoat and a young man reading the Evening News while he chewed the fag-end of a cigaret which had A beery-looking fellow oppos gone out. stared at him steadily, perhaps surprised to see a man in a top hat and black coat in a street-car bound for Brixton. "He probably thinks I'm an undertaker," thought Malkad.
"Is there a place called Electric Avenue,
Brixton?" he asked the conductor Avenue,

Brixton?" he asked the conductor when he came round for the tickets.

The conductor glanced at him sharply, as though suspecting a jest. Then he winked at the beery man opposite and repeated the

question.

"This gent wants to know if there's a place called Electric Avenue, Brixton."

The bee and said, "Electri after they

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of doubt he the dirty be "This wa "Cut acr Mallard But after a mything m He pushe pher's shop. lowards him oken as t lvo; pretty, "Good ev "Is Mr. Ja know. One The girl s She called

"Em! . . . It was six this photogr and young Carlton whe time the roc except for the bered the fa ame toward the shop—a nattractive He did n "good evening r bad t "We expenser you'd of "Yes, Em, "How was had no idea o ir ago. It

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He sp

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Yes, Em." "At first," y cando faking. Many her when one sly of con

The beery man gave a gurgle of amusement and said, "I don't think!"
"Electric Avenue!" shouted the conductor

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tmir uth side reet-cars iter they had been traveling and stopping for

twenty minutes.

Mallard could not remember the name of the street he wanted. But he remembered the name of Emery Jago and asked for information

ioma a policeman.

"Artist-photographer," said the young constable. "Corner of Ezra Road, Mr. Mallard."

suble. "Corner of Ezra Road, Mr. Mallard."
Mallard started at this recognition. "How
byou know that?" he asked sharply.
The young constable smiled blandly.
"Saw you here one night, sir! It's not often
reget a big limousine this way. My inspector
pointed you out. Ought to have known, of
ourse... Very interesting case, that, yesterday. The lodging-house murder. Not a shade
d doubt he did it all right. Chopped 'er up,
the dirty beast."

"This way?" asked Mallard.
"Cut across," said the constable. "Can't missit, sir. The corner shop."
Mallard was annoyed at this recognition. But after all, what did it matter? What did

But after all, what did it matter? What did mything matter? He pushed open the door of the photographer's shop. A little bell rang, and a girl came twards him. It was the same girl who had soken as though possessed with the spirit of live, pretty, with a doll-like face, dead white. "Good evening," said Mallard courteously. "Is Mr. Jago in? I came here before, you how. One night, quite late."

The girl stared at him and then said, "Yes." Se called towards the back of the shop. "Emf... Here's a gentleman to see you."

It was six weeks since Mallard had come to this photographer's shop with Rose and Boyd and young Neal, after that supper at the Culton when he hadn't felt well. Most of the time the room upstairs had been in darkness except for the little red lamp, but he remembered the face of Emery Jago when the man came towards him now from the parlor behind the shop—a curious kind of face, lean and pullid with dark and very luminous eyes, not mutatractive or unintelligent.

unattractive or unintelligent.

He did not answer Mallard's greeting of "good evening" but smiled slightly, showing the bad teeth.

where bad teeth.

"We expected you," he said. "I told my sister you'd come. Didn't I, Belle?"

"Yes, Em," said the girl.

"How was that?" asked Mallard, rather startled by this expectation of his coming. "I had no idea of paying you a visit until half an hour ago. It was a sudden impulse."

"Your brother has been here again," said Emery. "Young Ivo. He's been asking for you." He snoke as though Ivo were still alive

Emery. "Young Ivo. The source still alive you." He spoke as though Ivo were still alive and his way of saying it was strangely matter-

For some moments Mallard was silent. Was For some moments Mallard was silent. Was this man a charlatan imposing on him, inventing this story about Ivo, lying in his throat? Surely a man couldn't be such a horrible black-sard as all that, at least without some sordid motive. It was hardly worth while for half a guisea or whatever his fee was. Besides, he looked a decent fellow and that sister of his was a pretty little thing with innocent eyes. "Can you give me any proof of what you ay?" he asked. "Without the most convincay proof I can't believe in these things. It's almoredible. To be quite frank, I don't toke word of it."

"It seems incredible at first," said Emery.

opposite prised to coat in a probably Mallard. "It seems incredible at first," said Emery.

The seems incredible at first," said Emery.

Thou me a long time before I was persuaded.

Started as an agnostic. Didn't I, Belle?"

He glanced at Belle Chubb whom he called

The glanced at Belle Chubb whom he called

ter, to avoid scandal, and she answered,

Yes, Em."

"At first," he explained with a kind of mady candor, "one can't be sure that people and faking. Especially professional medians. Many of them are low-class people, has when one starts experimenting, one isn't see that one isn't deceiving oneself, uncontinuity of course, by autosuggestion, or the



"-sandwich, coffee, apple pie-an' please hurry it up!"

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subconscious mind. That's the trouble with subconscious mind. That's the trouble with table-turning and automatic writing. Afterwards, by degrees, one gets convinced. The spirits become more intimate, so to speak. They say things which no one could invent. They know things outside one's range of information. Isn't that so, Belle?"

"It seems like it "said Belle"

"It seems like it," said Belle.
"This fellow speaks rather well," thought Mallard. "It sounds plausible, except that the whole thing is preposterous. Why should the spirits come to a photographer's shop in Brixton? Why should Ivo come here? No; there can't be any truth in it. It's unreasonable and absurd. Much easier to believe in some creed with tradition and dignity behind it. This squalid little shop in a London suburb as the bridge between Time and Eternity the rendezvous of immortal souls! How ut-

terly ridiculous!"
"This fellow," Emery Jago, seemed to read his thoughts and answered them surprisingly, as

if Mallard had said them aloud.
"They make use of people like me just as you pick up a telephone receiver and ring up a number. We mediums are only sensitive instruments—microphones, so to speak. It's no virtue in us. It's just because we were born with rather more acute perceptions of the mysterious vibrations of time and space than most people. We possess certain supernormal faculties, which everybody has to a certain extent but don't develop or use in any way. Probably we're neurotics, really!"

He laughed when he made that admission,

showing his bad teeth again.

"That's why the spirits can make use of us," he suggested. "Their spiritual telephones. At he suggested. Their spiritual telephones. At least that's my theory, though I don't dogmatize it. It's all a mystery."

Mallard was again impressed by the man's well-educated speech, and by his easy way of

explanation, not forcing his argument or laying claim to any supernatural powers. At least not to any special authority. He "didn't dogmatics" dogmatize.

"You say that my brother has been asking for me?" said Mallard. Emery Jago nodded. "Several times. He interrupts other spirit voices and says, 'Tell my brother Adrian that Ivo is asking for him. Why doesn't he come?'"

"How did you know my name was Adrian?" Emery smiled out of those dark eyes of his. "He called you that the night you were re. Don't you remember? He said 'Hullo,

"Do you know who I am?" asked Mallard, searching him with that steely look that had

searcning nim with that steely look that had often overawed a witness.
"Yes," said Emery frankly. "Adrian Mallard, K.C. Ivo told us."
"You are sure it wasn't a constable in Electric Avenue?" asked Mallard sternly.
"A constable?"

Emery laughed, and turned to Belle Chubb who smiled back at him in her timid way.

"We're not very friendly with police constables. They put us in the same class as fortune-tellers, to say nothing of rogues and vagabonds. Of course in a way we are—I mean fortune-tellers. Belle does a bit of crystal-gazing. Clairvoyance, you know."

The man had an engaging frankness which

was rather pleasing.

For a moment or two Mallard was thoughtful again. He could hardly bring himself to ask this man to summon up the spirit of Ivo again. It seemed degrading. He would hate it to be known that he, Adrian Mallard, K.C., was sneaking round to mediums and trying to get into touch with the other world. There was something shameful about it. Squalid. And yet that was what he had come for. He might as well go through with it, as a matter of curiosity. No doubt it was all a fraud.

"Look here!" He spoke nervously, after staring down at the bare boards. "I suppose you couldn't get into touch with that brother of mine. I imagine you must have a group of people holding hands and all that. These things don't work alone, do they?"

"We don't put it that way," said Emery, niling. "That sounds like a conjuring trik smiling. "That sounds like a conjuring trid.
As a matter of fact it's easier with a group.
Better results, always. They form a chain of better results, aways. They form a change psychic energy. But sometimes I can get into touch when there's only one or two. Rele here helps a good deal. Her presence seems be attract the spirits. You see she's in tune win it all, so to speak. If you care to come up

Hearst

Mallard went upstairs with a guilty feeling He stood in the same room where he had be with Rose, Boyd, and young Wilfred. It looks even more squalid now that the last light of a wet gray evening came through the window That ghastly wall-paper looked even more

palling. The black curtains were made of cheap plush frayed at the edges.

The pale-faced girl—Belle, as the man cale her—asked him to take a chair and explained that they would have to make the room dark.

"It's always a nuisance," she said kindy.
"That's all right," said Mallard.
"We'll have the red lamp," said Emery. "I
there any oil in it, Belle?"

"I'll fill it," she answered

Before pulling down the blinds the man took
the little red lamp off the pedestal and wen through the black curtains. The girl follows through the black curtains.

him and Mallard was left alone for a feminutes. He could smell a reek of oil as thought he heard some whispering going of the could be a smell a reek of oil as thought he heard some whispering going of the could be a smell as the could be a

"Probably arranging some trick," he tho "What a fool I am! What intellectual ness! It's my infernal egotism again, I

hess: It's my internal egotism again. I want to believe that personality survives. I want an excuse for belief."

They came back presently with the lighted lamp, and Belle pulled down the window blink and darkened the room by drawing a pair of the lamp. curtains across the window. The lamp glimmered on its pedestal.

Emery Jago made some explanation.
"We'll try the luminous trumpet. We had some good results lately. The spin speak through it."

"What sort of a trumpet?" asked Mall and his voice was resonant in that dark bar

"Oh, it's just a tin thing," said Emery. cheap type of phonograph horn. Have a lat it"

He turned up the lamp so that it gave a little more light, and handed a tin trumpet to Malard who examined it. There was nothing special about it. A cheap horn, as the n had said.

"We put it on that table over there," sa mery. "If things go well—of course I can guarantee anything—you'll see it rise and mabout in a rhythmic sort of way. The spirit begins to speak through it. It apatience. Half an hour, sometimes."

"Oh, Lord!" thought Mallard.

It was a long, intense silence. It seems interminable to Mallard. It must have laste twenty minutes and during that time a chain of thoughts passed through his m all sorts of queer things from youth up to his first meeting with Rose Jaffrey. He he fallen in love with her at once. She was exquisite and gay and fresh. There was a list of the control of the c exquisite and gay and fresh. There was instant sympathy between them. Never word of love had passed between them thouse he must have seen it in his eyes. He had many the had between them thought the seen it in his eyes. up his mind that never a word of love wo pass his lips. He wouldn't drag her into a dirty divorce case. In any case he was too of for her. Once he had been overpowering tempted to take her in his arms, to kiss her light and say, "My dear, my dear!" The romant forties!

No; he would play the game according his code. He mustn't be a cad. Now withis heart of his, and death calling, there

That trumpet was beginning to move was luminous round the lip of it with some so of phosphorescence . . . The mouth of thing—that luminous ring—rose, steadied a turned full circle towards Mallard. A vo spoke through it in a faint metallic

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BOURJOI BREG U.S. PAT. OFF

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Glistening white





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Sani-Flush cleanses the toilet more thoroughly than any brush. Marks, and stains, and incrustations disappear. Sani-Flush reaches the hidden trap, and banishes foul odors.

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resonant tone, like someone speaking through

a megaphone a long way off.
"Hullo, Adrian! I've been waiting—"
It sounded like that, but the vowel sounds were not as clear as one notices on a loud speaker when the battery runs down.

Mallard shifted his chair a little nearer, but at the sound of his chair sliding an 'nch or two on the bare boards Jago's voice broke the silence in a low stern tone.
"Keep still."

The trumpet had dropped again to the table. It seemed as if Mallard's quick movement had broken the spell, or the contact, or whatever they called it. Three minutes passed at least before he saw the phosphorescent ring rise again. Then he heard the voice speaking again, as through a megaphone across a wide

again, as through a megaphone across a water field.

"Why didn't you come before, old boy? I'd like to have a yarn now and then—like we used to in the old days . . . Perhaps you're too busy with all your legal work—forgetful of your pals who have passed on . . ."

"There were district pages between each

There were distinct pauses between each sentence, and the voice became a little louder after the first few words. Was it anything like Ivo's voice? Mallard listened intently for the old familiar ring, rather high and tired. It was a slight affectation of Ivo's. He had always a sight affectation of 170's. He had always spoken in a tired way, as though talking were rather a bore. No; he couldn't detect that. It was rather like a young man's voice, a boy's, but made metallic by the trumpet. "Ask questions," said Emery Jago in a low

Mallard thought hard for a moment. Was it quite right to lend himself to this sort of thing? Wasn't it rather indecent and shameful? Probably these two people were just fooling him, although he could not guess how they made

that trumpet move about beyond their reach.
"Tell me something," he said, "that only you and I know. Something hidden from the goesin mongers."

gossip-mongers

gossip-mongers.

There was silence for a few seconds, as though the "spirit" were thinking. It was curious and uncanny, that awareness of someone thinking. Then the voice said one word.

Mallard started in his chair as though he had been shot. That name spoken very clearly through the trumpet seemed to tear a secret out of his brain. It was impossible, unbeliev-able anyhow, that these two low-class mediums should know anything about his hidden love for Rose Jaffrey. Boyd had told him that people had been talking, that there had been a paragraph, without names, but very suggestive, in one of the evening papers. That stuff about one of our brilliant K.C.'s and a talented actress. But that sort of scandal didn't travel to Brixton. It was not the kind of thing that would be known to a long-haired photographer with dirty finger nails.

And in any case, Ivo hadn't known Rose Jaffrey. Mallard himself had not met her until four years after Ivo's death. Of course if it were really a spirit speaking from the other

"Who is Rose?" he asked, trying to control his nerves. He was thankful that the room was dark, so that the deep hot flush of his face could not be seen.

A laugh rang out through the tin trumpet that luminous disc which swept in a circle

through the darkness

"Her hair has a glint of bronze," said the bice. "She is very beautiful. She is a famous voice. "She is very beautiful. She is a salad lady. Watch your step, Adrian. Watch your

Mallard felt rather faint. This room was close, there was no air in it. He felt a cold moisture break out on his forehead and in the palms of his hands. It was silly, this sudden dizziness. He spoke into the darkness.

"I feel rather unwell . . A little faint."
The luminous trumpet swooped down and fell with a frightful clatter on the floor.
The girl spoke to Emery Jago. "Better turn

up the lights, Em."
"Yes," said Emery.

It was the girl who moved to the switch and turned up the light which was dazzling-almost blinding—after that darkness to which their eyes had become accustomed.

Belle Chubb crossed the room quickly to Mallard and looked at him anxiously.

"It's the darkness," she said, "and that

trumpet. Would you like a glass of water.
. . Or I could make you a cup of tea in two ticks. No trouble!"

"It was foolish of me," said Mallard. "No: I won't drink anything, thanks. I'm afraid I'l go hh fath hith

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have to be going."

He wiped the moisture off his forehead Hair with the glint of bronze, that voice had said. A famous lady . . . Rose . . . It was

very startling.

"A pity you felt upset," said Jago, looking at Mallard. "Just when it was getting so interesting. You must come again, sir. Young Ivo was going strong."

He picked up the tin trumpet which had crashed to the floor and rolled a little way so

that it lay under the table.

"Dented a bit," he remarked carelessly.

"Well, that doesn't matter. It only cost eighteen pence in Electric Avenue."

Mallard handed him a couple of pound note.

"That will nay for a new one and the took.

"That will pay for a new one and the trouble
I've given you," he said coldly.
"Much obliged," answered Jago. "Half a
guinea is our usual fee. We're not interested in
the money side of these experiences, except
that we have to keep alive." we have to keep alive.

Mallard stared him straight in the eyes.
"If I thought you were tricking me—using

my brother's name-Perhaps he was going to say that Emery Jago would not keep alive much longer, but he checked his words and brushed the nap of his tall hat on his sleeve in an absent-mindel

way.

Emery Jago ignored his threat altogether, as though he had not heard it.

"That was queer about the lady with the bronze hair," he said thoughtfully. "A famous lady, too. Do you identify her at all, Mr. Mallarq?".

"That is not for me to say," answered Mallard quietly.

Emery Jago shrugged his shoulders slightly and smiled.

"Exactly as you like. We get best results when inquirers take us into their confidence Nothing that passes in this room ever goe further. It's like the seal of confession. Any how I hope we shall have the pleasure of seein you again, Mr. Mallard. You might like to test little Belle's clairvoyance. It's very wonderful She sees the future very clearly. Don't you, Belle?"

The girl didn't answer, and he repeated his question.

"Don't you, Belle?"
"Sometimes," she answered timidly.
"These things are uncanny," said Mallard. 'I'm not at all convinced-

Emery Jago laughed amiably. "No one ought to be convinced after one of two experiences. Only very simple souls have credulity like that, and their judgment isn't worth having. It's a question of evidence Proof positive. Circumstantial evidence,

think you would call it, Mr. Mallard."
"Sure you wouldn't like a cup of tea?" asket
Belle again. "No trouble at all. Really."
"I'll say good evening," said Mallard. "
trust you not to mention my name at all. I

trust you not to mention my name at all. I may come again—possibly. But please don't expect me."

"No names are ever mentioned," said Emery Jago. "And any time you drop round we shall be glad to see you, sir. Young Ivo will be disappointed if you fail to come, but that of course depends upon your judgment in the matter. We're not proselytizers."

Mallard was shown downstairs by Belk

Mallard was shown downstairs by Bell Chubb. He went out into Ezra Road and strode into Electric Avenue and its glare of shop-windows and its crowded pavements

Could it possibly have been Ivo? voice speaking through the luminous trump

The name of Rose . . . The glint of bronze in her hair? . . . What was the explanation of this uncanny stuff? If it were planation of this uncanny stuff? If it were true it would solve all doubts about the survival of personality. He could face death with greater courage. He must find out the truth of it at all costs. He must get Boyd to help him. Boyd's skeptical scientific mind would help him to get at the truth of all this—or the falsity. Anyhow, it was an extraordinary hit they had made—that mention of Rose. Perhaps it was mental telepathy. He had been thinking of her in the darkness there during that long silence. Perhaps they had picked up his thoughts somehow. Miraculous in any case.

1928

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Mallard's house in Surrey lay south of the Hog's-back, seven miles or so on the far side of Guildford, away from the main tides of traffic which poured along the Portsmouth road and the way to Winchester, through Farnham, on high days and holidays. It was a peaceful on ingi days and nondays. It was a peacetum oasis of heaths and commons and woodland, not yet reached by the creeping rash of bunga-lows and villas which was beginning to spoil Hindhead and had already spoiled so great a part of the loveliest county in England. But looking from his terrace above the tennis

But looking from his terrace above the tennis lawn there was no sign of bricks and mortar, or red roofs, or any ugliness. The view was a far vista of heavy foliage, heathery common land, and, here and there, a cultivated field stretching away to the old Punchbowl and beyond to the far dim purple distance of the South Downs. Mallard had bought this house for Evelyn who had fallen in love with it when they had picnicked on the common outside its gates, with his automobile in the bracken near by, two years after their marriage. It was a modern house but built in the old style—the William and Mary period—with a red-brown roof, deep over its shuttered windows, and tall chimneys.

chimneys.

The glory of the place, to a town-dwelling man like Mallard with a sense of beauty, was a belt of sturdy full-grown oaks round the thirteen acres of garden and paddock, and that woodland beyond, and the open view.

The house had hardly been used lately, except for occasional weekends. It never looked so charming as the day Mallard went down there with Professor Boyd at the beginning of the long vacation.

the long vacation.

He went round to Rose Jaffrey's house on the following afternoon. It was less than half a mile away, down a lane to the right of his own gate, past two fields and the woodland behind his own place. Some Gipsies were camped in a see the top of an old "spigot" caravan and a tent like a red Indian wigwam. A baby was wailing and a woman's voice cursed it in some gibberish.

Rose Jaffrey's house was at the bottom of the lane where it petered out into a sandy track through the woodland. It was an enchanting old place which had once been the dower-house of the lord of the manor round here, not very big but most attractive with its three gables and creeper-covered walls and casement windows. The date was there above the doorway. Fifteen hundred and something. Before Elizabeth's time. It was all enclosed in a low gray wall, ivy-clad, and an iron gate led to a flagged pathway between tall hollyhocks.

nagged pathway between tall hollyhocks. Rose was standing there waiting for him. She was in a frock of sprigged muslin such as might have been worn by one of the daughters of this house centuries ago. The afternoon sun touched the bronze of her hair.

"I saw you through the window," she said.
"You looked very thoughtful."
"I'm always thinking. A distressing and foolish habit!"
They both smiled and Mallard raised her.

They both smiled, and Mallard raised her

a good background for you . . . And this old

To that she answered by a little curtsy with a "Thank you, kind sir."

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She confessed that she never wanted to see London again as long as there was a flower in bloom, and that she was enchanted with every nook and corner of the house, and that the

garden was a little paradise.
"I'm getting the smell of grease-paint out of my nostrils," she said. "Carnations are so much sweeter."

They went up the flagged pathway and Mallard paused to pluck a white pink. He said old England was in the scent of it—a thousand summers and young life in English flower-gardens.

She took the flower from him and put it in his buttonhole.

"Those are pretty words," she said. "I like you for them.

They went into the house and through the hall to a white paneled room where her father was reading a book in the window-seat.
"Father," said Rose Jaffrey, "here is Mr.

Adrian Mallard."

It was the first time Mallard had met him It was the first time Mailard had met him off the stage, though as a boy he had seen him many times in Shakespearian plays and had thrilled to his words as Henry V and Julius Cæsar and Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice." A great actor, then, but now getting old and thin and withered, yet still a fine, handsome figure with a long delicate finely-cut face and a shock of white hair and lustrous eves. Sixty, perhaps.

He rose from the window-seat and clasped

Mallard's hand.

"My little Rose tells me you have been very kind to her," he said. "As her father I offer you my thanks, and look forward to your friendship, sir."

He spoke the words sonorously, with a touch

of the old actor's declamatory style.

"We are neighbors," said Mallard. "As I am a lonely man that is a very pleasant thought."

Unconsciously he adopted Jaffrey's formal

style of address

"Ah!" said John Jaffrey, with an exag-erated gloom. "Loneliness! That, my dear gerated gloom. sir, is the biggest tragedy of life to a man like myself who once lived for applause-before my health broke down. Even now, approaching the sere and yellow leaf, I sadly miss the noise of the groundlings, the cheers that swept up to me when I made an exit, the stir of a great audience when I appeared on the stage. It was the very breath of my nostrils, all that . Well, my dear daughter carries on the old tradition of our name and I live again in her good repute."

"Another egoist!" thought Mallard. "A man who lived on his personality. I wonder he is reconciled to this retirement and the idea of death. He, too, is sentenced to death. A few years or more, perhaps. We are all sentenced to death. This world is a hospital for incur-That's a frightful thought."

Aloud he said, "I remember your farewell to the stage. It was a great night, sir.

the stage. It was a great night, sir."

Mr. Jaffrey's eyes were suffused with a mist of tears, quite suddenly.

"A wonderful night!" he said. "A great memory! They called me back—was it fifty times? I wept and they were weeping—their favorite's farewell from the footlights. My funeral sir. I am now one of the living funeral, sir. I am now one of the living dead."

Rose took his arm and laid her cheek against his shoulder.

"No, no, Father! You are still a great teacher

The younger school owes a lot to you. And if it weren't for your ill health—"
"Yes," said Mr. Jaffrey with a sigh of resignation. "My health broke down, Mr. Mallard. Nervous prostration. I were myself out before your time. That's the penalty of art. One puts That's the penalty of art. One puts my time. That's the penalty of art. One puts one's passion into it, one's emotion, one's soul. The spirit wears out the body."

They had tea in that white paneled room, with bowls of flowers on gate-legged tables. Rose sat in one of the window-seats with the tea-table in front of her and a casement window behind her giving a glory to her hair in the golden light of the afternoon. Once or twice she noticed Mallard's eyes upon her as though her beauty held them, and a little smile played about her lips and her eyelashes hid secret thoughts

Mallard noticed that her father lighted one cigaret from another, as he sat in a low chair with his thin legs crossed.

"A dangerous habit, that," said Mallard.
"Not good for the heart, sir!"
"My one remaining vice," said Jaffrey. "Not

my one remaining vice, said jainty. Not very harmful and most comforting."
"I've had to cut down on it," said Mallard.
"Good heavens, yes!" cried Rose. "I've been wondering at some change in you. It's half an hour since you smoked a cigaret."

So she had noticed some change in him. He was conscious of this change since that night when death had knocked at the door with a grisly warning. He had lost some of his vivacity, his verbosity, his easy way of laughter. He had become graver, older, more silent. He had become graver, ouer, and silent. He would have to watch that. He mustn't give himself away or go about with a

He watched it now, and plunged into a description of his last case. The foreman of the jury was a comic character, and argued with the judge. There had been a most amusing scene, which he described to the delight of Rose's father who laughed heartily and said that Mallard would have made a good actor.

But that pantomime of his-in his old style did not deceive Rose Jaffrey. Later, at least, when they walked round the garden together and then sat on a wooden bench below a withered oak she spoke again of a change in

"Has anything happened? Or is it the strain of cutting off Virginia cigarets?"

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"Nothing much has happened," he said.
"Evelyn's done a bunk. At least I don't expect her back from that cruise with Freddy Duke. She said sorry for everything when she went

away. That meant good-by."
"I'm sorry," said Rose. "Poor Evelyn and poor you."

Mallard laughed quietly.

"Oh, it hasn't broken my heart or anything like that. We've been 'going our own ways'— as one reads in divorce court letters—too long to feel any shock of parting. Still, one looks back with a sense of failure, and that's never pleasant, especially to an egoist like me. We loved each other quite nicely for a time. Just wrongly matched, that's all."
"Yes," said Rose.

She did not deny that he was an egoist, as he had rather hoped. She was always alarmingly truthful-utterly candid.

"So now I'm a grass widower," he said. "I expect there will have to be a divorce for

Evelyn's sake. I rather dread it."

She said "yes" again and was thoughtful.

They sat there silently for a little while. A thrush was singing in a bush near by. The shadows lengthened on the croquet lawn.

Mallard felt sentimental, foolishly tempted to say rash things. He said them in his own mind. He said: Now that Evelyn has gone I'm a lonely man—and free in a way. Most men would think themselves free. I'm still men would think themselves free. I'm stil young enough to love. I would give every thing in the world-even success-to have this girl's love, her beauty, her grace, her dear soul.

If I let myself go by a hair's breadth I should make a romantic ass of myself. She lets me kiss her hand sometimes, but I want to kiss her lips, and to put my arms about her and feel the warmth and loveliness of her young body. She hides her eyes from me sometimes, but I want to look into them and see their loyalty and tenderness

I believe I could make her love me. J'm not old or withered. I'm in the prime of life, a young man almost, young enough for years of happiness except for this broken-down heart of mine. We could be happy together, Rose and I. We laugh at the same things. We love life and beauty—flowers and little beasts and trees. I wouldn't ask her to give up the stage. Every night I would go to the theater and watch her act. Afterwards, supper at the Carlton and no

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In reality, your skin is composed of various layers. There is a surface skin constantly being renewed, another called the "True-Skin" and then a lower layer which houses the blood vessels, fibres and glands, whose tiny mouths reach the surface and become pores.

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The woman whose skin is not clear and smooth and youthfully translucent can trace her trouble directly to the condition of her "True-Skin."

For if the "True-Skin" is undernourished, dry or over-oily, the surface skin will be dull—the under layers clogged and unsupple—and the cells will function half-heartedly. And your complexion will never look its best.

To keep the "True-Skin" supple, fresh and invigorated and the complexion alluring, above all things use the purest of cold creams, especially made to seep down and cleanse the "True-Skin" as well as the surface.

Elcaya Cold Cream is a cream so immaculately pure, so smooth in texture that when it meets the skin it rapidly

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1—With the finger-tips smooth Elcaya Cold Cream on the face. Immediately you feel the cream liquefy — like ice returning to water.

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4—Remove surplus cream with soft cloth or tissue using gentle "lifting" pats. Finish with cold water or with ice.



liquefies, melting from a silky cream to a creamy liquid. It delves deeper into the skin than other creams, effecting the cleanliness of all the layers.

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Elcaya Cold Cream leaves the complexion visibly fresher and clearer than other cold creams can. As a test, use Elcaya Cold Cream on one side of your face and the cream you are at present using on the other. Your towel or your tissues will give ample proof as to which is the better cleaner, which seeps down deepest in your skin.

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scandal-mongers to whisper at us. Then home scandal-mongers to whisper at us. Then home together. A real home, with comradeship and love. All that I've missed. We'd come down here for holidays, and walk hand in hand in the woods and sit watching the changes of light across the lawns, and talk about art and music and all good things. We might have chil-

"How plump that old thrush is!" said Rose. "Look at its little eyes and the perky way it

cocks its head at us."
"Yes," said Mallard. "Comical little beggar! Like a barrister I know—old Merrival—with his hands tucked under his coat tails, with the pomposity of Mr. Pickwick.

In his mind he continued his sentimental monolog, until suddenly it was checked by gloomy thoughts.

I should be a cad if I made love to a girl like this—so young and fresh—with this rotten heart of mine. It wouldn't be fair. I might drop down dead at the altar rails. She might wake up one morning and find a corpse in her arms. I'll play the game to the end. I'm an egoist, but not such a cad as that. Not such a

dirty cad as all that . . . "You're silent this evening," said Rose. She glanced at him curiously, wondering at this unaccustomed silence and, then, startled perhaps by some agony in his eyes, which he turned away from her. Were there tears in his eyes?

Oh, surely not!
"It's beautiful here—in this garden," he said. "What do you call those flowers with the little blue bonnets?"

"Columbines," she told him, and glanced at him again anxiously. Yes, there was a little moisture in the eyes of her beloved egoist.

"My dear!" she said. "What has happened? Tell me." Her hand crept to his sleeve with an offer of comradeship.

"There's nothing to tell," he said. "I'm a little blue, that's all. Evelyn—and loneliness! Do you think your father would like a game of croquet? I'm rather good at it!"

He played a great game and laughed at Jaffrey's dogmatic postures with his mallet, his theatrical despair when he wired his ball, his tragic cry-hand to heart-when Mallard hit the stick and won by a long straight stroke.

Rupert Boyd, that professor of psychology, spent most of his days writing a book on the mechanism of mind. But he found time for long walks with Mallard over the heathery commons, and rose before breakfast, at least as far as dressing-gown and slippers, to prowl into the fruit-garden for a feast of black currants and raspberries, which more than once gave him a severe stomachache—"though worth it," as he remarked with Christian resignation and a bottle of medicine

He kept his evenings free of toil, and they were pleasant evenings when Rose came round with her father and played Chopin, mostly, or sang to them, or listened very patiently while her father told anecdotes of stage life which she had heard many times before, or with laughter in her eyes while Mallard capped them with stories of the bench and bar. Then bridge sometimes until after midnight, with a wood fire burning in the grate—an English summer is seldom too hot for that—and the blinds un drawn by Mallard's orders so that they could look into the moonlit garden from which the scent of flowers came through the open windows.

Always after one of those evenings Mallard and Boyd walked back with their guests to that old house at the bottom of the lane—Boyd ahead with Rose's father, who held on to his arm and called him "dear boy," and Mallard lingering behind a little with Rose, whose hand lay lightly on his sleeve, not knowing how he thrilled to her touch thrilled to her touch.

Pleasant days and pleasant evenings—though sometimes Mallard's nights were tor-

though sometimes Malard's hights were tor-tured by self-pity, by a revolt against the thing that threatened him.

"It can't be true!" he thought a thousand times. "I'm as fit as ever I was. Those doctors are fools. This heart of mine is as

sound as a bell . . . I'm darned if I'll die. I want to live. I've never known a day's ill health until my heart gave a kick that night. Death . . . Annihilation . . . Never to see Rose again. To miss all the success for which I've struggled and fought-the reward of life. It can't be true!'

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His nerves went wrong on one of those sleep-less nights. He left his own room and went round to Boyd's bedroom and rapped at the

"Boyd! Boyd!" he called in a harsh whisper. He found the door unlocked, opened it, and turned up the light. Boyd lay asleep with one arm across his pillow. His hair was scarlet

against its whiteness.
"Boyd!" said Mallard. "Wake up, for heaven's sake!"

Boyd sat up quite suddenly, blinking.
"Who's there?" he asked in a startled way. "What is it?"

"Boyd," said Mallard, "I feel hideously awell . . . I'm afraid." "Afraid of what, old man?" asked Boyd.
"Been seeing ghosts or something?"
"I'm afraid of myself," said Mallard. "I'm

coward, Boyd. I've got the jimjams."
"My dear old man!" said Boyd with real

concern. "Sit down and have a yarn. I've finished my beauty sleep."

He lighted a cigaret and put on his horn-rimmed glasses which he had placed on the table by his bedside, and looked so ridiculous with his red tousled hair, that Mallard's sense of humor got the better of his nerves.

"Boyd, you funny old devil! You're enough to make a cat laugh."
"I've often done it," said Boyd. "There was a cat up at Oxford, in the old days, who used to a cat up at Oxford, in the old days, who used to laugh every time I came into my rooms. I used to chuck things at it just to get that sar-castic smile out of its yellow, round eyes." He was joshing for Mallard's sake. Not a bad fellow, Boyd, though eccentric and argu-

mentative.

"Look here," said Mallard more calmly. "What's the good of science if it can't tell us if there's a survival after death? What's the good of all that muck you're writing if it can't answer a simple question like that? The mechanism of mind. Bosh! I want to know if there's any evidence about what happens—afterwards."

Boyd hesitated for a moment. On the subject of science he was utterly truthful. Blasphemy to him meant insincerity about the

facts of science. "No exact evidence," he answered. "Only vague surmises based on remote possibilities. One comes up against mysteries which evade chemical or physiological tests—every kind of analysis. We don't know what lies out in that No Man's Land, or beyond. We can only say —I think we can get as far as that—that there seems to be intelligence at work in what we call matter, and the human mind itself seems to have certain unexplained and possibly inex-plicable faculties not limited by the physical mechanism of the brain—and perhaps—though that's going a bit far—not limited by time and

Mallard laughed ironically, almost harshly. "Look here," he said presently. "I went to that medium again the other day. Do you remember that fellow Jago and his white-faced girl, at Brixton? They put me into touch with Ivo—unless they were faking. He keeps asking for me, they say. Certainly the voice which came through a luminous trumpet said some uncanny things.

He told Boyd the story of his experience and the reference to Rose Jaffrey which had

startled him so much.

It startled Boyd.

"Remarkable!" he said. "I don't pretend

to offer an explanation. I'd like to find out."
"That's just it," said Mallard. "You say science doesn't know what lies out in No Man's Land. Why don't you self-conceited scientists go out there and report back? Is there any truth, or isn't there, in these phenomena of spiritualism? It seems to me a short cut to certainty. Get into touch with one spirit and we must believe in survival. One word with Ivo on the other side and I don't care a darn about death. One glimpse of immortality and God becomes real and this brief little life of ours just an hour in a wayside inn on the way

Boyd was stirred by the emotion with which Mallard spoke. He was impressed by his argument. It expressed thoughts which had been ment. urgent lately in his own brain. He flung back the bedclothes and sat on the edge of the bed

with his bare feet dangling.
"I'm inclined to agree," he said. "Science especially my department of it—can't afford to ignore those things. Of course I have my theories. I've read up a lot of this stuff—still I've made my own experiments. If I could get hold of a good medium I'd have a go at it.
Test some of these supernormal faculties."
Mallard was silent. He seemed to be think-

ing out a new idea.

"Why not get that fellow Jago down?" he asked presently. "Why not make it worth his while? He and his sister. I could put them up in the gardener's cottage or somewhere. I want to find out if it's Ivo speaking. Your scientific tests ought to settle the question one way or the other

Boyd's eyes glinted with a sudden amuse-ment. The idea seemed to appeal to him. "Not a bad notion," he said. "It might be

a great lark. I mean it might be extremely interesting."

They sat up all that night forgetful of sleep. Boyd did most of the talking, deliberately, to keep Mallard's mind from brooding and to steady down his nerves. He told Mallard all he knew about the working of the mind and the hidden senses which science was discovering or rediscovering.

Mallard rose at last with a tired laugh.
"Daybreak!" he said. "Jolly good of you,
Boyd, to let me spoil your sleep like this. Reminds me of Oxford days when we used to jaw Mostly about love."

He laughed again, forgetting the "jimjams" that had brought him to this room in the

Young Neal came down a fortnight later and Mallard was glad to have him. He was senti-mental about this boy for whom he had an elder brother's comradeship, or—when he reminded himself of his own age, and that secret about his health—a father's love. "You'll find it rather dull here," he said,

"unless we ransack the neighborhood for pretty

girls and fellows of your own age."

But Billy, as they all called him, thought he could put in a month very pleasantly without artificial excitement. The tennis-court looked in good shape and he had brought down his golf sticks and he was inclined to do a bit of fishing now and them. As for pretty girls he found now and then. As for pretty girls, he found them hopeless in the way of conversation—he could never think of what to talk about—and anyhow Miss Jaffrey, he said, provided all the beauty that was really necessary in a country place. Curiously enough he found it easy to talk to her. But of course she was something more than a pretty girl. He thought her the most wonderful actress he had ever seen. "I agree," said Mallard, and he was pleased by Billy's tribute to Rose which he repeated privately for her pleasure.

For Wilfred's sake Mallard invited some of the local people to tea or dinner and the lawns were crowded sometimes with Surrey folk who played tennis extraordinarily well, and knew the names of all his flowers, and fell into rap-tures over his herbaceous borders or his standard roses, though he had nothing to do with them and could not claim any credit. He was careful to explain that his wife had gone for a cruise in the Mediterranean with some old friends and he was aware of a faintly perceptible curiosity about Evelyn's whereabouts on the part of some of his guests. Some of the ladies, too, were inclined to be

arch, and smilingly suggestive regarding Rose.



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One of them-the wife of a retired general who had been relieved of his command in the Great War—went so far in her ridiculous innuendos that he had to be rude to her

"You have a very lovely neighbor now, Mr. Mallard! Only a field away, too. I suppose you see quite a lot of her?"

"Miss Jaffrey, you mean," he answered ldly. "Yes, I see as much of her as I coldly.

"You're such great friends, I hear," said the dy. "Your little suppers at the Carlton

were mentioned in the newspapers, and caused us quite a flutter down here."

That abominable paragraph! So it had found its way even into Surrey gardens.

"One has supper with one's friends," he said

freezingly.
"She looks exquisite!" said this purveyor of tittle-tattle, and raised her lorgnette to look at Rose who was playing croquet with Boyd and Billy and some other girl. "Such a filmy frock, too! One can see her limbs through it. These young things of today don't bother about little matters like that! And, of course, Miss Jaffrey is an actress, anyhow."

"If you don't like actresses—" said Malard with a sudden flush of rage.

He controlled himself and broke off his

sentence.
"There are some ices in the drawing-room," he said, and moved away from the woman across the lawn. "One of the worst types," he thought. "One of those women who tempt their husbands to buy weed-killer and make mistakes, poor devils. I remember defending one of them and felt sorry for him."

Some of the neighborhood called on Rose and her father, and Rose returned their calls, but it did not go much further than that, al-though the retired generals and colonels and some of the subalterns from Aldershot who happened to be at home when she came were enthusiastic about her beauty. Some of them had seen her in the "Beaux' Stratagem" and other plays and were excited to behold her off the stage.

"A pretty creature, that Miss Jaffrey," said one of the old men to Mallard one afternoon when she was in his garden. "It's a pleasure to see her walk across the grass, and good to think that England still grows such lovely flowers. But I've no patience with this outcry against our young people. The girls are wonderful.

Mallard was not angry with that tribute from old age to this girl for whom he had a worshipful love. But it was obvious that the women were suspicious of his relations with

Well, he was indifferent to all that, as long as Rose did not know, or mind. He was going to make the best of this summer. He was not going to let public opinion or malicious minds interfere with this spiritual love which made life so precious to him. Spiritual love. He wanted to keep it that, though once or twice he was afraid of himself because passion touched

He was afraid one day when they walked in the woods together. There was a hot sun in the open fields, but here in the woods behind her house it was cool and shady with a lace-work pattern of sunlight and shadow on the sandy paths between the glades. Rose was in a summer frock, and she walked bareheaded with a glint of gold in her hair.

She picked a nosegay of wild flowers and told him their names.

"Ragged-robin. Speedwell. Lords-and-dies." The dear old names.

Presently she began to sing, and then laughed when a tit, or some small bird, followed her from bush to bush, cheeping happily and watching her with his little beady

"Why not sit down?" she asked. "This bank is quite dry, and it's fairy-land here. This is the Forest of Arden, and I feel like Rosalind,

under the greenwood tree."
"And I am the melancholy Jaques," said Mallard.

Rose Jaffrey sang again, smiling up at him.

"Under the greenwood tree Who loves to lie with me, And turn his merry note Unto the sweet bird's throat Come hither, come hither, come hither!"

There was an invitation in her eyes to sit beside her and she touched the grass and said, "Come hither, melancholy Jaques . . . You're so restless, always."
"Not with you, my dear," he said

It was then that he was afraid. She looked so slim and lovely there. She was Rosalind and the spirit of youth, and the love that he craved—the love that he had missed most of his life. How sweet it would be to lie with her, his arms around her, her dear head on his breast, her heart against his. Life meant that. Without that, life was empty. In a little while perhaps he would be gone. There was still

and an eternal pledge.

He felt a tremor pass through his body and brain. He was still young and vital and sensitive. Why should he deny himself the loveliness of life

time for love, and a moment or two of ecstasy,

"Rose!" he said, and then as he spoke her name some little bell rang in his brain.

Very clearly he could hear a voice inside himself, mocking: "The romantic forties!"

He sat beside her with his hands clasped

round his knee.

"Tell me about your new part," he said.
She was not interested then in her new part. She seemed shy of him after he had called out her name with a strange tremor in his voice. Once or twice she glanced at him with thoughtful and wistful eyes as he sat there beside her. But he did not see the wistfulness.

That was the first time he was afraid of himself. And the second time was when he drove her in his car to some of the neighboring churches which she wanted to see, because she loved their quaintness and history. It was in Compton Church that they spent the longest time that afternoon, looking at its Norman arches with their dogtooth pattern, and the arcnes with their dogtooth pattern, and the two altars, one above the other—unusual and charming—and the crosses of the pilgrims scrawled on the pillars (the Pilgrim's Way had passed through this old village) and the "leper's squint," from which the altar could be seen without coming into the body of the church. There was an old board with a hale church. There was an old board with a hole worn through it where people had leaned there on their elbows, hundreds of years ago. Not lepers, perhaps, but sick folk, or prisoners, or some unfortunates, kept apart from the people of this parish, or merely lazybones, arriving

Rose wandered round with grave eyes and a faint smile about her lips, and a look of reverence. She put her hand on Mallard's arm and spoke in a low tone. "How restful here! One

spoke in a low tone. "How restruit here: One feels the presence of dear ghosts."
"The dead past," said Mallard. "All the history of England from Norman times. I like to touch these old stones."

He touched them then, as though some spirit came out of them and passed into his.
"I think of the boys who went out to the war from this village," said Rose. "In the

trenches their hearts must have gone back to this old church. It must have meant England

"Ivo used to think of his school chapel," said Mallard. "He used to dream—in his dirty dugout on the Somme—that he was back there again. Poor old Ivo!"

Rose sat down on one of the pews and Mallard stood beside her. He could see that she was looking up to one of the stained-glass winwas looking up to one of the stained-glass windows through which rich color streamed. She had a mystical look, he thought, and as he watched her a big tear touched her eyelashes and then fell down her cheek. She brushed it away, and a few moments later rose and crept out of the church. He followed her into the porch where she was reading some notice, and hearing his footsten she turned and smiled and hearing his footstep she turned and smiled at him, and he saw that her eyes were still wet and shining.

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"Why did you cry?" he asked tenderly, and

touched one of her hands for a moment.
"Life is so sad—and beautiful," she answered. "This little church—how nice to believe, like simple souls!"

"Don't you believe?" he asked. She shook her head and smiled again.

"Only vaguely. Who does nowadays? Not in Chelsea or schools of acting. Not among the clever little intellectuals who write plays and novels, or act them, or talk about life and art ... I was brought up in that atmosphere. One misses something. One knows—nothing!"

"No," he said, "nothing. That's the worst of it. Nothing about death—or what happens afterwards."

"One hopes," said Rose. "One believes, vaguely, in some eternal goodness. But one can't get back to simplicity, once having lost it."

Mallard looked at her and spoke gravely.

"The other night, I remember you said you believed that love has no death and that spirits meet across the bridge. Do you think honestly, Rose—that you and I will meet like that—afterwards?"

She leaned a little towards him with her face raised to his, and a smile in her eyes.
"Honestly," she said. "Yes, my dear. I'll be waiting for you—somewhere—if I get there

She assumed that she would have to wait for him. And it was then, for the second time, that he felt afraid of himself. He was tempted, so frightfully tempted then, to tell her every thing; about that rotten heart of his; about his love; about his fear of "snuffing out" into would help him. Her love, if she would love him, would give him faith and courage. Then once again he heard that voice inside him, mocking. "The romantic forties!" Standing there in the porch of that church how could he make honest love to this girl? He was still a married man, though deserted perhaps by his wife. He wasn't sure yet. He was middle-aged and likely to drop dead at any moment. At least that was what those darn doctors had told him. All his life he had been an egoist, thinking of himself first, demanding everything for his personality, puffed up with self-conceit, conscious of his own splendor. Yes, that was true enough, but he wouldn't sacrifice this girl on the altar of his egotism. He'd draw the line at that.

"Your father will be anxious about us," he ggested. "It's long past tea time."
She smiled at some secret thought.
"Perhaps we've been rather morbid!" she suggested.

. "Why think of death when the sun is shin-Look how bright it is beyond this dark old h . . . And I've strawberries and cream waiting to be eaten in a white paneled room."

Because of Mallard's idealistic passion for Rose Jaffrey he becomes desperate to get more certain knowledge of immortality. That would reconcile him to death itself because he would meet Rose "across the bridge" in

spiritual and eternal love. How can he be sure of that?

Professor Boyd tests Emery Jago's claims to get messages from the other world and Jago produces startling evidence in some thrilling scenes. But it is Belle Chubb who reveals most definitely some mystical sense beyond human intelligence as ordinarily known; she obtains by clairvoyance, as it seems, the sight of something which has a tragic significance for Mallard and Rose Jaffrey.

In the Next Instalment Philip Gibbs tells a very beautiful love story spiritualized beyond the ordinary plane of human passion and made more poignant by Mallard's search for an answer to the eternal riddle of life—which he finds beyond a doubt, in one supreme moment of revelation. The story moves to a crisis with

tense economy of words and the reader is left deeply curious as to its development

The Single Standard by Adela Rogers St. Johns (Continued from page 97) began to weigh on Ian's mind. If everybody

man placed in a most extraordinary position. And if you place ordinary people in extraor-dinary positions, things will happen which are more or less unexplainable.

Ian Deming was a boy with the sort of mind that would probably have made him a very good shipping-clerk, or a business man in a small way. His soul was without form and void, without aspiration or greatness of any kind. It was as though just at the end of his creation some god with a twisted sense of humor had decided to slap that face on him and

see what would happen.

It is an awful thing to have your destiny controlled by your face. It upsets you frightfully and it upsets the world frightfully. In the beginning there was nothing particularly bad about Ian Deming. He went through high school and while he didn't have that last drive that makes a varsity m.m, he was a fair second-string back. He read a good deal, mostly novels. Socially, he was a success. He had, somewhere about, a whole scrap-book full of dance programs and nicely engraved invitations to prove it. Being somewhat of a snob, he valued that scrap-book.

At that time he had not developed the startling good looks that later made him a prey

to all the world's temptations.

When the kingdoms of the world were laid at his feet, his first reaction was one of intense surprise. Up to that time he had supposed he surprise. Up to that time in the was no different from anybody else. His hopes was no different from anybody else. His hopes surprise. were by no means extravagant. To have a decent job, to belong to a golf club, to associate with people on the edge of the social world.

His surprise had been rather naive and attractive, so that people went about saying that Ian Deming was a sweet boy, and so unspoiled. The spoiling process took several years. There was a peculiar quality of sweetness about him in those early days of his success that echoed about him later. "I can't believe that about Ian Deming," everybody said, "he was such a sweet boy." They were thinking of his looks, in a measure, of course. You could never escape them. But it wasn't that entirely. His nature had been sweet enough. But there is not, as you may have noticed, much staying quality to sweetness. It pleases but does not Gradually, the preponderance of evidence

thought he was so remarkable, if everybody said he was the handsomest man on the screen. if he was worth \$6000 a week to the company there must be something to it He figured it out that way. Independent thought had never been a habit with him. His feet took naturally the well-beaten path of the world's opinions. And so he began in time to believe even his press-agent. That, of course, is the beginning of the end.

He did not drink. The camera keeps a record of that. He had a clean tongue. But he

had a vice, and that vice was cheap women. He called them "cuties," which is a popular term in Hollywood, and means much and nothing. Ian Deming had a cutie complex. For all his sweetness, for all his importance, he could never resist the great draft of flattery afforded by quick and easy conquest.

THE thing to remember always is that Arden Stuart did not know these things. The creative and imaginative mind which was hers and which had ripened to full force under Packy Cannon's tutelage, had used the clay of Ian Deming's beauty to mo'd a ove god to satisfy the great and burning need within her. She adored Ian Deming because she aw in him all the things in her own heart. Of the real Ian

Deming, she knew nothing.

If sometimes, at cold and rather deadly moments, she saw the man he was peering from behind the man she had created she picked up the plaster and put it back. Women

have a ways done that.

And there is no question that Ian tried to help her. He was more in love with her than he had ever been with anyone in all his life. It was the supreme essence of flattery that such a woman should so completely worship him. He did not realize that Arden must wor-ship if she loved. He tried desperately to live up to what she thought he was. easy for him to believe things and he began to believe Arden's creation of him.

We create the thing we love. den's justification. The thrill and lure of the senses held her. Oh, beyond question. But they would never so have enmeshed her had she not believed wholly and completely in Ian Deming.

Packy Cannon had taught her that. But in the glory of this love, she had forgotten. Her own utter sincerity in the end betrayed her.

Tommy came home and she was very glad to see him. She had missed Tommy very much. After all, Tommy was a great deal more than a husband. He was a friend. feeling for Ian had in no way altered her deep and sincere affection for Tommy. It is an absolute lie that a woman cannot love two

Ding spoke to him about Ian Deming, casu-

ally.
"Oh," said Tommy, "that's all right. Arden has to be—amused. I know this guy Deming. I shouldn't worry about that if I were you.

once, in the night, Arden, prowling about the house in search of a cigaret, heard a strange sound from his room. She went in. Tommy was standing by the window, smoking.

"Why don't you go to bed," said Arden.
"I was thinking," said Tommy Hewlett.
"I was thinking how happy you've made me." Arden's eyes were steady, serious.
"Sometimes I wonder," said Tommy, "if

I made a mistake to let you marry me."
"Much you had to say about it," said Arden,

"Much you nad to say about 11, sand Alban, and grinned. But in her eyes was a question. "Look here, Arden," said Tommy, and patted her shoulder. "I want you to be happy, v'know. You're a reckless little egg. But I y'know. You're a reckless little egg. But I owe you a lot. I can't forget that. When I married you, I knew I was getting more than I had any right to. Nobody knows you like

I had any right to. Nobody knows you like I do. I know all your fine qualities and all your weaknesses. And I just wanted to tell you that—whatever you do is all right with me. I'd never stand in your way. I haven't any right. I know you don't—love me."
"I do love you," said Arden sharply.
"Sure," said Tommy, and patted her shoulder again, "I know you do, in a way. But you're a funny girl, Arden. You think like a man. You believe in the single standard. Well, I married you knowing that. I'd rather have you, dear, no matter what you did than have you, dear, no matter what you did than-any lesser woman. Just like—well, I'm not much good at talking—but just like Pd rather have one glass of Imperial Tokay than a case of bootleg Scotch. I would. I love she ha Lik came never with "T

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She was lan's l and A thetic. went did I f

you—I'd—— Now, you go to bed, kid."

He kissed her very gently, and she went obediently. But she listened outside his door a long time to be sure that there was no repetition of that sound that was half a groan and half a sob.

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Her heart was torn for Tommy. Pity for him welled up in her throat. For a moment she almost hated herself that she had hurt him. And then she almost hated him because she had to pity him.

she had to pity min.

Like an echo from the past her own words
came back to her and with cold eyes and stark
face she contemplated them. "I guess I never can be true to any man."

ARDEN knew long afterwards that Ian Deming had been a mere episode in her life. Her great mistake. And yet she knew, too, that never in her life had she loved anyone

with quite the glamor which surrounded him.
"That," she said once to Mercedes, "was because he wasn't strong enough on his own account to interfere with my ideals of him. That is why often very strong women, like George Sand, love weak men." But love does not die at once. Love is like

a snake in that it keeps on wiggling after the first blow. It will not die. It does not want to die. No one ever wants to fall out of love.

So Arden kept on picking up the pieces of plaster as they fell from her image and putting them back. It is silly to say that love stops suddenly, when a woman discovers the first flaws in her idol. It takes a rather long time for a man to kill a woman's love.

It survived the first little disillusionments. And they are the fatal ones. Any woman can forgive big faults in a man. It is the petty disappointments that are difficult . . . The day that Arden discovered the adulation of the crowd pleased him. The times when she saw that the yes-men about him, the chinless, spectacled secretary, the flashy, cheap press-agent, the suave and smiling manager had more influence with him than they should have had. Those things she survived. Even when she found that the admiration

of cheap women pleased him, she denied it, passionately, desperately to herself.

And nothing is so terrible to a woman as to find that her man can be flattered by the admiration of cheap women. It dishonors her own thought of herself more than any mere infidelity could do.

All these things Arden Stuart, walking for the first time in her life amid confusion, forgave. And when the end came it was not a ques-

the average run of women. It was a question of death. Like all very passionate women, she had in her a cold streak—for nothing is so cold as dead passion.

When she opened the door, she stood there

a long moment, looking, listening.

She was not jealous. She had never been jealous in all her life. There was no desire on her part to hurt either Ian Deming or the

soft, lovely, blonde thing in his arms.

Her ears heard the words. Slowly, long minutes after they had been said, her brain

minutes after they had been said, her brain repeated them to her:

"Look at me—look at me."
Ian Deming's eternal love-song.
She was not jealous. But she was hopelessly bewildered. For all her infinite experience and understanding, she could not understand. What had she failed to give him, that he turned to this city with the same words he had used to this girl with the same words he had used to her? Where had she lacked, what had she lacked? The pitiless bewilderment of the woman betrayed for something cheaper, less hamiliant the same words.

woman betrayed for something cheaper, less beautiful, less worthy of love than herself.

There was no embarrassment about her. She walked into the room and shut the door behind her, and stood there, slim and straight. lan's hand was against the girl's bare shoulder, and Arden was conscious of hurt—vague hurt—such as a woman feels under an anesthetic. But all the time in the back of her mind went on the cry—"This is my fault. Where did I fail."

When the girl had gone she and Ian stood facing each other. Perhaps in all her life Arden had never looked so irresistibly lovely.

What he said she did not hear. She was conscious of words, endless words. But she did not hear them. Conscious of the terror in his eyes, of the pleading agony of his voice. That was all. She could only stare at him. Not with jealousy. Dishonor. Under it she swayed, grew whiter yet. That was because she knew that love had not meant to him what it had meant to her.

"Arden, Arden, listen to me, for pity's sake,"

he said. And meant it.

Arden Stuart came back from the desert wastes of her own soul. Poor Ian. So un-

happy. So hurt.
"I am listening," she said gently.
"I can't explain," Ian Deming said, and for once he had forgotten everything, forgotten

or once he had longored to the form of the pose, to impress.
"I can't explain. No man can. I love you. I adore you, Arden. But—I wanted this girl. I wanted her terribly. It's rotten. That's what I tried to tell you about once. My cutie complex."

"Cutie complex?" said Arden very gently.
"No man' can explain it." said Ian Deming,
driven to an honesty he did not know he poswoman you haven't had. It's something you want because it isn't yours. It hasn't anything to do with my love for you. You must know

I love you."

And then Arden Stuart knew what it was

that held her so numb and cold.

It was the death o' love.
Only that. As her love for Ian had been born in a moment, so it had died in a moment. Born of the flesh and decorated by her own glorious dreams, it had been stripped of those dreams and died—of the flesh.

And suddenly she was very gentle and quite

herself. In her eyes was a great sadness, but the pain and the bewilderment and the horror

"I'm so sorry," she said. Her voice was crisp, sweet, cool. "Dear Ian. I am so sorry. I—have made a great mistake."

"Don't you believe I love you?" Ian Deming pleaded.

Never had she seemed so desirable. Never had she seemed so wonderful. What other wo-man could be like the one and only Arden, who had been so completely his. And now she looked at him as though she had difficulty in

remembering him at all.
"You love me," said Arden slowly. "But—
I am so sorry, Ian. Your love doesn't seem
to matter. You see, I don't love you."

The flame in her eyes when she said that was almost like the flame when she had first said that she loved him.

"But why?" said Ian Deming. "What have I done? Is it because you are jealous?"
"I am not jealous," she said, almost with humility. "Truly, I am not jealous."

humility. "Truly, I am not jealous."

He could not but believe her. That honesty of hers which had been always her armor and the honesty here. her lance acted now against him. He knew that she was unlike other women, because she never lied, because she knew herself.

"It is only—you see, my dear, the Ian Deming I loved never existed at all. There wasn't any such person, anyone like that anywhere

in the world. Don't you see?"

He shook his head. And she came and put her hand on his shoulder. He knew then that he had lost her. She could not have touched him like that had she still loved him.

"Ian, I do not think I can make you understand, but I will try. I want you to under-stand. It is not that I am jealous. At first, something horrible and hot stabbed through me when I saw that girl in your arms. Perhaps that was jealousy. It was like a white-hot pain.

"And then it went away and I felt empty in side. Everything stopped. Something died. It was my love for you. It died because I knew that my Ian had never existed. I have been dreaming and in that moment I woke up.
"I do not blame you. I am not angry. But

—I do not love you any more. Forgive me."

He put out his arms. If he could hold her,

He put out his arms. If he could hold her, as he had held her, she would forget all this. But he could not hold her. She kissed him. Her lips were cool and sweet.
"My dear," she said, "you will be much happier without me. It has been very hard for you, trying to live up to me. I know that now. Trying to fit yourself into the image of what I had created. I know. I have tried to do that had created. I know. I have tried to do that, too, once upon a time. I do not like—last acts, Ian. Let us end it now, sweetly, and forget I will kiss you and I will be gone. Perhaps I was a dream, too, as you were."

When he opened his eyes from that kiss she

was gone.

That is the way Arden Stuart always went out of a man's life. Swiftly, suddenly, without regrets, without recriminations.

But once outside in the chill, starlit San But once outside in the chill, starlit San Francisco night, Arden Stuart broke, as any ordinary woman might have broken. Down Market Street she walked, and once she stood very still, leaning against a building because she could not see for the tears in her eyes.

Within herself raged defeat and disaster and pity and the great aching loneliness that death must always bring

must always bring.

It did not matter that she had simply lost the Ian Deming of her first night in the garden, of their first kiss. It did not matter that he had never existed. She had loved him. And he was gone. The death of love and the death of life are not so different.

Fear whipped her, too. For the first time in all her life she was afraid. And she was

afraid of the only person who could ever make her really afraid—herself.

All her life she had believed in this single standard. She had fought for it, lived by it, suffered for it, without always knowing exactly why. To her, there was no difference between men and women, as she believed there was no actual difference in the eyes of the world today.

If she had done wrong, she did not know it. Did not believe it. Through her mind the thing went, swiftly, slowly, in pictures, in words. Life, the love of life, the joy of life, had been her god. She had loved Ian Deming.

But the fear that walked with her was the fear of shows. For the first time she had

fear of shame. For the first time she known shame, because she had loved unworthily. She had been honest when she told Ian that

she was not jealous. At first, in that one blind-ing moment, she had sensed something horrible within herself. But it was only that her faith was being torn from her, and her spirit groaned. Humiliation had cut deeply into her. Pride had stung her. As she walked along the street that she had always loved, walked toward the water, seeking the freedom and comfort of the

open seas as she had always sought it, she tried to figure that out. And at last found solace.

was because Ian had not been able to love It was because Ian had not been able to love her as she wanted to be loved. It was be-cause he did not understand her sense of values, as once, long ago, Packy Cannon had taught her to understand values. With a man like the real Ian Deming, women were women. She had no more to offer him than a woman of the streets, because that was all he wanted, actually, deep

down, from any woman.

That burning shame had not been a sex shame. It had been the shame of a man who marvelous library and who having offered the precious volumes to a friend finds he would rather have a "yellow back." What Arden Stuart possessed beyond her slim and lovely body, beyond her gift of words and sin-cere adoration, he did not want and did not understand. He would be satisfied with so

Ian Deming had been, as it were, the wrong market for her love. Pearls before swine. You could go as far as you liked and never find

any better way to say it. Arden Stuart went on down Market Street. The lights were clear enough in the cold, brittle



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But she did not seem to see them. air. What if she was growing cheaper, more common? Men who chased love—didn't they grow commoner as they went on? grow commoner as they went on? Didn't all vice grow more and more dreadful? Was this a vice of hers, this madness for love? A shudder shook her.

Oh, the cheapness of it. To have loved so ignobly. To have loved a man who could go from her arms to the arms of that—cutie. It hurt.

Arden and shame walked side by side.

sheen of the water for the first time did not comfort her. Disgust had her by the throat. She had been faithless to Tommy, faithless to herself.
"A fool there was" had been written about a

man, but it was for women, too, in this day of the single standard. As men were caught by

desire, by a beautiful body, by the illusion of love in pleasant places, so too would women be caught if they followed the same trail.

Her eyes burned. She did not see where she was going. The bitter honesty that never left her, that drove her to understand and know herself as few women in the world ever

themselves, drove her on. Blindly. Coldly. "Ian," she said once, but it was not the name of the man who at that moment sat in the room at his hotel cursing himself and cuties, and facing, for the moment at least, utter desola-

cing, for the moment at the control of the control Arden Stuart's eyes did not waver. They did not waver, but they changed swiftly from that shallow jade-green of self-loathing, to pools of something not unlike a purple wine. Green eyes—golden eyes—gray eyes—in all her life Arden's eyes were purple but once, and in the shadows of the wharfs along the San Fran-

cisco water-front there was no one to see. Swiftly, her head flung back, her breath coming in long deep gasps, Arden ran forward. Running now, like Venus made woman at last. "O God," said Arden softly to herself in a

prayer, a deep prayer, "please—please—"

At a rickety pier, tied to the piles, stood the All Alone. Her sails were furled, her hatches covered with canvas. Her sides gleamed white in the darkness. That lady of the seas-the schooner All Alone.

Against her lee rail, staring into the darkness, a cigar between his lips, stood Packy Cannon.

Arden stumbled, faltered once, her bare hands grasped at the rail. Her breath came

sobbingly. "Packy," she said, and held herself upright, her head completely back. In the starlight her face was white, her mouth was set and carved blackly, her eyes were only some strange light, Her hat had fallen off and the bronze curls were a frame—dull, black, strange.

"Packy, Packy," said the throbbing, breathless voice. "It can't be—it can't be!"
"My only love," said Packy Cannon, and lifted Arden Stuart over the rail and once more onto the deck of the All Alone.

There could be no question now as to the seriousness of the situation. Ding and Mercedes might have worried over Arden's adora-tion of Ian Deming, Tommy might be sure she would "get over it," she herself might have lived in the golden moment. But Packy Can-non was a different proposition for all of them.

In the life of such a woman as Arden Stuart there is always just one man whom she really loves. For the others she has desire, she has passion, she has pity, she has friendship. But for one man only can she have love.

When they stood breast to breast again upon the deck of the All Alone, Arden Stuart knew that of all men she loved Packy Cannon. He was the one man who through his own force and not through some trick of her own golden imagination, some creation of her own need, had been and would always be at once her master and her equal.

Everything else fell away from her in that

moment of self-revelation.

In the little cabin she turned to him. Why, it belonged to her, that cabin. This was her

home. And the pulse of the seas began to beat within her, the trackless seas lay before her. Adventurers together, unbound by the trammels

Adventurers together, unbound by the trammels of life, ready to take what came, to go forward to seek life in the raw, they looked and looked. "Why did you go away?" said Arden Stuart. But Packy Cannon only laughed. He had aged. She knew that, But, as always, she hardly saw him. They were beyond that. "What difference does, it make?" said Packy Cannon. "Time and space and—the world can't change us, my Arden. I went away to see if anything could separate us. Do you know something?"

Defiance was written upon him, that great and passionate defiance of life to which she had always thrilled.

"What?" said Arden.

Ah, this was not the fascinating and famous Mrs. Hewlett, this was not the fearless mother of John Hewlett, this was not the glamorous and bedazzled creature who had created an image from the flesh of Ian Deming. This was a woman, a woman called Arden Stuart, who stood alone with her own thoughts and her standards and her own courage.

"I came back," said Packy Cannon quietly,
"on a gamble. I said I wouldn't look for you.
I wouldn't go near you. I'd wait—and if you
came, well and good. And if you didn't, well
and good, too. Why did you come tonight?"
For the first time Arden Stuart realized how

unnatural she had been for months-for years. Had she ever been herself with any but this one man? A woman is completely herself only when she knows, beyond even the abnormal doubts of lovers, that a man loves her.

She grinned at him. Saw the deep breath he drew before that old familiar grin. And threw back her head and laughed joyously. "I don't know why I came," she said impishly. "I've always come here. I came the night before I was married."

He did not answer that. They were very close in the small cabin. They seemed to breathe together. The world faded easily from them. They existed alone, as they had existed for that enchanted, never-to-be-forgotten year.

She went on, her voice growing deeper. "I came tonight because I've been making a fool

of myself, Packy. I've loved a cheap man.
It's rather horrible."
"Yes," said Packy Cannon. "That was "That was "Yes," said Packy Cannon. "That was bound to come. You women who live by the single standard must face that. I woke up in bed once in Nagasaki with—but that's neither here nor there. You chose to be free, like a man. You chose to follow love. You chose to play the pioneer. All right. You'll have to take the consequences. Men have known the disgust of cheap love always. If you want the privileges of a man to love where you choose and as often as you choose, you'll have to take that disgust along with the rest."

But even that could not dim Arden now. Many trails she had followed, seeking the mount of revelation. Often she thought she had found it. But now, she knew. It wasn't a question of love, it wasn't a question of happiness. She and Packy Cannon belonged.

Through the open port-holes she heard the sound of voices along the docks, of winds whispering, calling. This was the life to which she was born.

Their eyes locked. Words were so futile.
"My only love." She did not know whether he said it, or whether it had existed in this cabin since the very first time he had said it. She did not care. The fact was like a great north wind, blowing her to her destination which she could not escape.

"I came back for you," said Packy Cannon.
"I thought I could live without you. But I

"I thought I could live without you. But I couldn't. You are part of me. I've never been free of the thought of you, since I kissed you good-by. You're in my blood, in my breath, in my work. I came back for you."

The cabin was so small there was not far for her to move. But she did not even know that she had moved. The cabin was full of some great breathless thing, created for all time, since Adam held Lilith and knew why he

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had been made a man. When he held her, when she no longer knew whether it was the beating of his heart that shook her or the beating of her own, she marveled for a lightning second that they had been apart for years, and that in those years she had married and borne a child and nearly destroyed her own soul with a cheap love. Nothing had ever really mattered.

mattered.

And as though her thought found its way into his mind, as her sweet and subtle body found its way into his arms, he said, "I have come back for you." I've tried everything, Arden—ah, Arden—I've conquered worlds. But I had to come back for you. Nothing else has ever really mattered."

"No" said Arden. "Nothing else really mattered."

She meant it. The complete whole was man

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mattered."

She meant it. The complete whole was man and woman. So they had been created. This was her man. Yet somewhere within herself was the deep and bitter memory that not even to this man, whom she had always known she loved, had she been true.

The All Alone waited beside the dock for Arden Stuart. Waited ready to sail. But there were so many Arden Stuarts, and for which one did the All Alone, with Packy Cannon striding the deck wait? the deck, wait?
The Arden Stuart who was Ding's best

friend and comrade?

The Arden Stuart who had been a wife of strength and sweetness and courage to Tommy Hewlett?

The Arden Stuart who had yielded to her own great need and been the sweetheart of Ian Deming?

Deming?

The woman who, for all her loves, could love but once, and thus loved Packy Cannon, and with him had faced danger and disaster?

Or for the mother of young Ding Hewlett?
All these women fought in Arden in those days that followed her meeting with Packy Cannon. To understand her at all, to understand the stand the stand the limits. stand any woman who stands beyond the limits of her time, you must realize that.

To her, there had never been any difference

between men and women. She had lived and loved by a code of her own. She knew now at last that she loved Packy as she would never love anyone else.

love anyone else.

And except for Ian Deming she would not have hesitated, and the All Alone might have sailed for the ports of beyond.

"And that is why," she said to Mercedes, her beloved Mercedes, who knew nothing and understood everything, "and that is why I believe, if I believe in anything, that if you are honest with yourself, every experience that comes has its value, every suffering evolves a commandment by which you must live."

It had not been for Ian Deming she would have gone instantly, triumphantly, with the

have gone instantly, triumphantly, with the man she loved so greatly. Not that she cared for Ian Deming. He had

exist for women like Arden.

What remained was the memory of her own faithlessness to herself. She had never felt faithless to Tommy, for she had never loved him and remained was the memory of her own faithless to Tommy, for she had never loved him and remained was real faithless. faithless to Tommy, for she had never leved him and no woman can feel faithless to a man she does not love. No man-made laws can make her feel faithless. Nor had she felt faithless to Packy Cannon. For she knew that her love for him had never faltered and that only the inner needs with which she had been created had driven her to Ian Deming.

But faithless to herself she did feel. Because she knew that Ian had been unworthy of her love and that she had given him that love, she no longer trusted herself.

"I don't think I could ever be true to any man." If only, in the bitterness of that first death of love, she had not said that.

Perhaps she should have decided for herself. But rarely in life are things decided without some outside pressure. And in those hours when Arden walked and waited a voice spoke to her. A voice from the dead past.

"My daughter" gaid that letter, which

to her. A voice from the dead past.
"My daughter" said that letter, which came on a morning when all ad she had

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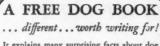
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It explains many surprising facts about dog life. It is a regular manual on feeding and care and a valuable reference book on dog diseases and their simple home treatments. It is sent free. Address: H. Clay Glover Co., Dept. C, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.



His Master's Choice ... is GLOVER'S

ALL dogs need Spring medicines. Winter has left them low in vitality ... susceptible to disease out of condition. At this time of the year, it would be an act of kindness to give your dog Glover's Coadition Pills. They are endorsed by dog experts who prescribe them for all breeds and ages. Their tonic properties will quickly put your dog in the pink of physical condition—he will be happier too! His food will taste better, his cost will look better. he will get and feel fet. coat will look better...he will act and feel fit!

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for the treatment of all do	DE AL	me	ents.	



taken the old leather coat from its cedar box.
Her eyes widened. "My daughter." Her
heart changed its beat. Not from Mum—that beautiful and ineffectual lady who had decided

nothing for herself or for her children Arden looked at the postmark. And laughed. From Dad—now—after all these years. Almost, she turned to toss the pages into the little fire that flickered upon her grate. But she did not. For deep within her there had burned always a longing for that father who had bequeathed to her as his only inheritance a love of life and the damning legacy "her fath-

"My daughter." it began, that letter from the past, "I have just heard that you are the mother of a son."

Arden put her hand over her eyes and laughed. He had just heard that she had become the mother of a son! And so much had happened since then that the fact seemed unimportant.

I shall not congratulate you. Children complicate life exceedingly. You may say that mine interfered very little with me. But you will be wrong. The thought of But you will be wrong. The thought of you has given me a great deal of unhappi-ness and therefore I wish that you had never been born. I hope you don't share that wish.

I don't know what kind of woman you have become. I dare say it doesn't greatly matter. We are as we are. But I have heard it said here and there that you are your father's daughter. In that case I feel sorry for you. That isn't false modesty. Only if you have inherited my damnable discontent you are to be pitied

I am living now in a small villa outside Tunis and here one has some small chance to become acquainted with one's inner self. That never makes for happiness In the fifteen years since I saw you last I have met just three people who think. None of them was happy. But thinking

Sometimes forces itself upon one.

There is a great space between what one longs to do and what one actually does.

That space is filled with emotion. That is the force that usually moves the world and delays thinking. I have had much happiness from an act which the world calls wrong. But I doubt if you could ever

wrong. But I doubt it you could ever follow my example.

I loved you very much. I wish I had loved you more. You will have many thorns, little Arden. I remember your eyes. You are too generous of yourself. You are too prodigal of your love and that is harmful because man has not yet reached the point where he can stand much love. It becomes cheap to him.

You have too much imagination and that is a torment. But above all, you are a pioneer. You go forth to follow the single standard. I cannot tell you why I know this, but here we sometimes have means of looking into the future which you 'civilized" nations ignore.

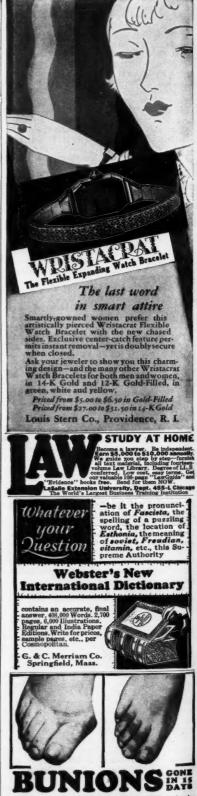
Remember one thing, little Arden. Life is a mess. But happiness is possible if we follow the highest that we see. If we force ourselves to follow the highest always. Never forget that men judge women harshly. They expect more of women than they dare expect of themselves. They are broad-minded nowadays about women because they have to be, because their flesh drives them, because times have changed, because women have won a measure of freedom. But underneath, men judge women harshly.

Even I, who have been so greatly blessed by the love of a woman, judge women harshly. Some day you, too, may have cause to fear that judgment.

You have a son. As long as women are mothers, there can never be a single standard.

A cry broke from Arden. Now that she

Your Father.



PROVE IT FREE

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The gray, g Fron The ba thrown her coa and ga in tears

"I'm who wa and up great p ecaus to be. do it."

But long as a single She l

had read it, she threw the thin, sprawled sheets into the fire. But she knew it was too late. The words were burned into her brain.

"Some day you, too, may have cause to fear that judgment. You have a son."
Young Ding. Already she had considered him. Already she had held him close and her heart had ached horribly. But she had

her heart had ached normbly. But she had known for years that everything in life has its price. The price of her happiness must be the unhappiness, the agony of giving up her son. But until that moment she had thought of him always as a baby, as this strange, small, wide-eyed creature that clung against her breast. Now she saw him as a man. A man he would judge her as men judge women. who would judge her as men judge women. A man who would judge her harshly, as even the most loving men judge women.

She was not afraid of Packy's judgment. But she knew that Packy stood alone, a hundred years ahead of his time. If she left that wide-eyed and inquiring Ding to Tommy, to Ding, to Mercedes, how would he judge her? For the first time in all her life, Arden Stuart

quailed before the fire of judgment.

As a baby she could leave him. For she was one of those women born for men, born to love, and the mother in her she had believed to be secondary. She could have left little Ding. Her life would have been so full of Packy Cannon, and of the great world, and of love. And

her son would have been so well cared for.

Many babies like little Ding had lost their mothers through death and had gone on. If Ding lost his mother through love, he, too,

But the man little Ding would some day be she could not leave. Her golden, fiery imagination conjured up some nebulous thing from the force of the where Ding judged her as future. A future where Ding judged her as men judged women, where he had no excuse for her revolt, no understanding of her rebelion, and thought of his mother only as-and again Arden Stuart cried out.

The tall boy she saw, with the wide-apart, Why, that was her baby, her little Ding, that she had borne in such joy and such pain. And he was looking at her with those young eyes that believed in all the things that have kept the world somehow going on since the begin-ning. And his judgment was not of Packy Cannon, but of the men who might come after him, for the woman who had been able to yield

herself to an Ian Deming.

The woman who couldn't be true to any man. But there, alone, ridden, back again among the unexplainable fundamentals of the human race, face to face with the future of the child she had borne, Arden Stuart had found the one man to whom she could be true. And that man was not Tommy Hewlett her husband, or Packy Cannon, the only man she had ever loved, or little Ding Hewlett, softly safe and asleep in his crib upstairs.

It was the man her son would one day grow

The All Alone sailed at dawn. Across the gray, gilded waters of the bay she set out for the lands of romance, of passion, of freedom. From the dock, Arden Stuart watched her.

The bare head with its cap of bronze curls was thrown back. Her hands were in the pockets of her coat. Once more she looked like a young

ner coat. Once more she looked like a young and gallant knight. Her eyes were drowned in tears, but upon her lips there was a smile. "I'm probably wrong," said Arden Stuart, who was completely of our day, who was interested in nothing but men, who had led revolt, and upon whose slim shoulders had rested the great problem as to whether women are good great problem as to whether women are good because they have to be or because they want "I'm probably wrong. But I couldn't

But deep in her heart she said to herself, "As

long as women are mothers, there can never be a single standard."

She had chosen to be a mother. And in spite of her belief, in spite of her love, Arden Stuart had in the said hear there have to a more more here seen had in the end been true to one man-her son.

THE END

Seauty has come of Age

THE intelligent woman of today does not look for loveli-I ness through the haphazard use of lotions, creams and powders. She knows that she must give her skin a scientifically balanced treatment, that she must choose special preparations to meet the varied needs of her own complexion.

Each of Dorothy Gray's preparations answers a specific need of the skin. When they are used in the sequence precisely suited to the requirements of your complexion, Miss Gray's preparations supply the cleansing, stimulation and lubrication so necessary to its health and beauty.



Dorothy Gray's Cleansing Cream liquefies as it touches the skin and gently re-moves every particle of clogging dust and grime.

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53 FIFTH AVENUE

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2 Then simply combined this water-like liquid through your hair. Clear ... Safe. Takes 7 or minutes.

O more dangerous "crude dyes." Instead, natural shade is called back to hair by tlear, colorless liquid 100% safe, called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. Faded graying streaks disappear. Hair becomeslive looking and lustrous. Stayseasy to curl. Does not wash off.



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Happy Though Married (Continued from page 85)

children. That the effect was great and bad there can be no doubt. Therein lies the enduring wrong society suffers as the price of every unhappy marriage. But beyond noting that two of the Brown children have already been expelled from college—a son for cheating in an examination and a daughter for drunkenness at a fraternity dance—we must pass them up as another story which I cannot enter into here.

John Black and his young wife came to New York about ten years ago. John had a modest pay job as illustrator in a newspaper office. His wife had some talent for singing and hoped to get into musical comedy. They set up housekeeping in a little one-room flat with a cubby-hole kitchenette. A happier couple could not be imagined.

John's rise was fairly steady, but not spectacular. A baby came to occupy the wife's attention and keep her mind off the stage. Eight years passed. Every two or three years they moved to larger quarters, and in every way seemed as happy and contented a couple as one could hope to find anywhere in town. John was a cheerful and faithful husband and ever ready to do his share of the housework, often taking sole charge of the dinner. They seemed truly mated and destined to live happily ever after.

The editor of a rival newspaper noted John's work and asked him to try a comic strip. John transferred his allegiance and started in. It went so well that before the end of the year his stuff was syndicated; he soon had an income of over \$20,000 a year. Then and there he began to blow—he could not stand prosperity. I haven't seen him for a year, but a mutual

I haven't seen him for a year, but a mutual friend told me recently that he goes home only three or four times a week, is often drunk, has lost interest in wife and child: in short, has taken on an entirely new line of interests, none of them compatible with the married life he had led for eight years.

A somewhat similar case is that of my friends, the Greens. They trotted along in double harness for five years as contentedly as you please, then he struck oil, figuratively speaking, and began to aspire to social heights his wife could not attain. The stock example, of course, and typical of so many cases of this sort, is the rich banker who abandons the old

gray mare for some smart young thing.

The Brown failure was inevitable, the Black and the Green—and the banker—almost inevitable. All that was needed was a new and unforeseen situation. Black—and the banker—stepped out because they could; they were traitors, easily led astray, easily seduced. Their marriages were wrecked because they jumped the track. They are likely to wreck any marriage they contract. They will not keep a contract; they are open to the highest bidder. The banker who sold out his wife probably started his bank by selling out his father.

From these two general categories of unhappy marriages (abnormal—but not necessarily pathologic—sex habits; and unmoral—but not necessarily immoral—social habits) let us turn to the more serious and even fatal impediments to a happy marriage.

Joe White is a university graduate, holds a high position in the newspaper world, and is a paragon of virtue and decency, but for years has suffered from chronic indigestion. The plain fact is that he has no stomach for his wife because his mother still absorbs his store of love. He has never been able to transfer to his wife a normal amount of love. Bitterly aware of the fact as he is, and having no idea of its cause, his vital processes revolt, and that gives him a physiological excuse for a psychological ailment—inability to function as a normal married man.

This case differs primarily from the Browns in that we are dealing with a condition based, it is true, on habits, but on habits so deeply tied in that it is next to impossible to re-form them—that is, to substitute a new set of habits. White is so abnormal as to be mildly insane.

This will become clearer when it is understood that normal mating and happily mated life imply a complete transfer of love to a member of the opposite sex.

ber of the opposite sex.

Any male who reaches maturity still tied to his mother in the thousands of ways by which mothers can tie their sons' love to them, will not find it easy to allow another woman to absorb all his interests. He may not know how completely every part of his nature covered by the term "love" has been conditioned to respond only to mother stimuli. His behavior, both bodily and verbalized, may be as pure toward his mother as the snow itself, but unless as boy or as young man he had begun to transfer his normal affection for his mother to girls, he is not likely to transfer it to some woman when he reaches adult life. He is likely to be unhappy in his married life.

I am not at all certain that Joe will die of indigestion; it is as likely that he will take his own life, or that his behavior will become abnormal that he will be adjudged insane.

abnormal that he will be adjudged insane. This journalist typifies a class of both men and women predestined to fail in marriage. A girl may reach womanhood with her affection so set on her father that she can be happy in marriage only as she finds a man who can take her father's place. This, of course, is as difficult for her as it would be for my friend Joe to find a woman who would in every respect be a complete substitute for his mother.

Nor will the man or woman who has completely fallen in love with self find it easy to transfer love of self to a mate. This type of abnormality is called auto-eroticism (self-love), or Narcissusm. (Narcissus, son of the river god, rejected the advances of the nymph Echo, and was punished by Aphrodite, goddess of love, who caused him to fall so deeply in love with his own shadow in the water that he pined away in admiration of it.)

In other words, love cannot be in two places at the same time. One can so love self, father, or mother, that it is impossible to love anyone else. Men and women ean also become so completely immersed in religion, business, profession, trade, or vocation that they can find no room in life for a new interest and feel no urge to participate in a normal, natural, social life.

None of these social or biologic monstrosities has any business with marriage, or is likely to be happy or contribute to the happiness of a mate. For such, it does not pay to marry. Unmated, they may not live a full life, but at least they do not spoil two lives.

Why, then, do such people marry? Why did my journalistic friend marry? I do not know the facts in his case, but probably because he grew up with the idea that he should marry; and possibly he was a passive agent—his wife may have picked him, he fell because she shook the tree.

But there is no need to worry much over men who find no time or inclination to marry, or over women who prefer their freedom or their dogs to a mate—they cannot inhabit the earth. Immortality belongs to those who mate and propagate their kind, as do the fulness of the earth and its future.

With these improbable or impossible candidates for wedded bliss disposed of (single bliss is pure fiction), let us have a look at marriage in general. And I know of no stranger or more fascinating chapter in human history than man's attitude toward marriage, or, more specifically, men's attitude toward women and women's attitude toward men. Probably every conceivable form of marriage has been tried out at one time or another in some part of the world.

Forests of wood pulp and barrels of ink have been wasted in idle speculation as to the nature of marriage and whether man by nature is a polygamous or a monogamous animal.

Just what our cave ancestors thought about marriage, what sort of marriage ceremony they



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Gentlemen:

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(Signed) NORMAN BLACK



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FAMOUS FEET

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BEATRICE KOBERTS' Famous Feet

"I adore pets! Horses, dogs and kittens. But I have no use for a pet corn."

So writes Beatrice Roberts . . . the charming Miss Manhattan.

"In these days a corn seems like a silly grievance . . . with a drug store on almost every corner and Blue-jay as easy to get as postage stamps.'

Always the safest and gentlest way to end a corn, Blue-jay for 1928 offers new refinements. A creamy-white pad instead of a blue one. A more flexible disc for the awkwardly placed corn. And a new and improved package! . . . One plaster usually ends the corn. But even the rugged "old-timer" seldom needs more than two . In the new package at all drug stores. For calluses and bunions use Blue-jay Bunion and Callus Plasters.

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Just Rub Away Pain

Of course, you know good old Musterole; how quickly, how easily it relieves chest colds, sore throat, rheumatic and neuralgic pain, sore joints and muscles, stiff neck and lumbago.



We also want you to know CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE -Musterole in milder form. Unexcelled for relief of croupy coughs and colds; it penetrates, soothes and relieves without the blister of the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Keep a jar handy. It comes ready to apply instantly, without fuss or bother.





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A treasure hunt-in your hair! Hidden there is A treasure hunt—in your hair! Hidden there is something precious—loveliness undreamed of; a sparkling radiance that is YOUTH—key to popularity, romance, happiness! You can revive this charm, tonight, with Golden Glint! Rich, generous lather cleanses each hair. You tinse—remove all trace of soap. Your hair appears shades lighter. Then you apply the extra touch—the "plus" that makes this shampoo different! Instantly—new gloss—new finish! All trace of dullness gone! Millions use regularly! Nothing to bleach or change natural color of your hair. Just a wonderful shampoo—plus! At your favorite dealers, or if not, send 25 cents to J. W. Kobi Co., Dept. D-610, Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Golden Glint

had, or how many wives or husbands, we can-not of course know, but we must infer that marriage then was not essentially different from what it is today in any self-respecting ape community, say the chimpanzees of the Congo H

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When a young male chimpanzee comes of age his sex impulse drives him forth to find a mate. The only way he can find her is by his senses—eyes, ears, nose, et cetera. Wher finds her he courts her, if he likes her looks. he finds favor in her eyes they mate. That mating constitutes an honest marriage and endures till the end. They more or less literally walk through life hand in hand, fighting for each other, faithful to each other, loving each

While she rears the children, he serves primarily as protector and secondarily as playmate and teacher to the youngsters, but always as friend and companion to his wife, for whom he would fight to the last ounce of his strength. Would, and does. Why are there a dozen male ape skulls in any museum for every one female? Because when an ape family is discovered the female retreats into the woods with the children, while the male investigateseven up to the muzzle of a gun. Human marriage is naturally the same. The

big difference is that humans talk about it and approach the altar with a vocabulary and a set of formulæ which they have learned to use as stimuli and to which they have learned to

respond.

It is more than that, of course. We approach matrimony as individuals with certain definite habits, specific repertoires of things, faces, and situations we like or dislike or fear or hate. These individual and specific behavior repertoires, or patterns, are to determine our reactions thenceforth. Not that we can't or won't change them. They will be changed, of course, as we encounter new situations, new experiences; but we can say in general that the experience we have had before marriage will determine the bent or direction of our responses after marriage.

Hence any man or woman who would marry a chance acquaintance, would buy a pig in a poke or trade horses sight unseen. Any discerning man or woman should be able to form a pretty good estimate of the character of a prospective life partner by studying his or her onses to the ordinary occurrences of life, esresponses to the ordinary occurrences of life, especially behavior under stress or in sudden emergency or difficulty. No man or woman is likely to have such a valuable repertoire socially useful habits as to fit him or her for wedded life who has not had intelligent training as a child.

The first requisite of a happy marriage, then, is the natural and ancient requisite of sex at-tractiveness—each mate should look desirable to the other. But while that sufficed at the dawn of human history, and is still the foundation of all happy marriage, life has become so complex, so many new factors have been intro-duced to break down the old economic and political status of women, that mere sex attraction does not necessarily hold couples together or make for continued happy married life.

Never before has society tempted so many to strive for individual achievement. The male of the species, as mere head of the house, provider, and father, is tempted in a thousand ways unknown to former generations to fall for individual gain or strive for individual glory. To be a happily married wife or the industrious, intelligent mother of a brood of children no longer brings the social glory and distinction it once did. Women today can win plaudits, even great fame and wealth, in fields heretofore closed to them—closed by law, custom, or public opinion.

What I am driving at is that a lot of marriages fail these days because one or the other the SHAMPOO plus

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The SHAMPOO plus

MAGIC KEY TO YOUTHFUL "LOCKS"

The SHAMPOO plus

as a calamity; nowadays people marry prepared to have a break-up as soon as something better turns up.

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The whole institution of marriage has changed enormously. We may even venture the guess that the break-up of the old home is not a total loss. No intelligent mother today would bear her child unaided or rely on an old-fashioned midwife. There is no reason why children may not be brought up by trained hands more intel-ligently than they were brought up in the past. It will certainly be for the good of mankind in general when children are brought up without the dominance of a brutal father or a harassed and overworked mother.

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Returning from this sociological excursion, we may set it down as a general proposition that no marriage can run a happy course unless that no marriage can run a nappy course unless both partners play the game honestly, lovingly, fearlessly, and patiently. For marriage is a game. It is more than a partnership or a contract or a promise; it is a play in which human emotions must inevitably predominate.

There will inevitably come times when the motive force is not love. There will be worries, the whole sideness convenie difficulties bitter.

troubles, sickness, economic difficulties, bitter disappointments: passion is incompatible with these states, and of course any marriage founded on mere passion rather than on mutual devotion and love in its broadest and generally understood sense, will have hard sledding in such conditions or situations. This does not mean that one or the other can safely replace love by anger, resentment, petulance, or recrimination.

I suspect that countless marriages fail to turn out as happily as they should because one or the other mate gives way to bursts of temper or tears or some form of self-pity or recrimination over some slight thing or trivial incident which should have been passed over without working the care wrecking the car.

The man or woman who as a child habitually flared up when an act or opinion was questioned and responded with resentment or hard words or tears, will find it difficult not to resort to such behavior after the novelty of marriage has worn off. Yet these displays of childish petu-lance must be repressed if the marriage is to have a fair chance of success

These little habits, if exhibited in early mar-ried life, are likely to become intensified be-cause of the fact that such displays of feminine traits on her part and masculine traits on his are likely to provoke them both to further dis-plays until, as in the case of my friends the Browns, whatever he does is wrong, while to him she embodies all that is frail and con-temptible in greeness. temptible in woman.

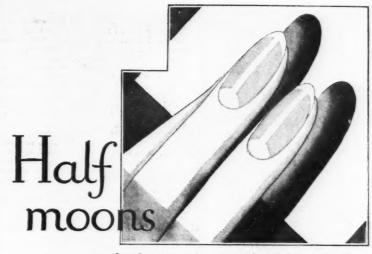
It is astounding how these contemptible infantile hangovers can grow like poisonous weeds in the family garden. They must be pulled up by the roots as fast as they stick their ugly heads above the sod. Everyone who has at heart the happiness of his or her own martager must understand that these infantile are riage must understand that these infantile responses are not only *infantile* and childish, but that they can choke the life out of what should be the finest and most perfect of all human relationships.

But of all emotional reactions as a home-wrecker, jealousy is the most insidious; in fact it is probably at the bottom of half of all marital squabbles and leads to more unhappiness than squabbles and leads to more unhappeness than any other one emotion. My advice to anyone engaged to marry a jealous man or woman is: "Don't"; and to anyone married to a jealous man or woman: "Be careful." Jealousy can lead to murder, or suicide.

Examples of jealousy leading to murder are all too common. I shall give one illustrating the other phase of this source of family tragedy.

Earl Gray, a schoolmate and an intimate

Earl Gray, a schoolmate and an intimate friend of mine till his death, became engaged in his senior year, it being understood that there could be no wedding until after he had com-pleted a three years' course in the graduate school. Late the following summer his father school. Late the following summer his father died, leaving him a pittance. They decided to marry on New Year's day, and after a three days' honeymoon in New York City he was to resume his studies in Cambridge. Both quite understood that this was not an ideal arrangement, that there would have to be great economy, and that until he got his higher



and lovely ovals

that make your hands slender

FLAWLESS almond nails, silver half moons give the hands patrician slenderness.

Are your nails oval as you would have them, with well defined half moons? Is the cuticle beautifully shaped? Or has it been allowed to grow tight to the nail, with shreds of dead cuticle disfiguring the rim?

Is the cuticle perfectly smooth? Frequent washing dries out the natural oils and tends to make it rough and dry. Proper care of the cuticle will make your nails oval shaped, and will reveal the lovely half moons. It is almost unbelievable, the beauty these three easy steps will bring to your whole hand.

First-Twist a bit of cotton around an orange stick and wet with Cutex Cuticle Remover. Work around the nail base and wipe under each nail tip. Now every shred of dead cuticle will just wipe away and the nail tips are bleached and cleansed.

Second-With cotton and Cutex Polish Remover wipe away every bit of old Polish. This leaves the nail clean and dry, and makes the Polish go on more smoothly, last longer. Now apply the lovely new Cutex Liquid Polish.

Third—As a final step, smooth the new Cuticle Cream or Oil into the cuticle. This nourishes it and keeps it beautifully smooth and soft between manicures.

Women everywhere adore this simple way, so smooth and shapely does it leave the nails, so graceful the whole hand! Cutex Manicure Preparations at all toilet goods counters. Each single item, 35c. Liquid Polish Kit, 50c.

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Both here an abroad the smartest women tend their nails in this new way. First, removing the dead cuticle and bleaching the nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover, then polishing and last, finishing with the marvelous new Cuticle Cream or Oil.

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In taste and action Pyrozide Powder is distinctive and different. The refreshed, cleanly feeling of your mouth for two or more hours after using will convince you that it is superior to any other dentifrice you have ever used.

A full six months' supply is in the economical dollar package. At all drug stores. The Dentinol & Pyrozide Co., Sole Distributors, 1480 Broadway, New York.





degree he would have to work very hard. He turned up the first day of school an hour late—something I had never known him to do before. He had a worried look and seemed depressed, and over luncheon that noon confided his trouble to me. His wife had given way to a flood of childish tears and petulance when he started off that morning, protesting that he could not love her any more or he would not "abandon" her three days after marriage. She was jealous of his work. Had he shipped

She was jealous of his work. Had he shipped her home that same day, or threatened to, he might have saved them both a world of heart-burning and years of married misery, but he could no more have done that than she could refrain from tears at what seemed to her a slight. Instead, he apologized and made rash promises, thereby making that kind of response automatic the next time she thought she was slighted.

Three years later we took our degrees together. The Grays went one way, I another, but their relations had already become so strained that an evening with them was a source of distress to all of us.

Unwittingly he had yielded so far as he could to all her chi'dish and imperious demands for time and attention, but he was passionately fond of h's work and bent on making a success of it.

She not only resented his interest in his work but was actual'y jealous of his affection for his laboratory and grudged the few dollars that necessarily went into the purchase of his laboratory supplies. She resented too the old friendship between us, and when I happened to allude to a trivial incident that had occurred in the laboratory she reproached him for not having told her, intimating but too plainly that he had "confidences" which he withheld from her. She had already got the bad habit of airing her grievances by innuendo in the presence of a third party.

Except for two or three brief meetings, I did not see Gray again for more than fifteen years. Then, having occasion to go to the town in which his college was situated and where he was successfully installed as head of his department, I unhesitatingly accepted an invitation to make their house my hore for the week

tion to make their house my home for the week. There were three children and outwardly it was as happy a home as could be imagined, but long before the week was up I realized that I was living amongst the cinders of a spent volcano. She had taken possession of him body and soul, and he, in mortal terror of her, had only one idea in life—compromise: anything to avoid a rupture, anything to prevent letting loose a flood of recriminations, tears, and even hysteria. Under his own roof he was afraid to be natural and happy lest his motives be misunderstood. Outside, he was an entirely different man.

Her condition more and more alternated between the love and hate of an insanely jealous wife. She became jealous even of his success as a teacher, jealous of every girl in his classes, jealous of his love for his children, jealous of his friends. No surrender that he could make sufficed to appease her. Finally she began to threaten him with talk of suicide. And then he made the last final and fatal mistake—hired a nurse to watch her. This drove her to desperation, and, eluding the nurse, she hanged herself. He was killed on the way to her funeral.

That woman as a girl had learned to get

That woman as a girl had learned to get what she wanted by petulance, pouring, sulking and weeping. She did not hesitate to use these weapons when ordinary ones failed. They failed to control her husband—as did her threats of suicide.

Quite as many marriages go on the rocks because the husband brings to the altar infantile habits of getting angry, losing his temper, or stamping up and down when crossed. A tactful wife who has set her heart on making her marriage a thing of beauty and a joy for ever should know that her husband, unless he is suffering from senile decay, can be re-trained. If his first outbreak of bullying does not buy him anything or get him anywhere, especially if she absolutely ignores it, he is much less

likely to charge the next windmill at red-hot speed. Blustering was probably the only way he could get recognition from father or mother or the family in general; any normal boy would rather be scolded than ignored.

If she continues to ignore his childishness, he is likely to stop blowing off steam and blustering about every time he is crossed; that makes it easier for a new habit to be substituted for an old one. In this connection it should be remembered that the human being responds normally with a smile to a gently rubbed skin, as the cat purrs when it is gently stroked—but that if the skin is rubbed too long it becomes calloused, and if too hard it blisters.

The finest illustration I know of a wife's control over her husband's actions is found in a letter Professor Hooker wrote to young Darwin asking him to go as naturalist on what proved to be the epoch-making voyage of the Beagle. Hooker, then chief naturalist a Cambridge University, had been asked to nominate someone for the voyage. It was such a gorgeous opportunity that he wanted tog himself, but the mere recital of the idea to his wife brought a "pained expression" to her face; and he gave up the idea and nominated Darwin.

Think of having a husband so well trained that you could, by a pained look on your face, make him give up the opportunity of a lifetime. And then think of what almost any woman with a little tact can train almost any

Brought up differently as the man is, seeing things differently as he does, he inevitably brings to the marriage altar a different vocabulary, a different set of values, and a different set of emotional habits from those of his wife. Presumably these acquired sexual differences are less today than they were a generation ago, but they still exist and presumably will exist to the end of the chapter.

They can never quite see through each other's eyes; his world cannot be her world; her world cannot be his. But that is no reason why they should quarrel about it; all the more reason why through her eyes he should try to see something of her world—it is vast and interesting and worth exploring. Equally weighty is the reason why she should with his aid explore his world.

Only as each attempts to realize that the other brings to the altar a different world, as each attempts to make allowance for that fact, understand its significance and become adjusted to it, can marriage yield the happiness it should; for it is literally true that because of their very nature and their upbringing they are so different that a lifetime is hardly long enough thoroughly to become acquainted with each other.

To be happy though married means, surrender—not the hauling down of a flag but surrender of the idea that we are always right, that we only can know what is best, and that we individually are the center of the universe. It means that we must put into the pact such willingness to make it a success, such zeal for its success, and such decency and reasonableness and enterprise as we should expect to put into any other relationship where team-work is demanded and where without team-work failure follows inevitably.

Work. Thousands of modern marriages fail miserably and shamefully because the wife can't, won't, or is not allowed to work. There is little to choose between an ignorant and a lazy woman, or between a slave and a parasite. Marriage is no more a discipline than life itself, but like every other human institution it can do the work it was intended to do only when the people concerned work for it. Too many throw up the sponge before a knock-out is in sight—they would fight each other rather than fight to make their marriage a success.

The business of marriage is a family, without which human society cannot endure. Human society, the universe of human affairs, cannot thrive without happy homes—homes founded on the mutual devotion of man and woman, inspired by a mother's love.

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Human cannot woman, (Continued from page 39)

and know it. But let me see how you write. I'll bet you do it beautifully."

"Oh, gee!" A gurgle. "I used to get such scoldings at school. The teacher always said my I's looked like J's. See!"

I looked into her eyes. "They look like stars your." I said

I looked into her eyes. "They look like stars now," I said.
"Oh!" She was flushed and paused, for I had placed an arm about her and was holding her. Decisively, now, I drew her to me, bringing her yellow hair close to my mouth. I put a hand to her chin and pulled her face close to mine. There was color in her cheeks, a weak yielding look in her eyes. Our lips met. Suddenly she straightened up.
"I'd better be going now," she said, a little flustered.

"I'd better be going now," she said, a little flustered.
"No, I have you now."
"I must! I can't stay."
She permitted me to kiss her again. And now her lips flamed against mine. I let her go and she ran out, stopping to lean over a bed of nasturtiums in order to recover herself.
I sat and meditated. Could only a dreary separation be the end of this?
For three days more we met in hallways and comers, among flower-bushes and trees, and in the old house across the way when an errand could be contrived. Once she said: "Would you like me to come to New York when I've

could be contrived. Once she said: "Would you like me to come to New York when I've finished school?"
"I would!" was all I could say.
She danced away, adding as she went: "Maybe I will, if I can." A wild dream anent the possibilities of this filled my mind for days.
By some irony of chance, at this time her father now began to display a sudden and affectionate interest in me. He began to linger in my presence, discussing the area in which he was an officer, the politics and social friendships and biases which governed the execution of and biases which governed the execution of his orders.

his orders.

Like so many others at that time, he was curious as to the charm of New York and desirous of visiting it. Agreeably I asked him to visit us, and thereafter nothing would do but that we must visit uim at his ranch, some twenty-five miles distant. He would rig up a working-chamber for me in the house or the barn. If I liked, I could work in an old sheepshearer's hut on a hill not far from the house, shearer's hut on a hill not far from the house, and one of the children could see that I was called in time for dinner, or would bring it to me there. (Rella, said my mind.) More, we could return with them now. Later he would send one of his sons over for our trunks. I might stay the winter and see the character of life in

the Ozarks.

Where but an hour before I was facing pitch gloom at the thought of certain and impending separation, I was now and at once beside myself with happy anticipation. Yet, in order to misdirect suspicion, I pretended to doubt the wisdom of imposing upon such liberality. It was too kind of him. It could not be. I really could not. But this merely sharpened his inwas too kind of him. It could not be. I really could not. But this merely sharpened his insistence, as I hoped it would. And to make doubly sure that I should be swayed, he set about coaxing my wife, who was rather in favor of the journey. So at last it was she who persuaded me to go.

At dusk one evening we set forth to drive the

At dusk one evening we set forth to drive the twenty-five miles. It has been a number of years now, but to this hour I can scent the odor of grasses and blooms and vines and bushes, wet with the dews of the night.

wet with the dews of the night.

Life at moments verges upon sheer magic.

The astonishing impulse to generation and decay, which we call living, so richly orchestrates itself at times, so sensitively responds to exterior tones, odors, shadows. The blend is so moving. So profoundly we dream; so eagerly seek.

so moving. So profoundly we dream; so cagerly seek.

Strangely, now, and without immediate cause, I was jealous of everyone—her parents and the future.

At the same time, the attitude of this girl



Your whole Appearance depends upon Your Hair

Without beautiful, well-kept hair, you can never be really attractive. Soft, silky hair radiates loveliness and is the most ALLURING CHARM any woman can possess. It makes the plainest features appear soft and sweet.

PORTUNATELY, beautiful hair is now easily obtained. You can have hair that is charming and attractive if you simply shampoo it properly.

Proper shampooing is what makes your hair soft, silky, and beautiful. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, every-where, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly in-jure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it

Just Notice the Difference

IF you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

First, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoa-nut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly

all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. Even while wet it will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a

rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, glossy, fresh-looking and easy to manage—and make it fairly sparkle with new life, elees and bustra.

gloss and lustre.
You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil sham-poo at any drug store or toilet goods counter anywhere in the world.

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For that INDIGESTIC

For 33 years, men and women by the million have settled all stomach disturbances with a Stuart tablet. A reliable remedy; a real relief. And you have never tried it! In 1894, a druggist sold his first package of Stuart's. Today, it's a drugstore staple. The first thing that comes to mind when the stomach needs a sweetener. No burning soda; just a happy combination of magnesia and calcium carbonate and other soothing things. In ten minutes-or less-acidity is overcome; all that sourness dispelled.

Many parents have come to realize these tablets are ideally suited to chil-dren's digestive disorders. The tremendous sale of family size boxes is proof of that. Next time a young stomach is complaining, think of Stuart's!

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Enough for the one-week test, in the handy pocket box, will be mailed com-plimentary if you use coupon below. Or any drugstore can supply you with Stuart's today; at 25c for the pocket size, 60c for the large size, and \$1.20 for the family size.

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Please send me FREE and POST-PAID a box of Stuart's tablets.
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Scott's Creeping Bent for Perfect Lawns!

The New Super-Lawn stead of sowing seed, you plant atolons of a choose i grass—and in a few weeks you have luxu-iant lawn like the deep green pile of a tritish carpet. Read all about this unusua ass in our flussrated booklet "Best Lawns," alled on request.

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puzzled me. For her parents, strict and dogmatic people both, had no doubt emphasized to her all the social virtues, as they understood them. And yet here was she now, playing at love with one whom she knew to be marriedthe husband of her own aunt! And all the solemn lessons inculcated thus plainly going for nothing with her. She was in love. The misery which might ensue to her aunt or anyone may

be counted for nothing.

As the night wore on we finally descended into a valley surrounded by great hills. Through this valley ran a stream, its waters tumbling over white stones and sparkling and trimbing over white stones and sparking and rippling in the moonlight. A single light far to the right was hailed as home. And, as we drew nearer, I made out a great barn near the stream. And then came the house, shadowed by several great trees. I helped Rella and her mother down and followed them into the house. where we found two young, strong, sleepy sons coming to greet us.

And the next morning I was up early, eager to see her first. Yet the slightest glimpse of . At the time I was hoping to her was fire . . . write for several magazines, but now found it impossible to do so—the hope of seeing her, hearing her voice, looking into her eyes, touching her hand, all but deranging me mentally. And to increase the fever, she was here and there throughout the day, laughing, encounter-ing me, at times seemingly on purpose, at

others avoiding me.
Beyond the barn was a great corn-field—a huge lake of corn—and beyond this the hut of an old fisher and trapper, who had come to the house on our first day and in whose life I had expressed a keen interest, thereby winning an invitation to call. When I spoke of going to visit him, I was told by Rella how easily I might go by a path which followed a fence and then cut through the field.

"And if you come back along the eighth row," she whispered, "I might meet you."

At any other time I would have solver and man interesting. In his hut were silver and this very region. He knew the art of fishing and hunting and had traveled as far west as the coast of California. But all the afternoon my heart and mind were elsewhere. I wanted the sun to sink, the evening perfumes to rise, to meet Rella among the rustling corn.

And at last I took my leave, eager-feverish, even—and yet dawdling along the path be-tween rows of corn that whispered and chaf-fered of life, and myself reciting scraps of a dozen poems. The perfumes of the ground, the wind among the stalks and the distant trees, the calls of the birds—how they tortured now with their sweetness! Indeed, they thrilled and fevered me as might great verse, having the lilt and ring of great lines.

Of a sudden life seemed young, unbelievably glorious. For I saw her tripping between the sworded stalks, her head bare, an apron holding something and yet tied so as to take care of itself. How cautiously and yet how sweetly—to me—she looked behind her from time to time as she came, then drew near and put up her arms.

I held her close and poured into her ear the fascination she exercised for me. She did not speak at first, merely holding her lips to mine, then prattled of the weariness of the day without me. If only she might have been with me all day long! But directly thereafter she declared, as always:

"But I can't stay. I must run. They think I'm in the barn."

She left me, and misery settled upon me again.

Beginning with the next day things seemed Beginning with the next day things seemed to take a turn for the worse. For I had expected her to follow me into the glorious dawn to pick berries with me, but she did not. She could not, she told me later—her mother had remarked that she might be annoying me.

The next day was almost as bad. I was beginning to feel that the shadow of suspicion and the shadow of suspicion was deskeping this seems and withing my stee.

was darkening this scene and making my stay untenable. Late that afternoon, having been



He

To break a cold harmlessly try a Bayer Aspirin tablet. The action of Aspirin is headache. very efficient, too, in cases of neuralgia, neuritis, even rheumatism and lumbago!
And there's no after effect; doctors give Aspirin to children—often infants. Whenever there's pain, think of Aspirin. The genuine Bayer Aspirin has Bayer on the box and on every tablet. All druggists, with proven directions.

Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

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Like a bottle of nice perfume?

Or two pairs of silk stockings? Or a pair of gloves? You can have them. Both men and women buy little things they want with the savings achieved by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c in place of costlier dentifrices that accomplish no more.



A triumph - an ideal tooth paste at 25c

As makers of Listerine, we learned much about the requirements for firm, healthy gums, and beautiful gleaming teeth.

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We felt that there was room for an improvement in the quality of tooth-paste—and a real demand for a lower price.

Therefore we have created a first class dentifrice suitable for all types of teeth. Listerine Tooth Paste is its name and its price is but 25c for the *large tube*.

Such a price for such a paste is possible only because of ultra-modern methods of manufacture and mass production.

The moment you begin to use Listerine Tooth Paste, you will be conscious of the delightful, fresh, clean and healthy feeling of your mouth and gums. And in a very short time you will note a marked improvement in your teeth—a new and gleaming whiteness.

And remember, Listerine Tooth Paste, accomplishes an average saving of three dollars a year per person; assuming that a tube a month is used. Think how substantial is the saving, when there are several in a family. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U.S. A.





for Fagged Eyes

Murine soothes and refreshes strained, tired eyes-makes them feel strong and look alive. It also cleanses them of irritating particles which cause a bloodshot condition. And, by tightening sagging muscles, helps to ward off crow's feet.

Used night and morning, Murine will keep your eyes always clear, bright and vigorous. A month's supply of this harmless lotion costs but 60c.



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for a walk and coming down the hill back of the house, I found her picking berries. She had on an old sunbonnet of her mother's, and looked the fresh and innocent schoolgirl that she was, a fit companion for the summer and the fields.

I felt sick at the thought of losing her.

"Want to help me?" she began, with a safeguarding glance in the direction of the house.

"What is it, Rella?" I queried nervously. "I

haven't had a word, scarcely a look.'

haven't had a word, scarcely a look."

"I believe Mama suspects. I don't know. You'd better not stand so close," and she pointed to a bush a few feet away.

"Rella," I said, bending over the bush, "you don't know—I can't tell you how it is with me. I want you so. I can scarcely sleep. What will come of this, do you suppose? Could you come to New York, ever? Would you run away with me if I wanted you to?"

"Oh, I don't think so. I'm afraid of that."

"Oh, I don't think so. I'm afraid of that. I hadn't thought of it, you know. I don't think I could now—not yet, anyhow—but I might come sometime if Aunt V would let

might come sometime if Aunt V would let me." She looked at me earnestly, dubiously, then laughed amusedly at this last thought.

I felt a sinking sensation at the pit of my stomach. This optimism. This laughter here and now. Could she feel as I felt—sense any f my great fever? I feared not—almost knew to the story my heart was heavy, my spirit at my great fever? I feared not—almost knew not—and my heart was heavy, my spirit prone on the earth. I stared helplessly. "I don't know how I'm to get along without you, Rella," I sighed. "Oh, I'll miss you terribly, too," she said, but not as I had said what I had said. It was all so tractic to me.

all so tragic to me.

"Oh, Rella!" I went on feverishly. "Do you really love me?"
"Yes." She bent over the bush.

"Do you?" "Yes. Yes. I do. I can't tell you how much. But you'd better look out, Uncle Dan. They might see you from the house!"

I moved away. "How can I go away and leave you then?"
"Oh, how I wish I could go with you! I do!

I do!" was all she said.

The next afternoon, working in the shade of an east porch which ran along the side of the house, I was made well aware that Rella was making as much of my presence as conditions would permit. She passed almost too often for one alive to the need of distracting attention. And finally, in order to be near me, as I guessed, she decided to wash her hair so that she might come out and sun it near me, and perhapsof such is woman!—parade its golden glory to my view. Only, as she said—whispering it to me at first—she could not stay long. The atmosphere of suspicion in connection with us was plainly too great. But she could, and did, manage to pass and repass on one errand and another between the sunny veranda where I was and the inner room in which she was, touching me each time with either her hand or skirt. And the glory of her bright hair now, haloing her wonderfully vivid and youthful face—the water-clarity of her eyes—the exquisite form and fulness of her lips!

How mad it was, I said to myself over and over now, for me even to look at her, let alone For was she not, as I could feel, completely controlled and protected? only that, but as I now noticed for the first time, my wife was observing us from a window. She had seen us—had seen Rella, even as I caught from one glance upward, passing me and stopping to ask me to feel her hair, how soft and fine it was And the look she bent on me as this happened!—the eye of sick sus-picion as well as repression. And yet in the face of this I had not desisted. Rather—and because my wife, on seeing me looking, had withdrawn her head—I took the mass of Rella's hair in my hands and pulled her face toward me. And now her eyes spoke longing and de-sire. She looked swiftly about, and seeing no one, gave me an eager, swift kiss, and then went on.

Scarcely had she done so when my wife appeared in the doorway. There was in her eyes



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to wait. cause troul and what s a hard, brilliant light which showed only when she was very angry. She went into the house again, but to return after a moment and just as Rella had ventured to come out once more, and now she said:

"Rella! Your mother wants you."

From that moment I realized that the worst impended. Black looks and secret persistent spying were in store for me. And a series of veiled, if not open, comments. For she would

weiled, if not open, comments. For she would not, as I now knew, stay here any longer. And without her, how could I? What excuse would there be?

Sadly, if dourly, I proceeded to face realities. Apart from going with her if she decided now to go, there was but one thing—and that radical and incautious—an elopement with Rella. But, supposing the plan were put to her, would she say yes? If not, then what? Defeat and misery, of course. And should she consent...

then what?

The hard and savage Howdershell, once he knew. The whispered and open comments in this region. Rella's repute. Mine. The vengeful ire of my loving but jealous wife. For needless to say, one such move on my part and she would seek redress of Howdershell himself; effect, if possible, the return of Pella et any cost Rella at any cost.

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And as for myself, once away with Rella, then what? The battle—the pursuit—the expense-and social and mental disruption of

flight.

I was ensnared, yes, and oh, how much! The agony of it! But this . . to Rella . . . to me . . to all . . . Slowly but surely, sadly and grimly—being neither radical nor incautious—I faced the misery of defeat.

From that hour, as I feared, I was met with From that hour, as I teared, I was met with suggestions from my wife as to the unwisdom of a longer visit here. A message from the home of her parents, or so she said, had already urged us to return there—for some event of no importance—a street fair, I think. Also the valuelessness of a longer stay in the West was emphasized. Was I not becoming weary of this country life? But when I pretended not to understand the meaning of this sudden change understand the meaning of this sudden change from pleasure in all this to a desire to leave, there were at first looks, then a fit of dark de-pression, and finally tears. I knew what was wrong. Did I dare pretend that I did not? I—I—who had done this—that . . . And so, in a flood, a flashing picture of my evil heart.

What was I not? Had I no shame, no decency? Were innocent young schoolgirls not safe even in their own homes? Was I not not sare even in their own homes? Was I not astounded at myself, my scandalous temerity in attempting a flirtation with a girl fourteen years my junior, a mere girl in her teens, and who, by the way, ought to be ashamed of herself, too? It was high time we were getting out of here. We would go, and we would go at once—now—tomorrow!

But, no—we would not go tomorrow—we would not go before the following Monday, if then—and it was I who said so!

"Rage if you please! Tell the family, but I will not go unless ordered by them, if that is what you wish. I am resting. Why should I leave?"

To—it.

To avoid a possibly trying scene for herself, she finally yielded to this. But with stormy words and in a tempestuous mood. And so it was, with this situation in mind, that I was now compelled to face Rella—to tell her softly and with suggestions as to savitor for herself. now compelled to face Rella—to tell her sottly and with suggestions as to caution for herself, how matters stood. For it was she as well as myself who would be blamed—she, as well as myself, who had a problem to face—the first and greatest she had ever faced—and a dangerous one for her as well as myself.

And now to my surprise and satisfaction.

dangerous one for her as well as myself.

And now, to my surprise and satisfaction, instead of exhibiting any trace of fear or tremulousness, she merely faced me, cool and not even pale. It was too bad, wasn't it? If only she were a little older. She had hoped we would not be found out, but since we had been . . Well—perhaps the best thing was to wait. For her father and mother might cause trouble right now because of Aunt V and what she might do.

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But later-listen-next winter she would be going to school over at Fayetteville, a hundred miles away. How about coming there? We could see each other there. The fifteen hundred miles that would lie between us at that time were, as it seemed to me then, all but meaningless to her. I could do anything, very And yet, I knew so well that I could not—that she did not understand. I was poor, not rich; married, not free; hobbled by the forces of life as much as she was, if not more, and yet dreaming of freedom and love, wishing

And so it was that late that night, walking up the hill that lay to the south of the house, I was a prey to the gloomiest of thoughts. Despite a certain respect for convention and order which was still strong within me, the rude and haphazard compulsion which I now saw operative in all nature about me suggested another and less orderly course. For was I to be thrown to and fro like a ball by this intense desire? Derive no reward? No, no, no! Never, never,

never!

THIS girl cared for me, and if pleaded with would yield, would she not? From where I sat even now I could see a light in Rella's room, and if I were to whistle or signal in some way, I knew she would come. But, on the other hand, there was this respect—to a degree, at least—for the feelings of these, her parents. And not only that but the fear of consequences to Rella as well as myself. For did she really know her own mind as yet?

Could she? Was she really, truly, in love? Ah! the misery of that thought. the light in her window below us! Her unlos-ened hair . . . her face! I meditated a fur-ther extension of time here—beyond Monday—

beyond the following week, even.

So, brooding, I sighed, and in heaviness of soul finally arose and started down the hill. Yet, half-way down, in the shadow of the wood alongside which ran the path, I was startled by a hurrying figure, hooded by a shawl. Nearing me, the shawl was thrown back, the head lifted, and there was Rella, pale and perfect in the sheen of the moon.

'Darling!" I exclaimed. "I had to come," she gasped. "I couldn't stay away any longer. I know it's late, but I slipped out. I hope no one heard. I was afraid I might not get to talk to you again. Mother suspects, I think. And Aunt V has talked to her. But I had to come! I had to!" She was short of breath from running.

"But honey, dearest! Your mother! Your

father! If they should see you!"

I paused, for I was thinking of something else now. For here she was with me at last, and come of her own accord. Therefore, since . . . was I not justified in——? I paused, holding her, a strong, possessive, almost ruthless fever driving me. And yet, so philosophic and reflective was my mind that even now I could not help asking myself in what unsophistication, unworldly innocence, was it that she had really come here—one too young, truly, to know the full import of her own actions or desires. But holding close to me and babbling of her love.

"Papa's over at Walter's, and Mama's in bed. So is Aunt V. I went up to my room and then slipped down. They won't know. I sometimes come out this way. But I had to see you! I had to! But, oh, I can't stay! You know I can't! It would be terrible for you if I were seen here. You don't know my

father.

"I know, I know, dear," I whispered. little innocent, you sweetheart," and I and I drew her head against my shoulder and kissed her and smoothed her hair. "But how did you know I was here, and how shall I do without Will you be mine? Will you go with me now—tomorrow—next day?

She looked up at me nervously, comprehendingly, then hid her face in my coat.

Oh, no, no—not now!" she said. "I can't. cnow... I know what you mean, but I I know can't. Not this way. Not now. You don't know my father, or my mother, either. He would kill you. Yes, he would. Oh, dear! I mustn't stay. I mustn't. But I knew you were out here, and I had to come. I couldn't stay away. Maybe next winter—if you would "And the draw proposition." come for me-And she drew nervously

Yes," I replied wearily, sensing the impos sibility of it all. And so in a storm of pain I held her, saying: "Next winter, maybe, if I held her, saying: "Next winter, mayor, and arrange it. So go now. And write me. will slip you an address tomorrow. And I will write you here, or anywhere—anywhere you

Coming out by the wood-pile below the house some ten minutes later I stood gazing at the scene which the house presented. It was so simple, so rural-a strong, beam-built affair, with rambling rooms, angles, small verandas and windows. But now no light. And inside was Rella, safe, I hoped, not having been And she was thinking, thinking, what? If I could but share her dreams. Yet beaten! Beaten by circumstance; I cursed, and hated parents, marriage, life, even, for I was sick of love—poisoned by it.

And then, of a sudden, as I stood there

and from nowhere, as it were—and without a sound-directly before me stood Howdershell. Cool and still in the moonlight, not a word issuing from his lips, his cool green-blue eyes fixed upon me. So, I thought! Trapped! He has seen, heard! Now then, what? The worst, I suppose. The storm. I braced myself, my blood running chill. I was unarmed and I

knew he was always armed.

"A fine night, isn't it?" he began calmly and, as I thought, coldly pretending a friendship he did not feel. The instinct of the trapper, I added to myself. It is so he begins. How should I have hoped to defeat him? My veins were running ice-water. walk?" His words had "Been out for a His words had to me a mocking sound.

"Yes," I replied, as calmly as I could.

To my immense relief, almost my amazement, he now began drawling of a horse that had been, and still was, sick, and that had needed his attention. Also of a neighbor who had come to assist him with his wheat. damp with perspiration, I listened, concluding that after all he had seen nothing, suspected nothing. Oh, immense relief! So his secret approach was without real significance, a country gesture, the sly quip of one who hoped to surprise and so frighten another into a dis-play of fear. Yet with what consequences, really, had he come upon Rella and myself!

And then Monday—the day set by my wife for our departure, but with us staying over for a day or two just the same. Yet, because of this shock-the dubious mood evoked in me by this moonlight meeting—no further attempt on my part to persuade Rella against her will. Rather only a dark, oppressive realization of the futility of all this. And still, love, desire, an enthralling and devastating sense of her beauty what union, even free companionship, with her must mean. And so the pain of

restraint and loss.

Deep amid the tall, whispering corn, only one day before I left, a last meeting with her, to say good-by. And it was she, shrewd, watchful, elusive, who had contrived it. She would write . . . she would come, even. need not fear. And then, kisses, kisses. And after that, what glances! And almost before the eyes of her parents and her aunt. love-light that beckoned! At breakfast of the last morning she even sighed as she handed me I was wondering if truly she was something. I was won feeling as bitterly as I.

"Do you want me to send her poisoned candy?" she whispered, half jestingly. And this apropos of a celebrated poisoning case en in the papers.
"Rella!" I reproved. The thought frightened

"Oh, I wouldn't, you know, but I feel like," And the look that came with it.
I was startled, shaken. For now the stark,

unheeding, merciless nature of love was being

revealed to me with even greater force than ever before. For here was youth, innocence, beauty and yet what was the defeat of this other woman to her? Nothing, really! blood relation, and yet an enemy to be defeated. And life and law? What were they to her? Either not understood or only dimly, t understood or only dimly, And so even in my fever I and scoffed at. came to think of the ruthlessness of life, as expressed by her, her eager, seeking, heedles youth. And my own infatuation so great that now in nowise could I be displeased with her for her fierce thought. Rather inflamed it—made much more desirous—the depth of her mood swaying me as it swayed her.

And then, at parting, to see her boldly a proudly put her lips to mine (and that in the very face of her aunt), and then turn and offer those same lips to her aunt, which offer we icily accepted. And all this before her mother (who must have known something, yet for diplomatic reasons did not wish to indicate knowledge), as well as her father, and all the other members of the family. And even now recall my wife's eyes, clouded with hate a suppressed rage. And Rella smiling and defiant, proud in her young beauty. And the myself, riding back over the hills and through the valleys to D-, and despite the mood of the woman beside me, lost in reflections th were immensely depressing—to her as well as to myself.

Here I was, for all my fever and toss conquered, defeated. And my wife, for all he defeat, after a fashion, victorious. unhappy. And Rella, too. And so, further reflections as to the essential helplessness, and even slavery, of man-and despite his form læ in the face of his compelling passions . . . Sickening at the thought. For here was I wishing most intensely to be doing one thin and yet being shunted along this wretche path of custom and duty against my will Yet afraid, or unable, to break the chain which held me. And behind me, Rella, who for all her strong desire and daring, was help And beside me a woman, furning ar less. And beside me a woman, running are brooding about a force she could not possibly control, yet resolved never to resign what was "rightfully" hers, and so clinging to the asket of a long-since burnt-cut love. And the parents of Rella and my wife's parents assu that happiness and order reigned where in stead were molten and explosive opposition and dissatisfaction. And all law and custom approving heartily, of course.

What a thin veneer is the seeming of any thing, I thought. How indifferent, and th fore merciless, are the forces and notions and moods and dreams that drive us all!

N NEW YORK later I received some letters and a complaint from Rella that she w being sent against her will to a higher school being urged to marry a doctor whom she did not like; also a faint hint that if I would pro vide the means she might run away. But at the moment, for me, was wearing a face which made even love seem almost worth In fact, all but destroyed, not only financia but physically at the time, I was not able to de anything and so I wrote her. And still later no change occurring, ceased to write, knowlethat only trouble could follow her through And then later, the sun once

me. And shining.

Other women taking Rella's place. And so the unhappy union of which I was then lal finally broken up. And Rella, as I heard after, sent to a relative in Texas, and later married to to an oil speculator, whom I trust she loved. The last news I had of her was that after a visitation of some disease she had been left with a partially paralyzed eyelid, which completely marred her beauty. Also, that much of her weat derful hair had fallen out. And this below

Verily, "what is man, that Thou art min ... He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, scontinueth not."

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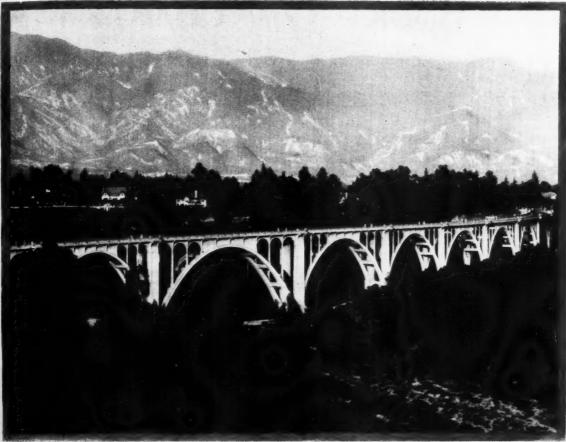
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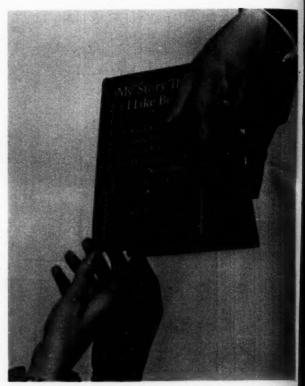
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War Dog

(Continued from page 61)

left, back there, an' just now, this here dog-i think she's a Boche messenger-houn', dog—i think she's a Boche messenger-houn', sir, like it says in orders—she tries to get by me, ar'—" Then Greta came alive. Her lax body, sagging in the man's arms, quickened. She slashed Private Jordan's wrist wickedly, threw herself down and away from him, rolled over on her wrecked shoulder, and came in frantic haste to her three good feet, every tooth showing and her back hair all on end.

The adjutant swore and plucked out his pistol, and the battalion gas non-com clubbed his rifle, and Private Jordan, clutching at his wrist, rocked on his feet and pleaded foolishly, "Aw, don' kill her—don' kill her. She's a bitch, too." The major walked towards her.

bitch, too." The major walked towards her. Sick and dizzy, with an unaccountable weakness dragging at her, and surrounded by khaki, Greta whirled on this new enemy, to do what she could. The fire went out of her eye. For the man had on a green uniform and had also the stiff, high look of her own officers. It was all very confusing, but with her people here, it would be all right. He held out his hand, and stooped to her, and spoke stifts. Greta hunged nainfully to him tried to out his hand, and stooped to her, and spoke softly. Greta lunged painfully to him, tried to lick his hand, and collapsed against his boots. The major detached the aluminum cylinder, and thrust it at his adjutant. "See if it's any-

and thrust it at his adjutant. "See if it's anything, Le Grand. And my compliments to the surgeon—want him here. Now, old lady, did they do you wrong? Damnation! Bayonet—and you've bashed her eye out, you—"""

"Sir"—Private Jordan, much distressed, pulled away from the file who was working at his wrist—"I done my best not to kill her! Sir, I never hurt a dawg in my life—I——"

"Oh, all right! All right. Surgeon, give me a hand here—maybe we can patch her up—dam' fine animal, I think. Yes, what is it?"

The adjutant, with the aid of a navy hospital corpsman who had studied in Vienna, had a translation. "It's addressed in code and

had a translation. "It's addressed in code and signed in code, sir, but I think it's from Regimental to battalion. Says, KTK Battalion will approach position under cover from the right, pass through you, and attack to recover lost position. Says, you will support attack after it has passed through. Says, half-hour SMW—must mean heavy Minenwerfer—preparation, starting at five-fiteen—A.M., sir. And the time sent is four-thirty-five—don't get that, for it's just after four now-and it

Says, acknowledge with two yenow smoats. Said the major, his head on one side: "Their time's an hour ahead of ours. Sergeant-major, you inventoried those captured pyrotechnics, you said. Ought to be yellow smoke rockets among 'em. Go forward a little way and send among 'em. Go forward a little way and send up two. Pick a place in the clear, so they'll get above the trees." The sergeant-major saluted and set off at a trot. "Where's that engineer officer? Mr. Shank, have your platoons stand by to reinforce the left company, in half an hour. Go up there now and look it over; you'll put them in as the company commander directs. Tell him about it; they'll come that way. Work in through the woods and hit the left. I think, Le Grand, get

pany commander directs. Tell him about it, they'll come that way. Work in through the woods and hit the left, I think. Le Grand, get Regimental. I want some artillery."

A runner said: "Hi! Ol' sergeant-major sure made knots—there go them yellow smokes!" And very soon afterward the Minenwerfer shells began to crash into the woods. In the 40th Fusilier Regiment they never understood why their counter-attack failed so disastrously. The lieutenant-colonel had a very bad time explaining it.

And Greta lives now in Quantico, when she's at home. Her major has a regiment there. She carries her years well, although she is one-

She carries her years well, although she is oneone carries her years well, although one is one-eyed and has a heavy limp. She is an aloof, unfriendly dog to every other person but her colonel; yet it is noted that in the fall and winter when the marines go in forester-green her temper becomes more genial, and she allows familiarities on the part of the rank and file.



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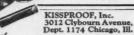
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A Chevalier of the Cumberland (Continued from page 65)

eager for news of the colony and gave close attention to her recital of births, deaths and marriages, Indian depredations, the coming of new settlers, the affairs of her mother's family. She gave a report in detail of the family. She gave a report in detail of the homely history of Hunter's Hill in his absence; the health of the slaves, the condition of the stock; the brilliant promise of a young mare she had been training.

"I don't think you've missed me much here," he remarked. "Everything around the plantation is in better shape than when I left

home."
"Not missed you! I never was so lonesome in my life! I went many times down the road just to stand for a little bit at that place where I told you good-by. As far as the plantation's concerned I've had plenty of help. Brother Sam and Bob Hays have been mighty good to me and Mr. Fowler dropped in half a dozen times to see if I needed anything. He seems more content than I ever thought he'd be. He's joined the militia and gone out on two or three calls against the Indians. All the folks in the settlement like him—he's so kind to everybody. suppose there's no danger of his wife ever

"Well, I'm not so sure about that! That's part of my Philadelphia story. It's pretty serious and I've been worried about it ever since I came home. I don't know what to do but I'd like to get your idea. I saw Fowler's wife in Philadelphia!"

"You saw her! Oh, I hope she's not going to make trouble for him!"

"She talked about him as if she was interested in finding him, but of course I told her nothing. I couldn't tell whether she wanted to make trouble for him or was looking for him in the hope he'd take her back."

Rachel listened with deepest interest as he told of his meeting with Lady Melderode, throwing in questions from time to time to encourage the elaboration of his descriptions of her ladyship's house, dress, manners and speech.

To the simple-hearted Rachel her husband's Philadelphia experience was like a fairy-tale. What he had said of statesmen and public affairs interested her little but such glimpses as he had had of the social picture and now his detailed account of Lady Melderode, opened new vistas to her imagination.

"Does the lady sing?" she asked.
"She didn't sing to me!"
"Does she ride?"

"I didn't see her ride!"

Jackson laughed, knowing that his home-keeping Rachel was measuring herself and her accomplishments against those of the titled lady in Philadelphia. He got up and took her face between his hands and looked fondly into her dark eves

"She couldn't sing like you—no woman could! And she couldn't ride like you—or do any of the things you do better than any other woman on earth—my beauty, my dearest! That woman's a pretty bird that twitters very sweetly in her little cage and a cage is the right place for her. It makes me mad to think she could break the heart of a man like John

Fowler."
"But as to telling Mr. Fowler you saw

"There's the question! If I thought he'd been mistaken and misjudged her and if she really loved him, of course I'd tell him. But I think none of these things now that I've seen her. This pretended search for him may cover some other motive for coming to America. Maybe she was uncomfortable in England and there was scandal about her that caused her to leave. That woman's not going to sit still anywhere. Now that she's got the bit in her teeth she's going to run considerable."

"I hope she doesn't run this way," said Rachel with a smile. "We don't want any-thing to happen to make Mr. Fowler unhappy. But of course such a fine lady wouldn't ever

come out here. She wouldn't like our country

"I'm not so sure about that. She's chuckfull of—what you call 'em—romantic ideas?—about the Indians. Little she knows what a dirty lot of thieves and scoundrels they are! But I wouldn't say she won't get restless and come traveling out to look for Indian princesses. It would be like her!"

"Well, she'd soon wear herself out at that, and from what you tell me she's the kind that The poor lady!" exclaimed wants luxuries. Rachel, with sincere feeling. "I'm sure if she did her husband a wrong she's sorry for it now. It might be that he'd forgive her."

"I don't believe it; the knife went too deep It wasn't just his wife's conduct-it was that whole way of life over there in Europe he ran away from. I got a smell of what it's like in away from: 1 got a smell of what it's like in Philadelphia and you can't blame a man like him for getting out of it. It's all artificial; nothing honest or decent about it."
"He's happy here," said Rachel. "And he's got us to look after him. Sister Jane and Bob are mighty fond of him and he's over at their place a good deal."

are mighty iona or place a good deal."
"Well, I feel a good deal towards that man as I might toward a brother if I had one,"
"We won't would be a second or produced thoughtfully. as I might toward a brother if I had one, Jackson remarked thoughtfully. "We won't tell him I've seen his wife. No good could come of it anyhow, and it would only trouble him just when he's beginning to feel at home out here. He might leave and we don't want to lose him. I'll never tell him; that's settled. I hope he'll never have to see her again."

Through the summer Jackson found many outlets for his energies. An increasing number of clients sought counsel in the cabin law-office. He and Overton held title to 25,000 acres of land and Jackson was constantly selling and trading. But he found the greatest happiness in developing the acres that lay along the Cumberland at Hunter's Hill. He built a ferry, more in a spirit of good neighborliness than for profit. No man in the district carried on so many enterprises. Rachel viewed these many enterprises. Rachel viewed these activities with relief, believing the very multiplicity of his occupations would divert him from politics.

summons came to return forthwith to Philadelphia for a special session of the Congress to consider the danger of war with France. Receiving it at Hunter's Hill, he held it up for Rachel's inspection and seeing her look of con-

sternation he laughed and tore it across.

"Catch me going down there to listen to those imbeciles

"Don't you have to go?" she asked, taking the fragments of the summons and eying them

"I'd like to see 'em drag me there! If there's going to be war I'll be here—ready to march with Tennessee!

She listened with misgivings as he discussed the possibility of assault upon Tennessee from the south and was amazed that he had evidently given so much thought to the defense of War would be the southwestern waterways. a greater danger to the peace of Hunter's Hill than the animosities of politics!

From Hays, Overton and Fowler and through her mother, who took the liveliest interest in public affairs, she began to hear that Tennessee was not yet satisfied to discharge her efficient, straight-thinking husband further with the spaces with ner emcient, straight-thinking nusband from further public service. His success with difficult undertakings was becoming an axiom. There was a lifting of heads whenever his horse bore him at a gallop into Nashville. In the stores and taveras, at militia muster and on court days Jackson was the man most favored for future preferment. Savier Blount and for future preferment. Sevier, Blount and Robertson and others of the pioneers were growing old, but Jackson was equally brave and endowed with all the appeal of vigorous young

Hays and Overton, with the solicitude of warm friendship, conferred upon a rumor that Jackson was looked upon as a likely contender Hearst's seat "But he s run!" exclair ding into t lackson's hor

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Livingston, "I thought all time! But promotion. I anaged it. By Jove! I'm

"We can't l have all the joi to trade the he "We've had It's too bad Eu overnment m

We're going ign powers ey've got to gers if they t Livingston, eean. m time to ti g debates dently in his nt socially he n on his firs ate was a a lively compa

seat in the United States Senate. "But he swears by all that's holy he'll not run!" exclaimed Hays. He and Overton were ng into town after a day spent inspecting leckson's horses at Hunter's Hill, where politics

had not been mentioned.

"Not run!" exclaimed Overton. Andy's got to be in a fight or he'd die. Anything that means contest stirs his bloodroster fight, horse-race, shooting match, it's all the same to him. If somebody'd give him the senatorship he wouldn't take it, but if it's a question of fighting for it-he'll go in-and

"He wouldn't like the senatorship if he got " said Hays. "And Rachel doesn't say any g, but she wants him to keep out of

politics

"And strangely enough, Andy thinks himself that he wants to keep out! But he lives on excitement; he's got to have new experiences. He's thinking a lot about war and he's got his ere fixed on the generalship of the militia."

"But Sevier will stop him there. The old man's outwardly friendly with Andy but Andy's high-handed ways exasperate him. Sevier's been the big chief too long to give up to a younger man without a fight."

"I hope Andy won't get into a row with him, for Sevier has friends aplenty. The men who fought with him at King's Mountain would die for him. There's always a houseful of his old soldiers at his place on the Nolichucky. He's the big man of East Tennessee. Sevier and Andy are a good deal alike. Both are born fighters, but either one of 'em would make any sacrifice to help a friend."

With no aim in life but to promote her hus-

band's happiness, Rachel found herself helpless to deal with the mood that now settled upon him. She mothered him, looked carefully to his comfort and bore with him patiently in his protracted silences. On days that he spent at home she watched him striding across the pastures as if bent on urgent business, swinging a stick, with the hounds at his heels. He did not tell her at once of his decision to become did not tell her at once of his decision to become a candidate for the senate but merely annced it as if it were a disagreeable duty that

had been forced upon him.

The destiny, spiteful or beneficent, that had driven him over the hills to the Cumberland still ruled his life inexorably. Against all his resolutions never to repeat his experience as a awmaker, he was overcome by a fierce desire to win this contest for the senatorship. Wing it, he was confronted again by the neces ity for leaving home. The second parting with Rachel was no less poignant than the first. By his own act he had got into the thing and now he must go through with it. He rode away through the autumn woods without zest for this new adventure.

Livingston, welcoming Jackson cordially,

"I thought you'd quit the public service for all time! al time! But I see you only went home for promotion. I wish you'd tell me how you managed it. Stepping right into the Senate! By Jove! I'm lucky to hang on in the Lower

"We can't let the eastern end of our state have all the jobs," said Jackson. "I'd be glad to trade the honor for a good running horse."

"We've had a feverish time since you left. It's too bad Europe won't behave till we get our

"We're going to have to lick a few of those egn powers to teach 'em to leave us alone.

ey've got to learn they'll burn their damned

ers if they touch America!"

Livingston, warmly attached to the irascible lennesseean, went into the Senate chamber from time to time and saw Jackson during the long debates glowering and fidgeting implication in the proved to be far more tractable thin on his first visit to Philadelphia. If the n on his first visit to Philadelphia. If the was a bore, it was a relief to dine lively company; and there were houses like



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Livingston's, where gossip was discouraged and public affairs were discussed with knowl-

edge and wisdom.

Always alert lest some aristocrat treat him with condescension, Jackson found that the Livingstons and their friends accepted him as a man whose right to social consideration

as good as another's.

"Your friend has a grand air that is almost overpowering," Mrs. Livingston remarked to her husband. "There's something almost kingly about the man. When he comes into the drawing-room it seems to grow bigger and the air freshens. He speaks of his home as if it were a royal palace and of his wife as if she were a queen

"You touched the right subjects to win his favor—home and his wife. Confound the man! I can't make out what his aims and ambitious really are. He's too impatient and downright flaring at any hint of compromise, to make a success in politics. But his very defects may have a value if he cares to go ahead."

"It delights me to see you showing him off, Ned! Have a care lest he see what you're up to! You'd think such a man, coming out of the wilderness, would be awed by social formal-ties, but he carries himself with the noble dignity of one to the manner born."

"But the chip's always on his shoulder—concealed, but it's there! He told Mrs. Liston at our house America would whip England again if it was necessary, and his tone implied a hope the necessity would arise! A fine speed to make to the wife of the British Envoy! But Mrs. Liston is so given to undiplomate language herself that she liked it. By the way—something's amiss between Lady Melderok and the Listons. They received her very cordially when she first arrived in Philadelphia. but it's now whispered they've ceased to vo

"You can hear anything about anybody if "You can hear anything about anybody if "You keen the window open," Mrs. Livingston you keep the window open," Mrs. Livingstor replied carelessly. "And an unattached woman, particularly one with a distinguished title, can't hope to escape criticism. I say she makes herself ridiculous giving out the impression that she's in America looking for her husband." her husband

"We needn't bother our heads over be there's enough scandal about our America without borrowing from our English cous To return to Senator Jackson, I have promi Mrs. Bingham to produce him in her drawing room. She wants to add him to her collection of celebrities. I wonder if we can deliver him

"Make it seem unimportant—a mere favor to yourself, and he'll go. He's a puzzling char-acter. He could have a social career if he cared for it, and there's the making of a hero in him. I suppose there's no danger that su-cess will turn his head?"

"Not Jackson's! I suspect him of an honest contempt for all the frivolity he sees her-abouts. Rather creditable to him. But noti-ing could frighten or awe him—not even the ghost of Julius Cæsar!" (Hunter's Hill one

Senator Jackson, of Hunter's Hill, convoyed by the Livingstons, duly appeared at the proper hour in Mrs. William Bingham's drawing-room. Mrs. Bingham held Philadelphia society in the hollow of her hand. He spacious home on Third Street, surrounded by handsome gardens, was indeed the center of the fashionable life of the Republic. This was Jackson's first contact with magnificence, but after a surfer was surferned to the surfer of the surferned to after a swift survey of the great drawing to with its elaborate furnishings he unconcerns turned his attention upon the company of a and women in festive apparel who had alre assembled.

"How kind of you to honor me, Sen Jackson!" Mrs. Bingham exclaimed. going to give you credit for bringing the de Livingstons. I think Ned looks upon my how as a Federalist stronghold. I'm glad to refu the monstrous charge by displaying such di-

tinguished democrats as you gentlemen."
"Oh, we're not alone! I see Mr. Gallain across the room," remarked Mrs. Livingston.

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"And unless I'm mistaken there's Mr. Jefferson. I wonder what he's talking about to those pretty girls!"

"Weather signs or mastodons! Since dear Doctor Franklin died we've hardly another man so interested in queer things as Mr. Jefferson."

Jackson, not wishing to be a burden to the Livingstons, left them and pursued his own way through the rooms. He was not a neg-ligible figure in the bright company. Many way through the rooms. He was not a neg-ligible figure in the bright company. Many eyes were observing him curiously. Wander-ing into the conservatory he found Jefferson alone, gravely pondering the assembled flora.

"Good evening, senator. I was just looking at this rose tree. It's a species I saw in France. I admire Mrs. Bingham's enterprise in importing it. The flower is very delicate and beautiful."

Jackson confessed his ignorance of all roses except the wild varieties of the South but Jefferson graciously made it possible for him to talk of these. Soon they were discussing agriculture and horse breeding, of which Jackson spoke with much more certainty than of roses. Other visitors to the conservatory, cocking their ears in the hope that they had caught the Virginian and the Tennesseean plotting against the Federalists, were disappointed to find them discussing Arabian brood mares. Jackson listened with absorption to the Vice-

President's comments on farm methods in Europe. Having seen Jefferson only from a distance in the Senate chamber, Jackson was impressed by the range of his knowledge. He hadn't known that the author of the Declaration of Independence was like this! Yet Jefferson's enemies called him a dreamer and a visionary.

Jackson was answering Jefferson's questions as to the variety of soils in Tennessee when Madison entered—a small man, nervous and with an anxious look in his eyes, who joined in the talk for a few minutes.

They returned together to the drawing-room where Jackson, having satisfied his curiosity as to the ways of high society, began wondering how to make his escape. Dancing had begun in the ballroom and some of the older folk were taking their leave. In the dining-room food and drink were offered in abundance and it was a question whether many gentlemen and several ladies were not imbibing too freely of the liquid refreshments. Mrs. Bingham, moving about to promote the comfort and ease of her guests, met Jackson as he was seeking the

"Not leaving so early! I shall be grieved if you scorn my poor refreshments. You will not refuse a glass of punch—my own special concoction?"

With her hand on his arm she led the way to the library. She paused at the door to flutter her fan at a group that seemed to be established permanently around the huge silver punch-bowl.

"Colonel Burr! I might have known you'd be here. My husband rebuked me for serving punch in the library. He says it's a most un-suitable place. Pray tell me you don't think

suitable place. Pray tell me you don't think so, Colonel Burr!"

"We will leave it to the ghosts of the authors of these works," Burr replied with a gesture toward the shelves. "They were all two-bottle men."

Lokean litted his class.

Jackson lifted his glass.
"Madam, your health."
"We drink to Mrs. Bingham!" said Burr. Without her what would life be among the Quakers!

"Mr. Jefferson thinks I'm not truly American!" Mrs. Bingham laughed. "He comes to my house but I know he disapproves. He scolds me for aping the fashions and manners of

Paris. But am I not original?"
"Much more than that!" declared Burr.
"You are perfect! Perfect in all ways! Ah, here are Mr. and Mrs. Liston. We now have an excuse for dipping again into this admirable punch. May we Americans not drink to our late king? There be those—all wicked Hamiltonians-who regret our change of flags."

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"What! Treason in the capital?" cried Mrs. Bingham in mock horror. "I can't believe it!" "May I not answer all such insinuations?" asked Liston gravely as he took a glass. the President!"

"Perhaps the President needs our prayers more than our toasts," remarked Burr dryly

when the toast was drunk. Jackson, ill at ease under their quick give and take with its blithe insincerities, was waiting for an opportunity to leave when Lady Mel-derode appeared, unattended. As she paused on the threshold the doorway effectively framed her. For an instant her face betrayed embarrassment and annoyance. But, at once composed, she moved forward with her grace-ful, gliding step as Mrs. Bingham turned to greet her.

"You arrive late, Lady Melderode; but no less welcome for that!"
"Do I intrude?" her ladyship exclaimed. "I was roaming about looking for you, to make my compliments, and stumbled in here—by chance. Colonel Burr-Senator Jackson To the rest she gave an impersonal, inclusive smile. The others resumed their talk and she smite. The others resumed their tank and she turned to Jackson, gracefully extending her hand. "You left us a humble representative—and come back a senator! I'm sure you deserved the promotion. Merit rewarded—the affection of your people! My congratulations, sir!

He was aware that Lady Melderode's en-trance had caused a distinct change in the atmosphere. A slight turning of the shoulders of several of the women in the group at the punch-bowl expressed disapproval of Lady Melderode. Burr, as if understanding what was forward, lounged across the room to where Mrs. Bingham, Lady Melderode and Jackson were standing.

"We have just drunk to his Majesty, your king, Lady Melderode," he remarked. "You should not be deprived of that pleasure."
"Thank you, Senator Burr," Lady Mel-

"Thank you, Senator Burr," Lady Mel-derode replied indifferently, "but my patriotism needs no stimulant.

Mrs. Bingham, past mistress of all the social arts, played nervously with her fan. Mrs. Liston was engaged in the somewhat difficult evolution of passing a group that included Lady Melderode without seeing her. Liston, glass in hand, was pretending absorption in the remarks of the wife of the secretary of his legation. His absorption was so great at the moment that he failed to read the obvious signal of Mrs. Liston that he was to follow her.

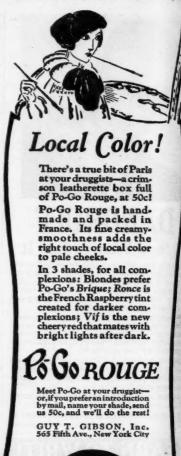
Lady Melderode, talking composedly, smiled at the envoy's evident irritation at the clumsiness with which his spouse was trying to get him out of the room. The spectators of the him out of the room. The spectators of the little comedy were all talking spiritedly to con-ceal the fact that Great Britain's envoy and his wife were pointedly refusing to recognize their countrywoman. The question of taste projected by the episode was the more in-teresting from the fact that previously Lady Melderode had been received with evident cordiality by the members of the British legation. Liston, no longer able to ignore his wife's impatience as she waited at the door,

now started toward her.
"Mr. Liston!" It was Lady Melderode, speaking in her accustomed deliberate fashion; but her voice had the effect of silencing all other speech. The abrupt cessation of the music in the ballroom added an emphasis to the tense quiet.

Liston, hesitating as his name was spoken, turned toward the speaker with the slightest inclination. This perhaps satisfied all the requirements and he continued with dignified

"Pardon me—Mr. Liston?"
Lady Melderode's even, mellow tones changed to an inquiry what had begun as a challenge. The envoy, feigning preoccupation, and with his wife's eyes drawing him on, had all but effected his exit when his name was again spoken, but now in a voice harsh and peremp-

tory.
"Lady Melderode addressed you, sir," said





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Hearst the senator speak to L

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would have h when you sp "What wo anded. ipped 'em

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winter with newed. Allis but finally cor he was to pay son's far-rollin son was a ccepted note

He was pos would exchan chandise and trading and th ea into exe is session way to seek committed to the senator from the Cumberland. "You will speak to Lady Melderode!" Someone at the punch-bowl dropped a glass

which bounced on the carpet and hopped idiotically, as if rejoicing in the general dis-comfiture. Liston, his face afire, swung round

of find Jackson's gaze fixed sternly upon him.
"I am very happy to see you, Lady Melderode," said the envoy and the room breathed

again.

The Livingstons, entering from the rear, had heard Jackson's command and the minister's reply. The other witnesses of the scene were reply. reply. The other witnesses of the scene were slowly withdrawing, silently, as if they had

sowily withdrams, sacrety, to they have been viewing a corpse.

"I thank you, Senator Jackson," said Lady Melderode calmly. "Mrs. Bingham, I greatly regret that this should have occurred in your house. May I trouble you to have a servant

call my carriage?"

The Livingstons asked no questions, but Jackson, feeling that some explanation was due them, related in a few sentences what had

due them, related in a few sentences what had happened.
"I ought to have kept my mouth shut, but the way that man acted made me mad clean through! I'm sorry, but the fat's in the fire and I reckon it'll have to sizzle. You brought me here and I hope Mrs. Bingham won't blame you because I made a row."
"You acted like a gallant gentleman, Mr. Jackson;" said Mrs. Livingston warmly. "The offense wasn't yours but the Listons'. It's the also that we must treat our hitterest geneies.

onense wasn't yours but the Listons. It's the rule that we must treat our bitterest enemies courteously in a friend's house. The envoy had no right to make other people uncomfortable. In their position, the Listons could very with the list of the listons which the list of the listons which the list of the listons could very the list list of the listons which the list of the listons which we will be listens which the listons which we will be listens which list of the listons which we will be listens which list of the listons which lists whic easily have let Lady Melderode know they didn't care for her further acquaintance. To cut her on an occasion like this was unpardon-

able bad manners."
"I suspect," said Jackson with a grin, "she followed the Listons in here just to make a

ur

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"Well, you were quite the hero of the occasion," said Mrs. Livingston. "The other men were so frightened it was comical. Even men were so frightened it was comical. Even Colonel Burr's usual tact failed him and for the first time in her life Mrs. Bingham was embarrassed. You may be sure she'll always be grateful to you for saving the situation. You fired the pistol and cleared the air."

"That's the truth of it," said Livingston.
"You acted with perfect propriety. But"—he smiled broadly—"do you mind telling me what would have happened if Liston hadn't stopped when you spoke to him?"

when you spoke to him?"

"What would I have done?" Jackson demanded. "I'd have cut off his ears and shipped 'em to his king!"

His social adventures were not interesting enough to overcome the Tennessee senator's growing restlessness. Rachel refused to join him in Philadelphia with the justifiable excuse that the plantation required her attention. Toward the end of February he was again harassed by homesickness which neither the tensity of the political situation por the diverharassed by homesickness which neither the tensity of the political situation nor the diversions of metropolitan life allayed. He was cramped, stifled, depressed by the city and the only relief he found was in mounting a horse and riding madly into the country. Galloping along the Schuylkill he planned a broadening of his undertakings at home. He was in the toils of a new ambition—he would make money! The negotiations he had opened the previous winter with Allison the merchant were renewed. Allison was slow in his bargaining but finally concluded an arrangement by which he was to pay \$7000 for a large tract of Jack-

he was to pay \$7000 for a large tract of Jack-son's far-rolling acres. Cash was scarce but as Allison was a man of excellent credit Jackson

accepted notes.

He was possessed now by a new idea; he would exchange the notes for a stock of merchandise and go home and set up a store. The trading and the planning necessary to put the idea into execution were a relief from the tedious sessions of the Senate. It was not his way to seek advice and he was thoroughly committed to the sale and had indorsed the

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"If you'd asked me in the first instance I'd have said not to do it," said the New Yorker. "These are hard times and if Allison fails to

"Oh, I'm taking the chance. Tennessee's growing fast and the people have got to have supplies. I'll give the thing a trial."

To Livingston, absorbed in the intensification of partisan antagonisms, and with America's relations with France approaching a crisis, it was incredible that a member of the Senate should be leaving the capital to open a shop in the wilderness. The Jeffersonians a shop in the winderness. The Jenersomans needed just such a fellow as Jackson, who, in spite of his irascibility and impatience, had a genius for seeing things straight. He was not surprised when in April Jackson rose in the Senate and asked leave of absence.

Once again Jackson was going home! He donned his hunting-shirt and astride a mettle-some horse turned his face westward, thanking God for his deliverance as he sniffed once more the odor of plowed earth washed by spring rain. Arriving at Pittsburgh, he inspected his merchandise and saw it loaded into barges. As he floated down the Ohio the storm broke in the Congress over the report of the American embassy to France. But it was nothing to Andrew Jackson of Hunter's Hill that Talleyrand had attempted to blackmell American and the the attempted to blackmail America and that the X.Y.Z. letters that revealed the shameful story were before the Senate.

With his long legs comfortably extended on a lumbering keel-boat he smoked his pipe contentedly. Spring lay upon the Ohio Valley; the world was beautiful to look upon and he was on his way to Hunter's Hill and Rachel.

He reached home ahead of the letter announcing his purpose to quit the capital and Rachel was amazed to see him flinging himself from his horse, shouting hearty greetings to the negroes, who ran to meet him with joyous

Rachel, happy but mystified, asked at once whether he were ill, taking his face in her hands to seek the answer.

"Sound as hickory timber! Never felt better! The river trip gave me a fine rest. Thank God! I'm here! A thousand horses couldn't haul me away!" He held her close in his arms, her tears of happiness warm on his cheek.
"You cry when I go and cry when I come!
This time I'm home to stay."

"But you're still a senator—you'll have to go back again?" She clung to him, afraid to believe that he wouldn't leave her again.
"I'm home on leave—but I'm never going

My first business will be to resign "But, my dearest one, will the people like that?" she asked soberly. "When you take a place like the senatorship they'll feel you ought

to keep it."

But she did not press the matter, for he was already telling her enthusiastically of his new project. The barges with his stock of goods would soon be at the Nashville wharf. He would

set up the store in a blockhouse at Clover Bot-

tom, on Stone's River, within easy range of Hunter's Hill.

"I'm going to take John Coffee and John Hut-chings into partnership so I can attend to my law practise. You're a master hand at running the plantation and I don't need to worry about that. I want money so I can give you a better house, where you can live as a girl like you ought to live. I got all of Philadelphia I could stand and now I can thank God every morning I don't have to live down there among fools and liars.

Rachel had never seen him so happy as now. He had no difficulty in infecting Coffee and Hutchings with his sanguine expectations as to the rich rewards to be won at Clover Bottom. They would build boats to carry the cotton, corn, wheat and furs they accepted in expectations of the state of change for cloth, farm implements, salt and whisky and establish important trading con-nections with Natchez and New Orleans.

He was so enchanted with his prospects that



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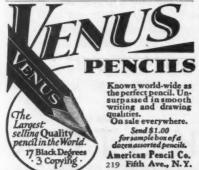
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he had been at home several weeks before Rachel was able to extract from him the story of his second adventure in Philadelphia. One evening when he had been repeating some of Jefferson's suggestions about horse breeding, he began telling her of Mrs. Bingham's party and of his encounter with the British minister.

When she began praising him for going to Lady Melderode's assistance he stopped her with the declaration that it was a serious question whether he hadn't made a fool of

"The best thing for me to do is to stay here with you where I won't get mixed up in the rows of these soft-handed people. Fashionable rows of these soft-handed people. Fashionable folks don't have our ideas—that woman ought to have stayed at home anyway and not exposed herself to insult. What riled me was the way that fellow Liston tried to sneak out of the room without noticing her. I guess," he added with a chuckle, "he'll be more cautious about playing deaf hereafter!"

His description of Mrs. Bingham's mansion and the distinguished company that had gathered there sent Rachel's thoughts flying into a new field of speculation. In her simple reasoning she was afraid that his very devotion to her might hamper him; for since their first meeting she had never been free of the feeling that he was destined to a great place in the world. And sweet as it was to know that he preferred his home with her on the frontier to a seat in the nation's councils, she had her Seeing her preoccupation, he demisgivings.

misgivings. Seeing her preoccupation, he de-manded to know what was troubling her.
"I was thinking—I was just thinking," she began slowly, "that if you hadn't married me you could do a lot of things you don't do just because you're so good to me. I'm afraid you with to have stayed down there. In a little ought to have stayed down there. In a little while you'd learn to get on with those folks. It seems selfish to hold you here." He grasped her shoulders and shook her

"If you talk like that I'll begin to doubt you love me!

He bent over her, stroking her cheeks, looking into her eyes, waiting for her strong round arms to steal about his neck.

The honeysuckle bloomed over the veranda at Hunter's Hill, and the fragrance of Rachel's flower-garden scented the air on the summer evenings like an incense to the spirits of peace and contentment. Happy were the two lovers as they rode over the plantation or sat on the veranda contemplating the fulfilment of all their dreams. After long silences, he would touch her hand, call her endearing names. Their hopes soared to the stars.

He bought a large tract of land to get the building he wanted for the store and with it

building he wanted for the store and with it he acquired a stretch of smooth turf along Stone's River, which his discerning eye had marked as an admirable place for a race-course. Sentiment had entered into the purchase of the land, for it had belonged to Rachel's father.

He was a country gentleman now, with many acres under tillage; farming and horse breeding were his real vocations, the law and storekeep-ing were incidental. He read newspapers voraciously and wrote many letters—to acquaintances he had made in the Congress epistles erratic as to spelling but vigorous and resolute in content. Not without his vanity, he reflected sometimes as he surveyed his pos-sessions that he hadn't done so badly. He was thirty-one. He had eaten the bitter bread of poverty on the Waxhaw, held offices of dignity and honor, in Tennessee, sampled the flesh-pots and observed society and politics on the Delaware.

The world he lived in suited him. Watching Rachel in the garden tending her flowers, and thrilling with his pride in her, he knew himself for the most fortunate of men.

But that summer's peace was only an inter-lude. The Tennesseeans, undaunted by his cool fashion of abandoning public office, must call him again into service. There was a vacancy on the bench of the Supreme Court to be filled the legislature and Middle Tennessee

demanded representation. Hays and Overton in their big-brotherly attitude toward Jackson heard with misgivings that he would accept the appointment. The court was required to ride circuit and Jackson had constantly expressed his desire to stay at home. An inconsistent person! a fellow cursed with a boyish passion for trying his hand at any new game that offered. The salary of the judgeship was only \$600 and Jackson could earn many times that amount by practising, law. They would ask Rachel's assistance in persuading him to refuse the office. But Rachel was ready with an answer.

"I'm not going to say a word to him about it," she replied. "He knows all about the hard traveling and the poor pay, but he says if the people want him and the legislature is willing to give it to him he'll take it. The way he legislative it is it? him duty. he looks at it, it's his duty. There are a lot of mighty poor people in the state and if they get into trouble and have to go to law he thinks there ought to be somebody on the court who'll be just to them. He really likes traveling around and seeing folks and telling them how to work their land. And feeling as he does

about it, the small pay doesn't count, for he'd take it if there wasn't any salary at all."

As Hays had married a Donelson, he knew the intense loyalty of the women of the clan to their husbands and did not attempt to reply.

The Imps of Evil, enraged by the tranquil course of affairs at Hunter's Hill, were plotting against its peace. Jackson had hardly taken up his judicial duties before Allison, away off in Philadelphia, got into financial difficulties.

The men to whom Jackson had assigned Allison's notes looked to the Tennesseean for payment—an undreamed-of calamity. With young republic in the throes of a panic, credit quickly tightened on the frontier. The za; the trade down the Mississippi was hazardous and yielded meager returns

Jackson shut himself in his Nashville office and covered sheets of paper with calculations. The balance was heavily against him. He cursed his folly, struck the table a savage blow and sprang to his feet. The knowledge that he was ruined only roused his fighting blood. He was exhilarated by the fact that he now had a task before him that would demand his full powers. An hour's intent thought to the accompaniment of a savage scraping of the quill and he had planned a readjustment of his affairs that would bring him out on safe ground; but it would take time. Here was the bitterness of it, that the whole thing couldn't be

"I've struck hard times," he announced to Rachel when he reached home. "Allison has failed and I'm in a tight corner."

She rose quickly from her spinning-wheel and laid her hands on his shoulders. "Nothing's ever as bad as it seems, my dear. If we've struck bad times we'll make them better."

In spite of the courage in his eyes she knew he was hard hit. Pacing the floor he told her; not sparing himself, the story of the disaster. He would pull out of it, he kept reiterating; he wouldn't let the catastrophe break him

"Of course it will come out all right, dear!"
"You have faith in me, haven't you?" he demanded. "I hate it more for you than for my-

manded. "I hate it more for you than for myself. But we're not going to whimper or let anybody know I'm licked."
"No one would ever dare say you're licked," she said, her eyes shining with love and admiration.

"The worst of it is I'll have to let this place, and we've been mighty happy here. That's go, and we've been mighty happy here. That's the worst of it. But we'll have another home

the worst of it. But we'll have another home; you needn't be afraid that I won't keep a roof over your head!"
"I wouldn't care if you didn't as long as we have each other. We'll never give up hope, my dearest."
"We'll not leave the Cumberland; we're going to stay right here!" he exclaimed beligerently as if someone had threatened to drive

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him from the land he loved. "The debts must be paid first. I couldn't leave until that's done. But it might be better to go to a new place and begin all over again. Natchez-New Orleans—"

He was again pacing the floor, his brows knit, his eyes snapping with the intensity of his thoughts as he tried to project himself into the

future. As he passed her she caught his hand and smiled as he clasped her cheeks.

"I don't believe you mind at all! Any other woman would cry if her husband told her he was ruined and she had to leave her home."

"Of course we're not going to cry, and as for "Of course we're not going to cry, and as for leaving this place it would be all right if you told me we had to camp in the woods for the rest of our lives." She bent her head for a moment and then repeated slowly, smiling where her memory failed to yield the words: "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge . . . Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried . . . "

Her lips quivered, the smile faded; he clasped

her in his arms and their tears mingled.

Out of the wreck it would be possible to save a section of land eight miles from Nashville the Clover Bottom tract of sixty acres included—and there they would set up a new home. They rode together to choose the site with as much enthusiasm as if it were to be first adventure in home-building.

"We can get along with a smaller house than we've had at Hunter's Hill," the cautious Rachel suggested.

But the house, when they moved into it, proved to be quite as large and comfortable as the domicile they abandoned at Hunter's Hill. He had been forced to sell much land, a number of his slaves and a part of his live stock;

but he managed to keep the best of his horses.
"One of these days," he remarked as they ate their first supper in the new house, "I'll give you the kind of a home you deserve. Bad luck isn't going to follow me always!"
"The worst thing about leaving Hunter's

Hill is losing the name. What shall we call the new place?"

"The Hermitage," said Jackson instantly.
"It's been running round in my head ever

since I knew we had to move. As we came here in our day of trouble I like to think of it as a sort of refuge. When I'm away I can remember I've got it to rest in. Hermitage has a peaceful

sound, someway."

There was something a little plaintive in those last words, Rachel thought. Peace! She knew in her heart that peace was to be

forever his unattainable goal.

They left more behind them at Hunter's Hill than they knew. From the golden haze of romance in which they had lived they emerged into the realm of pitiless reality. Harassed by debt, he drove himself hard; often ill, he became increasingly irascible. Opposition sharp-ened his temper to a keen edge. On the bench, with the prescribed black robe

of the bench, with the prescribed black robe of the judgeship draped upon his narrow shoulders, he was subdued by the dignity of his position; but any trifling by witness or counsel would invite sharp reprimand and if the offender cared to continue the discussion outside the court-room the honorable Andrew

was ready with fists or pistol.

No man carrying his head so high could fail to incur enmities. Even about Nashville there were those who resented his lordly airs and assumption of superiority. His very impatience of pettiness, evasion and delay were exasperating to men slow of thought and action. He knew that at Knoxville and Jonesboro there were men anxious for a chance to crush him if he manifested further political ambitions. He became morbidly suspicious, imagining opposition where none existed. Public offices were beginning to be sought zealously where formerly they had been accepted from a sense of duty. A fierce clan spirit marked the newly-formed factions and Jackson, loving and hating with equal intensity, rejoiced at the prospect of battle.

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Fowler confided to Overton his hope that Jackson would be content with the judgeship and not enter the lists for other offices.

"No!" cried Overton wrathfully. got another idea now. He wants to be major-general of the militia! God knows I'm for him for anything he wants, but it's a mistake for him to try for it against Sevier. He'll be beaten as sure as sunrise. Sevier has an old grudge against Jackson and he means to pay it off. The first time Andy went to Philadelphia he picked up a story from some traveler that forged Tennessee land warrants had been sold by North Carolina officials. As the land was intended for veterans of the Revolution, Jackson was indignant and wrote a letter to the Governor of North Carolina reporting what he had heard. Sevier had bought-innocently some of the forged warrants. He learned that Jackson had instigated the investigation and he's been waiting for a chance to strike back. Jackson uses bad judgment in picking enemies! Sevier's twice been governor of this state. He's the most popular man in East Tenneessee!"

"Jackson should withdraw from the con-test," said Fowler decisively. "You'd better tell him so when you go to Knoxville for the next court."

At Knoxville Overton found the mountains rocking. The hero of King's Mountain was roaring his indignation that the young man from the Cumberland should seek the majorgeneralship. Jackson's own highly trained powers of invective were severely taxed to meet the vituperations of his enemy. In Jackson's room at the tavern Overton,

who deplored all violence, gently suggested that it was high time the war was ended.
"My God!" shouted Jackson. "You ask me

to make peace with Sevier! The scoundrel is spreading scandal about me. He lies about me wherever he can find a coward to listen.

"He's bitter about the land scandal. You've ot to remember that he's just as sensitive about his honor as you are about yours. This thing's going to injure you if you don't with-

draw

"By the Eternal, I'll not quit! I swear I didn't know he had bought any of the forged warrants when I wrote the Governor of North Carolina what I'd heard. I had no idea of getting Sevier into trouble. My brother-inlaw Stockley Donelson bought some of that 'and and he's an honest man. Just listen to this letter he's written about me." He whipped a paper out of his pocket and jerked it open with a snap. "Listen to this, John Overton!" Choking with wrath, Jackson snarled out the words: "I shall give no heed to the scurrilous expressions of a poor, pitiful, pettifogging lawyer and shall treat them with the contempt they deserve.' I'll ask you, John Overton, whether you expect me to let that pass! He's written other letters—and I've got 'em—try-ing to blast my reputation—damning me all over East Tennessee!

"I wouldn't pay any attention to them," said Overton stoutly. "He wants the major-generalship and I'd retire in his favor. You'll

make friends by doing it."

"Retire! I'll be damned if I retire! I'll measure my strength against Sevier's for any office in Tennessee! He's libeling me; he's

office in Tennessee! He's libeling me; he's trying to injure my professional standing!"

"He signed your commission as judge; he might have prevented your election by the legislature," Overton ventured mildly.

"He didn't dare prevent it," Jackson declared in the grand manner of his perverse moods. "I know now why he didn't oppose moods. "I know now why he didn't oppose me for the judgeship, he thought they'd stiel. me for the judgeship; he thought they'd stick me on the bench so I wouldn't be in his way when he runs for governor again! But while I can sit a horse they'll not get rid of me so damned easy!'

The militia officers met, with excitement running high, to elect the major-general. Overton, fearing trouble no matter which of the hotblooded aspirants should be victor, had lingered in Knoxville to hear the decision. The news that Jackson was elected was brought



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avern greeted

to the tavern by his jubilant, cheering parti-sans. There had been a tie and Sevier's sucessor in the governor's chair had cast the deciding vote.

The boy in Jackson was again awake. He as commander of an army!

He viewed the landscape with a new pride and satisfaction as he rode home, like a king re-

inicing in the glory of his kingdom.

Rachel, proud of his victory, nevertheless calized that the new office meant more labor, ing absences, serious interference with his other pursuits. She didn't want her valiant lover to be a soldier! But even more regretable, he had added to his list of enemies.

table, he had added to his list of enemies.

"Can't you afford to be generous toward General Sevier now?" she asked. "He's had things his own way so long he's sure to be terribly hurt at being beaten. You ought to tell him you didn't mean to injure him when you told about the land warrants."

"Apologize to that ruffian!" Jackson flared.
"Not for a million acres of the best land on this continent would I go om my knees to John

continent would I go on my knees to John

She knew that an appeal to his magnanimity such a case was wasted; but if she had asked help for a poor immigrant or leniency for a thieving slave he would not have denied her.

"I love you so much, my dearest one! It's

a gief to me that everyone doesn't know how just and kind you are!"
"I wouldn't hurt you for all the world," he replied, all gentleness. "But a man must protect himself; you wouldn't have me let them trample me under foot!"

No man, she knew, could trample her fiery, assion-driven lover under foot and live. The knowledge added nothing to her happiness.

Fowler, at Jonesboro buying cattle for his broadening pastures, awaited the coming of Jackson on the outskirts of the town. A session of the court was at hand and Jackson's tardiness in arriving had given his friend con-tern. He saw him afar off, his horse at a walk, in marked contrast to Jackson's usual headlong speed. On nearer approach it was evident that something was amiss. Jackson, his head bent and his legs swinging free of the stirrups, swayed in the saddle like a drunken man. Fowler galloped out to meet him and seized the bridle-rein.

"Jackson!" he cried. "For God's sake, what's the matter?"

"Matter?" Jackson muttered, passing a

"Matter?" Jackson muttered, passing a shaking hand across his eyes. He was not drunk, Fowler satisfied himself, but very sick and near collapse.

You should have stopped somewhere and

not kept the road!"

"I'm late-bad roads-keeping the court waiting." Jackson dragged the words out with

"You're in no condition to hold court! You
"You're in no condition to hold court! You

"You're in no condition to hold court! You mustn't go into town; I'll ride back with you to the first house and put you up there."
"Not go into town—go back? Why in hell should I go back!" Jackson demanded, thoroughly aroused by the intimation that there were reasons why he should retreat. He pulled himself together and snatched the rein. "Who says I mustn't go to Jonesboro? I'm judge of the court, sir; I'd like to see anybody stop me!" "You're a sick man; I can see the fever in your eyes. You'd better come back where it's

"You're a sick man; I can see the fever in your eyes. You'd better come back where it's quiet and stay till you're well again."
"Don't you talk like a fool! There's nothing the matter with me. I know what's afoot. They're threatening me in Jonesboro! A handfall of cowards! Assassins of character! By the Eternal! Till show 'em whether they can gare me! Get out of your way sir. I'm eye to stare me! Get out of my way, sir, I'm going to ide the scoundrels down!"

Fowler's attempts to explain that not a few iemies but a considerable mob threatened the udge with violence only strengthened Jackson's

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determination to face his enemies. Jackson, bow seemingly clear in his mind, rode into the town as if inviting attack, his burning eyes fixed straight ahead. The crowd about the town greeted him with jeers and hisses, not Forhan's for the gums



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knowing that the implacable figure kept the saddle only by sheer force of will. There was something ominous, terrifying in his deliberate advance to the tavern door.

"Here's the rascal now!" yelled a voice.
"Yes; I'm here, you curs!" Jackson shouted,
surveying the crowd contemptuously.
His head throbbed like a drum and his

His head throbbed like a drum and his tongue was like a clapper in his mouth. Failing in the effort to spring from his saddle with his usual agility, he was obliged to accept the landlord's assistance. But he walked steadily into the inn, the crowd falling back, struck with fear by his drawn face and eyes afire with fury.

fury.

Fowler fetched a doctor, but after two days in bed Jackson took his place on the bench. No one would have guessed how passionate a heart beat under his black robe!

Sevier was filling the town with denunciations of the judge from Middle Tennessee. Nolichucky Jack was Sevier's sobriquet; a warrior to his finger-tips, invincible in battle against all foes white or red.

against all foes white or red.

As he poured forth his feelings to a crowd in the public square the appearance of Jackson, emerging from the court-house, fired the veteran to fiercer vituperation. Jackson, freeing himself from the restraining hands of friends, mounted a cask in full view of his enemy. Their recriminations boomed across the square like artillery fire. Sevier, having gathered the crowd, was wrought to new fury at being obliged to divide the stage.

at being obliged to divide the stage.
"The only public service Andrew Jackson ever rendered," he bellowed, "was to run away with another man's wife!"

"My God!" cried Jackson. "Do you dare mention her sacred name! I swear you shall die for this!"

In the tavern, ink flowed as Jackson penned a challenge, to be delivered forthwith by a swift messenger.

swift messenger.
Seconds were chosen, time and place agreed upon; but at the appointed hour Sevier failed to appear.

For two days Jackson nursed his pistol. When they met it was by chance on the road to Knoxville, where the court was to meet. Both men, attended by their respective retunues, halted like bodies of contending knights. Sevier was arrayed for battle and wore his sword. A violent exchange of words and Jackson, waving a cane, spurred toward his foe. In his frantic attempt to dismount, Sevier's legs became entangled with his sword belt and he fell to the ground. As he lay on his back trying to kick his legs free of the belt, Jackson, scorning to touch the fallen man, did not scruple to curse him with blistering crithets.

scruple to curse him with blistering epithets. Their friends, taking advantage of this anticlimax, urged peace and the two companies rode into Knoxville with a truce established.

But the insinuation, flung into the marketplace at Jonesboro, that his relations with Rachel had been touched with dishonor, left a gaping wound in Jackson's heart. If one tongue cast this reproach upon Rachel, others might be equally vile. He could defend his own honor, but where was there adequate punishment for a slanderer of his wife? It was monstrous and intolerable that anyone should speak otherwise than with affection and admiration of the woman he loved.

That Sevier should have done this thing when he had known her from childhood, fought beside her father and knew all the circumstances of her unhappy marriage with Robards, was incredible. Never by the slightest hint should Rachel know that a man she believed her friend would reflect upon her chastity.

A latent morbid strain in Jackson's Scotch-Irish blood intensified. The men who hated him would strike at Rachel—make war upon a woman. Sevier had proved that. He became even gentler, tenderer toward her than before.

On the fore-deck of a majestic barge, sumptuous in all its appointments, Colonel Burr, his head bared to the gentle airs of May, sipped wine and conversed with Lady Melderode. For good and sufficient reasons her ladyship



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was now addio of Mrs. Rivin not far behind tendant negre cretion compe which she was to New Orlear Her meeting if anyone ma as old friends in Philadelphia

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The colonel panion was no much of the wist now filled through golde man named Bigure, was amkingdoms. Ti

conquest.

His career is the mountain proved his postor the Preside Alexander Ha affair at Weel other chance

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"You go far are talking tre And treason I please my ene eneck. I much "Always the in you! But women in you how may I !

empress?"
"Softly! The will not fashion to sit on. We sit is in my pla Nashville. The breed. Once I there I can press But I must m Jackson is the chief of the mil sure of him."
"Ah, it's I

I must see hi talks at Philad but he was n fessed interest overland from There is nothin own little bar would not sp woman may the red people Burr frowne

suggestion tha ville. "You must

very strict ide

was now addressed by the more plebeian title of Mrs. Rivington. A second barge trailing not far behind carried her baggage and an attendant negress and became, whenever discretion compelled it, her private transport on which she was making her way down the Ohio to New Orleans.

Her meeting with Colonel Burr had been if anyone made inquiry—purely incidental. As old friends, whose acquaintance had begun in Philadelphia when the colonel's star was still ascendent, there was no reason why she should not visit him aboard his barge, which offered hyuries not provided by her humbler craft.

meteric was no reason why sale should not visit him aboard his barge, which offered hauries not provided by her humbler craft.

The colonel was in fine humor. His companion was not only amusing but she had seen much of the world and the colonel's mind was just now filled with dreams that danced afar through golden vistas. In Europe a young man named Bonaparte, somewhat of his own igure, was amusing himself by shaking up the tingdoms. The colonel too had his dreams of conquest.

His career in the world to the eastward of the mountains was closed; and yet he had proved his powers; he had tied with Jefferson for the Presidency. If his bullet hadn't pierced Mexander Hamilton's side in that unhappy affair at Weehawken, he might have had another chance at the highest place.

"My dear Fanny!" he exclaimed, taking his companion's hand as they sat side by side watching the shadows deepen along the shores, "what a happy thought of mine—or yours—to bring you along. I'm sorry that you can't always share the entertainments where I land, but to do so would be to occasion remark among these simple people. I should have fared better if I had turned my back on New York long ago and thrown in my lot with these splendid western folk. But it's not too late to begin anew? Tell me it's not, my dear Fanny."
"It's never too late for a man of your talents,

"It's never too late for a man of your talents, my little colonel!" she replied in her soft puring tones. "This country can never be held together; it is bound to break in two. Nature gave the mountains to divide it and these noble western rivers give the people an outlet of their own to the southern sea. If I understand your maps the west, if free of the seaboard states, can sweep clear to Mexico. But why pause there with all South America ready for conquering? Your dream is very beautiful!"

Colonel Burr smiled indulgently.

"You go far too fast, my dear Fanny. You are talking treason to the American republic!

And treason has an ugly sound. It would please my enemies to draw a rope about my arch."

please my enemies to draw a rope about my neck. I much prefer your arms, my sweet!"
"Always the gallant! I wish I could believe in you! But there have been far too many women in your life. If you gain an empire, how may I be sure that I shall reign as empress?"

"Softly! These very shores have ears! I will not fashion me a scepter till I have a throne to sit on. We shall soon reach the Cumberland; it is in my plans to cut across the country to Nashville. Those Tennesseeans are a fighting breed. Once I enlist a trustworthy lieutenant there I can press on south with more confidence. But I must make my approaches cautiously. Jackson is the man I need—once senator, now chief of the militia of his state. But I can't be sure of him."

is

25

"Ah, it's bis domain we are invading? I must see him myself, my colonel. In our alks at Philadelphia I threatened to visit him, but he was most discouraging when I prosessed interest in the savages. You will go overland from the mouth of the Cumberland? There is nothing to prevent my keeping to my own little barge and arriving after you? I would not spoil your plans. I dare say a woman may travel alone safely even among the red people."

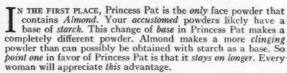
Burr frowned, evidently not pleased by the suggestion that she would follow him to Nash-ville.

"You must have a care! These people have very strict ideas. It would awaken prejudices if they suspected—well—"



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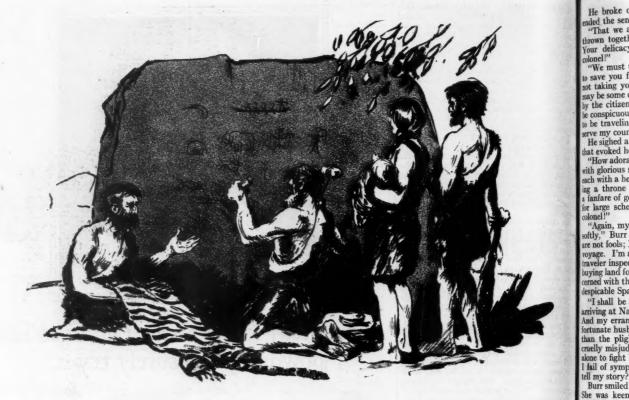
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City and State.



When the Subscribers Had to Circulate

THE Irvin Cobbs of earlier eras were lucky if 1 their stories got one printing—and circulation depended upon the number of Neanderthals who passed by and paused to chuckle over the story depicted.

Yet even then, probably, the shrewd merchant of hand-carved clubs or tiger-skin evening wraps displayed his wares beside the graven story.

Naturally, in this day of publishing perfection, manufacturers place their messages alongside the stories and articles of Irvin S. Cobb, Will Durant and others-in Cosmopolitan.

They reach 1,600,000 well-to-do families who live in cities and towns and who have the means to gratify their desires. Cosmopolitan advertising revenue is increasing because such an outstanding medium is profitable!

Hearst's

He broke o ended the sen thrown togeth Your delicacy "We must to save you f

not taking yo may be some by the citizen

be conspicuou to be travelin erve my cour He sighed a that evoked h "How adora with glorious ach with a he ing a throne a fanfare of go for large sche

"Again, my softly," Burr are not fools; royage. I'm a buying land fo despicable Spa "I shall be arriving at Na And my erran fortunate hush than the plig cruelly misjud I fail of symp tell my story? Burr smiled

He must be surmises as t If things did a defend himself be a spy sent "My dear F your husband

comfort.

carelessly.

"Somewhere
Does he not point me? My are sent from I

"Surely no Fanny! Butwho caught you never explained after you part see that left m

now but a war little colonel, Night was boatmen point "That's a s Cumberland,"

must return t nuisance! At prised when w "At Nashvi meeting! Resito you. I sha to show me t streams and h quite thrilled ferocious Jack

Colonel B pay a vis unexpected lady; enen and comp public bat ment of N He broke off with a slight shrug and she nded the sentence for him.

1928

"That we are somewhat more than friends thrown together by the exigencies of travel? Your delicacy is most delightful, my dear

colone!!"
"We must use sense, my dear Fanny! It's to save you from embarrassment that I am not taking you with me to Nashville. There may be some demonstrations of good will there by the citizens; as my companion you would be conspicuous. It is better for me to appear be traveling alone, with no thought but to

serve my country."

He sighed and looked up at the sky in a way that evoked her light rippling laugh.

that evoked her light rippling laugh.

"How adorable you are, with your head filled with glorious schemes! You and Bonaparte—ach with a hemisphere! I can see you mounting a throne in the halls of Montezuma to a fanfare of golden trumpets! You were born for large schemes of high emprise, my little colone!" colonel

"Again, my dear, I beg you to speak more softly," Burr admonished. "These boatmen are not fools; I can see they are puzzled by my I'm anxious they shall regard me as a traveler inspecting the country with a view to buying land for a colony; only incidentally concerned with the defense of the frontier from the despicable Spaniards."

"I shall be a pattern of discretion, my dear, arriving at Nashville several days behind you. And my errand is to search for my dear unfortunate husband. Could anything be sadder than the plight of a woman whose husband cruelly misjudges and deserts her—leaves her alone to fight her battles in the world? Could I fail of sympathy wherever it seems wise to tell my story?"

Burr smiled his appreciation of her mockery. She was keen-rather too clever for perfect comfort.

He must be careful not to encourage her surmises as to the purpose of his journey.
If things did not go well he must be ready to defend himself, and for all he knew she might

be a spy sent by his enemies to watch him.

"My dear Fanny, you do not really believe your husband is still in existence?" he asked

"Somewhere, beyond doubt, my little colonel! Does he not pay into a bank stingy little sums for me? My New York banker tells me they are sent from England but never a word beyond

"Surely not trifling sums, my luxurious Fanny! But—there was the brother-in-law who caught your fancy; what of him? You've never explained why he failed to marry you after you parted from his lordship."

"Ah, he died—killed while hunting! You can see that left me in a very pretty plight! I am now but a wanderer. Without your love, my little colonel, I should be wholly desolate!"

Night was creening over the Ohio. The

Night was creeping over the Ohio. The boatmen pointed ahead to the southern bank, where lights began to glimmer through the dusk

"That's a settlement at the mouth of the Cumberland," said Burr, rising briskly. "You must return to your own barge, my dearest nuisance! At Nashville we must be quite surprised when we meet!"

"At Nashville we shall be amazed by our meeting! Bust accounted Labell not be a trouble."

meeting! Rest assured I shall not be a trouble to you. I shall tease the knightly Sir Andrew to show me the beauties of his forests and streams and he will keep me occupied. I am quite thrilled at the prospect of meeting my lerocious Jackson again!"

Colonel Burr and Lady Melderode pay a visit to Nashville where an unexpected reception is given the lady; enemies of Jackson multiply and compel him to fight a terrific public battle-in the May Instalment of Nicholson's stirring novel



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Red Cheeks

(Continued from page 55)

God was a watchful, malevolent old man with whiskers. He was hard to please and was forever laying snares to trap the unwary. She was afraid of God. Love, gentleness and pity were maternal rather than divine qualities.

Needless to say, the girl was never permitted to see the inside of a theater—no great depri-vation in her case as the village where she lived was too small to support one—neither was she allowed to dance or to sing anything except hymns. This was a trial, for there was music in her heart and joy in her every move-ment. Not until she was fourteen years old did she learn that her mother had been on the stage or that she had an Aunt Belle Grant. en the discovery came by accident.

One rainy afternoon she went to play in the attic and something prompted her to open an old trunk which she had never before explored. What she found amazed and puzzled her profoundly. That trunk turned out to be a mine of treasures. It was filled with dresses of a style she had never seen and of a richness wholly unfamiliar. They were of silk and satin and some of them glit-tered with beads and spangles; they were

Nellie Belle ran trembling hands over them, she pressed them to her cheek and thrilled at the reeling of them against her skin. She held them up against her body and strutted, preening and admiring herself like a peacock.

There was a light blue satin coat unlike anything she had ever seen. She slipped into it and regarded herself proudly in a broken mirror, all but dislocating her neck in the process. It was "sticky out" around the bottom and of elegant lines

In the trunk was still another treasure in the shape of a box of jewelry. In Arne Hansen's eyes the wearing of jewelry was a sin, hence Nellie Belle had never been permitted to own o much as a plain finger-ring; it was not remarkable, therefore, that she took these stage trinkets to be real.

Now the girl had a lively imagination and her amazement soon turned to doubt, then to apprehencion. How had her father a poor man, come by these gems and these silks and satinc? And if they had been honestly come by, why were they so carefully concealed? She asked he self these and other questions. Plainly there was something clandertine, something sinister back of this. There could be but one explanation. Arne Hansen a carpenter indeed! He was a robber, a bandit and she had discovered his cache.

Nellie Belle's eyes widened, a shiver of mingled ecstasy and horror chilled her blood A bandit's daughter! This explained much about her father; no wonder he was grim and harsh.

Of course her mother knew nothing about it and must never be told—— But wait! This was her mother's trunk and yonder in the till were certain discarded articles of her very own. Horrors! The truth was plain at last. They were a pair of thieves! This was a robber's den and she, Nellie Belle, was doubtless being reared for a life of crime.

There was a thrill not wholly disagreeable in thinking of her father as a dashing highwayman; it was quite another matter to realize that her mother was his guilty accomplice. And yet if this was not loot why had these dresses, this jewelry never been worn?

The excitement died out of Nellie Belle, she experienced a sick feeling at the pit of her stomach. There was but one thing to do: she must force a confession from her mother and shame her into leading a better life. Together they could perhaps make an honest man of

She heard her mother on the floor below and called her—it was a time for desperate measures. Alas, her darkest fears were confirmed, for at sight of the open trunk and of Nellie Belle



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in that blue satin coat Mrs. Hansen's face underwent a change. The smile faded from her derwent a change.

lips, sharply she inquired:
"What are you doing in those things? Take
off that coat this minute."

The girl felt suddenly faint. She tried to frame the accusation that lay upon her tongue but could only stammer.

More gently her mother went on, "If your father saw you I don't know what he'd do."
"Mother! Wh-what does it mean?" Nellie Belle could feel tears smarting in her eyes.

"Where did you get these—these beautiful things? Oh, Mother! Tell me."

For a guilty woman Mrs. Hansen behaved queerly. She took one of the dresses to the attic window, shook it out and regarded it with a ghost of a smile.

"I made most of them. I used to think they were lovely. Goodness! What ails you?" Nellie Belle had run to her mother and

sought shelter in her arms. She did not answer.
"Why, you're trembling, dear. What's the

"N-nothing."

"Well, now that you've seen these costumes I suppose I'll have to tell you all about them. I guess you're old enough to know, anyhow. They're stage dresses— My! They are pretty, aren't they? Before you were born, and even up to the time you were quite a baby, I used to slip off up here and look at these dresses. Cry over them, too. I was having a—a fight with myself, those days." The speaker went to the trunk and from somewhere in it she unearthed a number of photographs, the "N-nothing." when to the tunns and nome of the which she unearthed a number of photographs, the which she regarded with that same wistful smile. "I never showed you these, because your father objected but—that's how I used to look and that's my sister, your Aunt Belle Creat."

"My aunt! Oh, Mother! How beautiful! And you, too. You were a Here was something increcible. You were an-an actress!"

"Yes, dear. Or what you'd call an actress. Don't look so shocked. Actors and actresses are no worse than other people. That's just an idea of your father's."

"But I never knew you had a sister. When

did she die?"

Mrs. Hansen evaded this question. "He didn't want you to know but—let's sit down. I'll tell you all about it."

The speaker seated herself upon the trunk and hungrily eyed the photographs, one by one.

Then she began talking.

To her eager listener it was a recital more amazing than any story she had ever read and infinitely better than any fairy-story because it was real. The girl's ideas of things theatrical were vague, they were colored by random words she had read or heard; and now while her mother spoke she allowed her fancy to

paint pictures.

To begin with, theaters were enormous, splendid buildings bathed inside and out with dazzling lights; they were filled with gor-geously beautiful women and handrome men in "full evening dress." The actors and actresses were supermen and superwomen and they did wonderful things. They sang, they danced, they bowed and gestured with indescribable grace. They recited "pieces," they made jokes. They tamed lions and threw their pieces like ventril they work in the control of the contr voices like ventriloquists, they did mystifying feats of magic and stood on their heads. There was band music, too, and shouting and handclapping.

To think that her mother had possessed the

talent, the cleverness to entertain hundreds, thousands of people by throwing her voice and -and turning hand-springs; that she had not merely seen shows but had actually taken part in them was almost more than Nellie Belle could credit. Questions, interruptions, exclamations tumbled from her lips.

More than once Mrs. Hansen smiled; patiently she tried to describe vaudeville life as she had known it and to tell something about that old act of the "Two Little Girls in Blue." Finally in response to Nellie Belle's urging she put on the blue costume, or what was left of it, arranged trunks and broken chairs to indicate stage entrances and exits and then ran through the opening number.

The girl was entranced. "Two Little Girls in Blue" was a heavenly song, its melody was haunting and its sentiment was deliciously sad Her mother's graceful gestures and rhythmic movements, too, were a revelation. Nellie Belle had never heard singing like this. She clamored for more, more.

amored for more, more.

When her mother went swiftly into the old song and dance which began: "Strolling by the brook, right over there, I met a maiden young and fair," Nellie Belle laughed and

crowed and clapped her hands delightedly.

The singer finally collapsed, out of breath, whereupon the girl embraced her and cried:

"Oh, Mama! It's wonderful. It's—it's beautiful, too. Why, I never knew dancing was

Mrs. Hansen's bosom was rising and falling, she laughed nervously, then, of a sudden, she choked, her shoulders heaved and she hid her face in her hands. It was several moments before she could stop her hysterical sobbing. Nellie Belle assumed that this unexpected outburst of emotion was prompted by memories of her Aunt Belle, and she reasoned that the latter must have passed away under sad and tragic circumstances. She acted the part of com forter as best she could, but almost before her

mother's eyes had dried she asked imploringly:
"You'll teach me to do that, won't you'

"Oh, your father would never—"
"Please! I don't care if it is wicked. I want to do it. I— It's beautiful." "Wicked? That's nonsense

is too narrow about some things. "Goody! I want to be an actress."
"Nellie Belle!" Mrs. Hansen was genuinely

"Oh, I do! I've got to be. It's something 've wanted always and didn't know it. But I know it now. I know what-what things inside of me—things I want to do and can't—I know what they mean." The girl was all but incoherent. "If—if you don't teach me I'l—

incoherent. "II—if you don't teach me I'ii—run away and—and join a theater. Oh, Mama! Ple-e-ease! I'il die if you don't."

Mrs. Hansen drew the child into her arms and snuggled her. "All right. I know how you feel. I was like that. But you won't run away from me, ever, will you? Promise me, dear. You—you're all that has kept me from

running away."
"Will you teach me?"
"Why, yes, if you insist. But we mustn't let anybody know. Not even your father." With a cry of gladness Nellie Belle flung her

arms about her mother's neck and kissed her. Why is it that goodly people who abbor wrong-doing and stoutly aver that the wages of sin is death invariably credit the evil-does of their acquaintance with prosperity vastly greater than their own? Arne Hansen, in or their acquantance with prosperity vasing greater than their own? Arne Hansen, in speaking of Belle Grant, always referred to her as a "bejeweled Jezebel" and to her dwelling place as a "gilded palace of sin"; he envisioned her as a woman of great wealth and extrastic place. gance and his resentment at her worldly suc cess was as bitter as his condemnation of her sins. As a matter of fact, nothing could have been more incorrect than his picture of the erring woman.

Time was when Belle Grant, "The Toast of the Coast" as she had been known, possessed her share of jewels and dwelt in the most ornately gilded palace of sin which San Fran-cisco supported—at one time the held become cisco supported—at one time she had her own "house"—but of late she spent most of her time at the round tables of certain Barbary Coast saloons. She was worn and middle-ag and there were times when she had no place to

Presumably a woman who had experienced the rude penalties of her own folly to this extent would be repentant, but not she. She was resentful, to be sure; she smarted under the memories of much injustice, many misfortunes and numerous had benefit to the state of the st and numerous bad breaks, but such regrets as Order

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she had concerned lost opportunities. She did

not yearn to reform.

Nell Hansen had at times regretted the fact that her unfortunate sister had been denied the pains and the pleasures of maternity. Such regrets were wasted. The assumption was wrong, for Belle had experienced the joys and the pangs of something very like motherhood, the story of which goes back to those days of prosperity when, for a while, she rode on the crest.

Into her resort one night had come a young fellow by the name of Eddie Morgan who was agreeably engaged in wasting the fruits of a killing at Tanforan. He was drunk, he stayed at Belle's place for several days; she finally had to take a hand in sobering him up. The boy had an attractive personality and Belle had given him a lecture on the folly of his ways. It was the beginning of a genuine friendship uncolored by the character of its environment and as open as the friendship of two men. Eddie's father had been a horseman and the

boy had been raised in the paddock. He was talented in a dozen directions but his associations were by way of spoiling him. He listened to Belle's advice, thanked her, and ignored it. He went broke and she lent him money. He paid it back and borrowed more. This hap-pened not once but many times. He came to her every week or two with his problems and his difficulties and she helped him to solve them; he fell sick and she nursed him with her own hands

Eddie had a warm, impulsive nature and he had the courage, moreover, to ignore Belle Grant's calling and to pay tribute to those qualities in her which other people never recognized. On her part she grew to idolize

the boy.

Friendships of this sort are not uncommon in

Eddie got into a jam with the police, finally. It was a real jam and the gates of San Quentin yawned for him. Belle squared the matter at considerable cost and sent him East under the promise that he would run straight and make a man of himself. Eddie was thoroughly sobered and frightened for once and no mother and son could have parted with more sincere emotions than did these two.

"You've sure been an ace with me," he told her, "and win or lose I'm all on velvet, after this. I've got no right to ask any more favors but there's one thing you could do for me, if you would."

"I'd give you my last dollar, Eddie," Belle

earnestly declared.
"It isn't that. I'm going to kick in every berry I've cost you . . . I—you—"
The young ne'er-do-well stammered, flushed queerly and then blurted out, "Let's both run straight. I'm off the old stuff; I'd like to know that you were out of this business. It's a rotten racket. It won't get you anywhere. What d'you say?"

"Do you really want me to? Would itmake any difference?" Belle's lips were white

as she voiced the questions.

as she voiced the questions.
"It would make all the difference in the world," he told her honestly. "It would help me a lot. My mother never did much for me, I—I'd like to think of you as — Well, it burns me up to know— You understand to think on you're a burns me up to know— You understand what I'm trying to say. I think you're a corker, Belle."

"It's a go, Eddie."

They shook hands on the compact. Belle went to the train with Eddie Morgan, her eyes were red and her voice broke when she addressed him; she could not finish the sentences she began. More than once she patted his hand and pressed her cheek to his coat sleeve. When he was ready to mount the car steps he put his arms around her and kissed

her on the lips.
"Don't forget," he said. "We're a couple of square guys, eh? If I can make it, you can."

Belle cried all the way back on the ferry and two weeks later she sold her-lease, moved her elaborate belongings into a vacant house in a respectable neighborhood and opened a

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With t entered th rooming-place. She considered it a heroic gesture, a fine sacrifice, but, alas, the outcome was disappointing. Belle Grant had made money in all her illicit undertakings; as an honest woman she failed miserably. Decent people would not rent her rooms; the other sort she refused to have. Inside of a year she was broke. Even middle aged women must eat: Belle took to the streets.

There was a sardonic humor about this which only an Arne Hansen could enjoy. Belle didn't appreciate it.

She never wrote Eddie the truth about her-self; his letters still came to the rooming-house address and occasionally he sent her an instalment on his debt. He was in New York and getting along finely in the show business. He was delighted to know that she was prospering and he encouraged her steadily to carry on.
It certainly paid to walk the straight and narrow, didn't it? Everything he was he owed

Belle reread his letters until they fell apart, for he was her boy, her baby. She no longer remembered his faults and his failures, he was the cleanest, squarest, whitest lad that ever

During the winter that her niece Nellie Belle was eighteen an influenza epidemic swept through the valley where the Hansens dwelt. Arne died and his wife survived him by less than two weeks.

The news came to Belle in a blurry, tear-stained letter written in an unformed hand; it ended in a cry of despair and a yearning plea

for her to come

Nellie Belle Hansen! Nell's child! Her own niece; her one and only living relative. So Nell was dead . . . Belle Grant held the letter in her hand for a long while and fell a prey to memories she had considered dead and buried. Their poignancy surprised her. She felt a sudden sense of utter loneliness, for always she had been aware of Nell's love and had taken it for granted that somewhere, somehow they would meet again and feel their arms around each other.

Well, another dream was out. And Nell's girl was calling her. From this letter it seemed evident that the child was ignorant of the truth

hence it was safe to heed her cry.

Pennyville, where the Hansens had made their home, was off the railroad, it was served by a concrete road, white and clean, over which ran a clean, shiny motor-bus. To the visitor, accustomed to smoke and soot and city filth the whole valley was clean and green and immaculate.

The people whom Belle Grant saw were freshfaced and smiling. She was directed to a house that she would have recognized as Arne Hansen's, for nobody but a stage carpenter

could have built it.

Nor was it necessary for aunt and niece to introduce themselves; in the girl who came flying down the path Belle saw her younger sister as she had been twenty years before and in the stylish stranger at the gate Nellie Belle recognized the beautiful aunt of her dreams. With an aching cry of gladness the girl sought

shelter in the visitor's emb-acc.

How pretty, how simple, how clean she was, thought the latter. She wondered if there were

any telltale odors upon her own breath.

"Let me look at you," she said finally and held Nellie Belle off, scrutinizing her through misty lashes. "You have your mother's features and her coloring. But—you're even nettier."

"Oh, no! Mother was beautiful. I thought she was the most beautiful woman in the world until I saw your pictures. You look just like them I'd have known you anywhere. Mother talked them I'd have known you anywhere. Mother talked about you almost constantly after Father died. I—was afraid you wouldn't get my letter or—or that you wouldn't come. She kept saying she was better right up to the end. Oh, Aunt Belle!" Again the speaker abruptly hid her face in Belle Grant's bosom and clung to her, shaking. "I'm so glad you're here."
With their arms around each other the two her, shaking. "I'm so glad you're nere.
With their arms around each other the two



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That was the beginning of a trying experience for Belle Grant. Nellie had taken to her instantly and as they became better acquainted she opened like a flower. Her affection was spontaneous, sincere; she hung upon Belle's every word, she waited on her in a fluttering eagerness to please, she regarded her with shining eyes and made shy, embarrassed excuses to touch her, to hold her hand, to caress her.

The aunt was both flattered and dismayed. She badly felt the need of a bracer and a cigaret; more than once she caught herself fumbling in her beaded bag where reposed a flask and "the makings."

Plainly Nell had not revealed the reason for

Plainly Nell had not revealed the reason for the breach between her sister and herself and had bequeathed to her child all the love, all the admiration, all the worship she had felt for Belle when she was Nellie's age. It was a legacy that deeply moved the visitor and dissolved away any bitterness in her mouth. During the course of the day she learned a good deal about the mother's starved life and

During the course of the day she learned a good deal about the mother's starved life and it seemed to her that Nell's lot had been even harder than her own. The sole reward for nearly twenty years of sacrifice, of poverty, of disappointment, on Nell's part, stood here in the person of this eager, red-cheeked girl.

the person of this eager, red-cheeked girl.
Nellie Belle turned out to be surprisingly ingenuous for a girl her age and incredibly ignorant of the world—that was Arne's doing. She had no means, no occupation; she was living on from day to day until the house was sold to settle the family debts.
"What are your plans?" the aunt inquired.

"What are your plans?" the aunt inquired.
"Oh, my plans are all made but I wanted to
get your advice. I want to go on the stage."
"I'm not on the stage. I'm afraid my

advice

"But you have been. And you still look like an—an actress. You're so stylish and lovely! Mother wasn't stylish; she didn't have the money to dress as beautifully as you do. She was always tired and pale; you have such a pretty color in your cheeks. Your lips are red and your lashes are dark."

Belle marveled that any girl of eighteen could be ignorant of rouge and lip-sticks and mascaro.

"It takes training to go on the stage," she ventured somewhat doubtfully.

"Oh, I've studied. I've worked like every-thing."

thing."
"Indeed? I thought your father—"

"Father never knew anything about it. It was our secret. Will you let me show you what I can do? Please! I'm dying to get your oninion."

When she had assented and the girl had left the room Belle drew a deep breath of relief. Ever since learning the condition of the Hansen affairs she had been asking herself what was to become of Nellie. Here perhaps was the answer.

It was some little time before Nellie Belle returned; when she did her aunt uttered a low cry and half rose from her chair; she leaned forward staring as if at an apparition, for it was Nellie's mother whom she saw. The girl wore a strangely familiar, flaring, knee-length satin coat of baby blue and a picture hat with a white plume. Nell's opening costume! She entered the room as if at a music cue and she began singing in a sweet untrained voice, for all the world like her mother's.

Belle Grant's head spun dizzily. "Two Little Girls in Blue"! She hadn't thought of that song in years. Was this some prank or was the girl trying to torture her? The old "business," too, and the old gestures! Even Nell's carriage and her smile! Yes, and the singer was in deadly earnest, she sang the banal words with all the sincerity, all the feeling in her. It was grotesque, terrible. Apparition, indeed!

Belle Grant saw before her the ghost of her own youth and innocence, and it was smiling, smirking, cutting capers. Memories awoke, unfamiliar wraiths stirred themselves and moved through her mind. She felt like screaming, "Stop! Stop!" Nellie Belle finished the song and backed off through the door with arms outstretched, reappearing almost instantly minus coat and hat. Her feet and her body were moving in rhythm to another and a livelier tune.

"Strolling by the brook, right over there" she made a gesture—"I met a maiden young and fair. Golden was the color of her hair." She raised a hand to her flaxen head.

She raised a hand to her laxen head.

Merciful heaven! She proposed to go through the entire act, Belle told herself.

That is precisely what the girl intended doing, but her aunt interrupted with an anguished wail and bent forward, hiding her face.

Never in her most intoxicated moments had Belle Grant wept as she did now. Nellie Belle was a long while in quieting her.

It was an hour later; the story of that rainy afternoon in the attic had been told. Mrs. Hansen, it seemed, had taught her daughter all she knew and the latter was eager to hear her aunt's verdict upon her accomplishments. Guardedly the visitor inquired, "Have you ever seen a vaudeville show, Nellie?"

"Goodness! I've never seen any kind of a show." The speaker laughed ruefully. "I've never been anywhere nor seen anything, but—I try to sing and to act exactly as Mother did."

"Yes! You startled me." There was a moment of silence. "Your voice is better than hers, or mine." Nellie uttered a rapturous cry. "But shows are different now, my dear. Tastes have changed. Those songs and dances are old——"

"I don't care! They're beautiful. And people like sad songs. You'll help me go on the stage, won't you? I'll have a few dollars now stage, won't fould live with you until I got started—and you'd tell me just what to do—oh, it would be so splendid. May I?"

The woman wet her lips and murmured something; she heard herself saying: "Yes, of course. Everything will be all right. I'll see to it, somehow." What was she telling the girl? She made an excuse to get away by herself as soon as possible.

Belle had intended to return home that night but she was not permitted to do so. During the evening a number of neighbors dropped in —nice, simple villagers who loved Nellie Belle and sympathized with her in her bereavement. They stood in some awe of the aunt and expressed themselves as honored to meet her.

Belle slept that night in her sister's bed. At any rate, she occupied it. She was in a turmoil. She craved a drink. Her nerves were screaming for the solace of tobacco. She tossed and she turned . . So Nellie Belle expected to go home with her. Home? What a joke! She'd die before she'd let that kid know . . "Strolling by the brook, right over there." How that song ran through her head . . What red cheeks the girl had and how good she smelled. Clean; inside and out. Some people made the world cleaner, fresher . . How could she be kept away from San Francisco? That was the question.

Belle Grant realized of a sudden why women of her sort jump off the Oakland Ferry or turn on the gas.

on the gas.

She heard her name whispered and sat up, startled.

"I wondered if you were awake. May I come in? There's so much to think about that I can't sleep. Mother used to let me creep into bed with her. Do you mind? I'll keep as still as a mouse."

Side by side the two spent the rest of that night, the girl immaculate in thought, in soul and in body, sheltered and comforted by the arms of the woman immaculate only in contrition. It was Belle Grant's Gethsemane.

"I've thought it all out," the aunt announced at breakfast. "If you're going on the stage, New York is the place to start."

"Oh, but—"
"I can't take care of you in San Francisco
and anyhow I couldn't get you an opening—
I've been out of the show business too long.
But I have a friend in New York—the finest,
whitest, straightest fellow I ever knew. He's

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a manager; he has a theater of his own and he'll do anything for me. He's like my son. I

he'll do anything for me. He's like my son. I gave him his start and he'll give you yours."
"But I've only just found you, Aunt Belle!"
The speaker's eyes widened with dread.
"And the expense! I'll promise not to be in your way and I'll help you with your work if you'll let me.

Belle shook her head. She was firm, almost Belle snook her head. She was hirm, almost harsh. Her work was peculiar, she declared; nobody could help her with it. She traveled a lot and seldom slept twice in the same bed. She really had no home. But this Eddie Morgan would be like a brother to Nellie Belle and he would advance her in the profession. It was the chance of a lifetime.

The speaker promised to stay right here until her niece was ready to leave. The sale of the house would provide traveling expenses but scarcely enough for even a brief visit to San Francisco.

Under the elder woman's feverish insistence Nellie's reluctance melted and so it came about that in due time she went East, taking with her a shabby old theater trunk in which were the yellowed scores of certain songs, out of date these twenty years, and the old costumes which

these twenty years, and the old costumes which her mother had worn. She carried a letter addressed to Mr. Edward Morgan, The Frolic Theater, Bay Street, Brooklyn. It would be pleasant to relate that Belle Grant returned from her trip to Pennyville a changed, a better woman, but, alas, such was not the case. She felt a change in herself, to be sure, but whether for the better or for the worse it was hard to say.

As a matter of fact, she celebrated the first night in her Barbary Coast haunts by getting immoderately and immodestly drunk. She got drunk deliberately. Natural craving for stimulant, the which had recently been denied her, was partly accountable for her action, but there was another and a stronger reason. She could not bear to resume her old trade without

she scarcely drew a sober breath. The result was inevitable. She awoke one day to find herself in a municipal hospital ward with a sentence of six months in the work-

the assistance of some anodyne. For weeks

house hanging over her. nouse nanging over her.

Now a word about Eddie Morgan and the
Frolic Theater, Bay Street, Brooklyn. To
begin with, Eddie was a liar. The Frolic was not a theater but a basement saloon in a dis-orderly section of the Brooklyn water-front, and Eddie played the piano. To be sure, he was in somewhat better circumstances than when he left San Francisco, for he owned a quarter interest in the Frolic, his partner being one Nick Piccolo, a rotund Italian, but he was anything except what he had described himself to Belle Grant and that success of which he had boasted was wholly imaginary.

The reason for this deception was simple. He was a good-natured fellow, was Eddie, and he maintained that the least a guy can do is to promise a woman. Having solemnly assured his benefactress that her confidence in him was well placed, he hated to disappoint her. He had told Nick about Belle, by the way, for he took considerable credit to himself in hearing took considerable credit to himself in having reformed a fallen woman.

Stevedores and roustabouts patronized the Stevedores and roustabouts pationized the Frolic at noon and they brought their dinner buckets with them; at night it was a sailors' resort. There was a tiny stage at the rear where four or five hard-faced women did occasional numbers and where amateurs were encouraged to perform on Saturday nights. The efforts of these would-be performers sometimes evoked a lot of fun, for Nick used the hook. He could be as ruthless with men as with women.

The regular performers were paid very little, their principal revenue being derived directly from the customers with whom they mingled freely. On Monday mornings Eddie ran over their songs with them by way of re-hearsal. He was thus engaged when Nellie Belle Hansen arrived at the place. Nellie was not in the least disappointed in

the appearance of the Frolic; she was far too

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excited to think of anything except the enormous significance of this moment. The supreme adventure of her life was unfolding and it was a round-eyed Alice in a new and astonishing Wonderland who eagerly and yet diffidently inquired of Nick Piccolo the where-abouts of his partner. Her knees were shaking, she was queerly short of breath, she felt hot and cold, brave and timid, by turns; her lips were dry and yet words rolled from her tongue. Nick was more than ordinarily nice to her,

he pointed out Mr. Morgan and told her to make herself at home. Dizzily she found her way to a table in the rear of the place and sank into a chair. She hoped nobody would notice her for a minute or two.

So, this was a theater. That was a stage—and those women were actresses. How easy they were. Nellie envied their poise and their self-assurance. This emotion she felt must surely be stage fright which her mother had told her about. She must get herself in hand

before she spoke to Mr. Morgan. But wasn't it wonderful to be here? Ever since ambition had taken form in her she had anticipated this very moment and now it was here. face to face with great events. In a panic she prayed God to stop this shaking in her limbs and to help her to sing well.

Eddie Morgan shot more than one glance at the newcomer and told himself that she was certainly a good-looking jane. He wondered what she wanted of him. When he had run over the last song he sauntered towards her.

"Waiting to see me, sister?"
The girl smiled and said something; her eyes were glassy as she handed him a letter. She certainly was a peach. Such a pair of lamps. And those cheeks! Who said there was no Santa Clausi

Eddie read the letter slowly and in some-thing of a daze. After a curious flashing scrutiny of Nellie Belle he dropped his eyes and reread the last page.

"She was raised in this village and I can't take her to Frisco with me," it ran. "I've been crossing you for four years, Eddie. That rooming-house was a bust; the sheriff took it over. But I couldn't bear to tell you. I've had hard luck and it's getting worse. You'll know what that means. I'm not yelping, mind you. I'd do it all over again to put you where you are. We can't all beat the game, can we? You saw something in me that you liked and respected; Nellie is all that I might have been. For her sake and for mine, give her a chance."

Eddie folded the letter and put it in his pocket. "Well, well! Belle Grant's niece. And she sent you all the way to New York to go on the steer."

go on the stage."
"Yes, sir. You're the only manager she knows.

"Sure! . . . And they call this a funny world."

"She couldn't help me in San Franciscoit's so long since she got out of the business." Nellie's voice was high-pitched and the words spilled forth in a torrent. "And she's traveling around a lot, too. I—I'm awfully green about everything but—I'm so glad I'm here, Mr. Morgan. I'm in a kind of a flutter. You see I was never in a theater before and-

"So she writes. She told me all about everything in this letter. I suppose you've got a good place to stay, so I'll—"

"No, sir. I came right here from the train. I thought I'd leave everything to you."
"Oh, I see." Morgan spoke in a growing panic. "Well, I know a nice boarding-house. I'll fix that. But I'm afraid you wouldn't like this joi—this theater. I'll certainly stir around and look up something for you to do. isn't the right kind of a place for—"

"Oh, Aunt Belle made me promise I wouldn't "Oh, Aunt Belle made me promise I wouldn't work in any theater except yours! I think it's lovely here. And besides, I can't afford to wait even—well, hardly at all. You see it took all the money I had to get here. I wouldn't feel like going anywhere else, really. Won't you let me sing for you? Please! I know a lot of pretty songs. I have the music for them and—yes, and costumes, too."

"Sure we letta you sing!" Nellie looked up to "Sure we letta you sing!" Nellie looked up to see the pleasant foreign gentleman with whom she had spoken earlier standing over her. "We' lookin' for pretty gals. A gal wit' cheeks lika theese"—the speaker pinched one of her cheeks—"ain't gotta seeng ver' good anyhow. W'at's a matter, Eddie? Geeva the keed a chance" chance."

"Oh, thank you." "Mind your business, greasy!" Morgan scowled at his partner.

But Nick Piccolo had been wholly taken by Nellie Belle when she came in, he was beaming at her now and rolling his eyes. He rested a fat hand upon her shoulder and pressed it. lika you' looks, keed. You gonna mak' lotsa

Magain the girl stammered her thanks. "I—I know a whole singing and dancing act. If you'll just let me, I'll do it for you." "Good!" Piccolo nodded. "You don' needa

"Good!" Piccolo nodded. "You don' needa music; Eddie can folla you. I could folla a keed lika you, myself."

With a shrug Morgan rose and went to the piano; Nellie mounted to the stage. Her eyes were glowing, her lips were parted, breathlessly she announced:

"Well, the name of the first song I do is 'Two Little Girls in Blue.' I come on the stage....."

stage—"
"What?" The accompanist stared upward; his mouth had fallen open. "You mean—?"

He swallowed and struck up the old tune.
"That's it!" Nellie raced to the first entrance, composed herself as best she could, then came on singing. Eddie Morgan played like a man in a trance.

Nick Piccolo did not recognize that old favorite of the 'nineties for the very good reason that its popularity had languished long before he left Italy.

He considered it tuneful and pleasing, he applyed it heartily.

applauded it heartily.

"Now, I make an exit," Nellie Belle explained to the pianist, "and come right back without my hat and coat—oh, I meant to tell you I wear a lovely satin coat and blue hat.
The coat's blue, too, to go with the song." She laughed uncertainly and her breath caught.
"I'm awfully excited. I hope you'll excuse me. It's the very same costume mother wore. She and Aunt Belle were known as 'The Two Little Girls in Blue.' Then I do a song and dance called 'Strolling by the Brook, Right Over There.

Over There."

Eddie Morgan uttered a choking sound.

Something more than an hour later Eddie had found a boarding-place for the stranger; he and his partner were talking her over. "Can you beat it?" he inquired dully. "She takes this for an honest-to-goodness show shop and me for Ziegfeld. That act was old when Albee was a bov." was a boy.

was a boy.

Nick grinned. "Ziegfeld ain't gonna care.
Me, I like 'em young an' dumb." He took a
half-dollar from his pocket, slapped it down on
the bar and held his palm over it. "Come on,
keed. I match you."

It would be possible to end this narrative with a few words more, thus satisfying those readers who believe, with the realists, that all stories pretending to adhere to fact must end miserably. It might likewise serve to point a moral in the case of Belle Grant, for a woman of her character doubtless deserves to be left in the workhouse, tortured by the knowledge that her meddling had consigned her niece to a fate as remorseless as her own.

But stories are not necessarily true because they are depressing, or vice versa, and, as a matter of fact, the unhappy ending is a pure literary device. In real life no episode, no incident is ever ended, and fate isn't half as re-morseless as some writers. There is a ques-tion, too, whether the chronicler of a story not wholly imaginary is privileged to drop it

wherever he chooses.

Anyhow, here is what actually happened.

Eddie Morgan did not match half-dollars with
Nick Piccolo, nor did he round upon him in righteous indignation and strike him down. All he did was repeat Nellie's story as she had

told it to swore in 1 "I seen nodded h But I nev gestion w years old slayed m you get 'Spain! You wil

Our boy No long Spa "You o Nick. "Mebbe

What? A keed; the Eddie 1 chance. offense in heaves an "Yeah?" eyes unti Nellie v

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cisco's swe bygone da weak light pected, b Strangely was badly but her vo tragic app fresh natu ceased. T When she seemed to shouted ap "Dat's o

like gude, Noisily he few weeks except in frequented were simpl foreigners, melodies v sang. Th voice and She was v cheeks wer

To Nell ntoxicatin had been s stage. It they drank thing to do around the was partici

and friend

But One nig some men Nick had a clared she Frolic was onderful

On one paper mar questions theatrical come to N oyment talked free about it fo it describe er singing

home pape

told it to him. When he had finished, Nick swore in mild amazement.

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"I seen gals in my countree lika that." He nodded his round head. "Don' know nothin'.

nodded his round head. "Don' know nothin'. But I never seen 'em in thees America. W'at we gonna do, Eddie? Send her back?"
"Back to her aunt?" Eddie vetoed the suggestion with a gesture. "Her act is twenty years old and she thinks it's great. She slayed me with that Spanish number. She was got the pure Havana lyrice? you get the pure Havana lyrics?

"'Spain! Spain! You're at it again. You will get yours for blasting the Maine.
Our boys in blue will surely do you,
No longer your name will be Spain, Spain,

"You can't laugh off a thing like that,

Nick "Mebbe them song is so old they're new.

What? Anyhow, nobody gonna listen to that keed; they joosta gonna look at her. By Jinks, we geeve her a job."

Eddie protested fearfully. "It's taking a chance. Why, "The Fatal Wedding is a jail offense in certain places. I bet some sailor heaves an anchor at me."

"Yeah?" Piccolo widened his protuberant

heaves an anchor at me."
"Yeah?" Piccolo widened his protuberant
eyes until they were ringed with white.
"Leave 'em try, joosta one time."
Nellie went on that night at the Frolic, introduced by Eddie Morgan as "San Francisco's sweetest song-bird in favorite ballads of
bygone days." Eddie considered that a pretty weak lightning-rod to divert the wrath he ex-pected, but it was the best he could do. pected, but it was the best he could do. Strangely enough, the girl made a hit. She was badly frightened and she wore no make-up but her voice was true and clear, there was a tragic appeal in her eyes, and at sight of her fresh natural beauty the noise at the tables ceased. The audience watched her attentively. When the frighted the goot a hord When she finished, she got a hand.

A tipsy Norse sailor propped against the bar seemed to voice the general sentiment when he

shouted approvingly:
"Dat's dam' gude! Dat's gude, sad song. I like gude, sad ol' song. To hell wit' yazz!"
Noisily he smote his horny palms together.
What happened at the Frolic during the next

what happened at the Front during the next few weeks could not have happened anywhere except in a water-front saloon—a resort frequented by men of the sea. The patrons were simple in their tastes, many of them were foreigners, through their heads ran songs and resolutes, which are tasted the tast and Nellia melodies which antedated those that Nellie sang. They liked her throaty uncultivated voice and they liked her looks even better. She was young and clean and clear-eyed; her cheeks were red and round, her smile was wide and friendly. She was a home-town girl.

To Nellie Belle the favor she received was intoxicating. She wondered why her mother had been so concerned about her going on the stage. It was the simplest thing. And every-body was so nice to her. She disapproved, vaguely, of the other women on the bill, for ey drank beer with men, which was a wrong g to do, but she saw little of them. Eddie had told her not to mix up with anybody around the theater and she obeyed him. Eddie was particularly nice. And Nick was a darling, too. But he was awful when he got mad.

One night when he was taking her home some men said something nasty to her and Nick had a fight with the whole crowd. It was terrible. He called her "Red Cheeks," and declared she was a mascot. Business at the Frolic was getting better. It was all too wonderful to believe.

On one occasion Eddie introduced a news paper man to her and he asked her a lot of questions about how she had received her theatrical training and experience, how she had come to New York, how she had found em-ployment at the Frolic and the like. She talked freely to him and he wrote quite a piece about it for his paper. It was a queer article: it described the Frolic and the sailormen and her singing and dancing and how well she was doing, but it was not written like pieces in the home paper and it puzzled Nellie

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To see her name in print, however, was an unforgetable thrill and she carefully preserved the clipping. She mailed a duplicate to her

Not long thereafter some stylish strangers appeared in the audience and Nellie learned that they were society people from New York. They seemed to be as much interested in the place as in the show. They laughed at her funny songs like "Do, Do, My Huckleberry Do" and applauded the sentimental ones, and frequently thereafter smart people in automobiles came to see the entertainment.

Several of these well-dressed men returned later, alone, and got Nick to introduce them. They took an extraordinary interest in Nellie and seemed greatly diverted with her. One of them asked her to dine with him at Billy the Oysterman's

This invitation led to an interesting dis-very. It developed the fact that Eddie It developed the fact that Morgan was in love with her. He came right out and said so and he declared, moreover, that he didn't propose to have any dirty highhatters taking her to Billy the Oysterman's. They'd tease her into the Ritz next, and then She was a good kid, but dumb, and how could a Pennyville prune picker take care of herself with a gentleman? Thank the Lord he was no gentleman: luring decent girls to the Eddie made a terrible scene.

Naturally, Nellie was stirred to learn of Eddie's regard, it pleased and it distressed her—life was getting to be one triumphant experience after another-but the truth is she more than a little spoiled, what with applause, newspaper notice and personal attention.

She told her admirer that she did not want to get married, she wanted to go right on being an actress. Eddie was a dear, good friend, but— Well, she proposed to continue making money. She had never made a dollar before in her whole life, and the experience intoxicated her

Eddie eyed her oddly and said, "You're a great kid and I don't mean you're dumb There's some things that some girls never could learn. Your Aunt Belle wrote that you were everything she might have been and I guess that's why I always liked her. I was getting readied up to fall for you I've been hoping we could get ringed some day and have a flat with a room for her. She says she'll come on and keep house for us if we want her to." "Why, Eddie! Did you tell her——"

"I had to come clean with her before I spoke to you. We made a bargain years ago. Listen to what she says." The speaker took a letter from his pocket, turned a page and read:
"'About you and Nellie, of course it's all

right with me, and thank God you love her. All you need to make a big success of yourself an you need to make a big success of yoursells somebody to work for. If you really want me to be with you, I'll come. Only think it over, careful'y. One thing sure, I'll be a good cook when I get through here. But the work is doing me good; I'm years younger and stronger than I was when I came in. Nothing to drink or——' She means no tea or coffee," Eddie

or explained.
"The idea of you writing to her about marrying me!" Nellie protested. "Where is she? What does she mean by saying—"

"Oh, she's taking a course in domestic ience. She'll be through in about four onths. You see, kid, this is nothing new for science. months. You had me on the ropes the very first round."

"Don't let's think about it for a while," Nellie urged. "I want to see something and be something, now that I've got a chance.

"That's o.k. with me. What's on your "I don't know exactly, but-I'm ambitious.

I don't intend to sing forever at the Frolic."
"And you've got me feeling like I don't want
to play there the rest of my life. It's your eh? That puts the gad to me, doesn't career, eh? That puts the gau to me, coesar.

it? Well, some horses have to be whipped in

... You aim to stay on the stage and be a
great artist, eh?" The speaker smiled queerly.

"The first thing to do is peek at the others and

see what the competition is. Suppose we take in some of the big New York shows?"
"Oh Eddie! -Will you?"

"Sure! It means as much to me as it does to

One evening, soon thereafter, Eddie turner his piano over to another and took Nellie to Times Square on the subway. In his pocl were two seats to the Follies.

It was his companion's first visit to Bro way, she was wholly unprepared for what : found and the revelation numbed her. awed and frightened her, too. The limits crowds, the immensity and the grandeur of l surroundings, that flaming glory overhead in duced a feeling of unreality. This was a Arabian Night's fantasy: Eddie had rubbe some magic ring and put her under a spe Or it was an extravagant Mardi Gras specta created for one evening, to be pulled down the

If it was actual, if it was permanent—wi about Bay Street, Brooklyn, and the Frol What about her ideas? She began to mistru
them, and Eddie, too. Why was he watch
her so curiously? Why hadn't he told h
what to expect? She almost hated him.
When she passed through the crowded lob

of the New Amsterdam and saw for the f time the interior of a real theater she ga and stumbled. The whole audience dressed like those people who had come automobiles to the Frolic. A suspicion of truth smote her. What a simpleton she had be

Impressions were coming too swiftly now be separated or catalogued in her mind. matter of fact she had no mind, no body. was merely a pair of eyes and a wildly beat heart. Once in her seat, she sat stiffly staring straight ahead. Her cheeks were burn

The orchestra started playing and N quivered, her hands grew icy. After a w she ventured to turn her eyes, to raise them the magnificent vaulted ceiling and to balcony behind her. Eddie was not laugh at her; he was not even looking at her. Nobo

was looking at her. She was still dizzy and—everything turning black. Evidently she was faint She had never fainted and she did not k what to do. A moment and she realized to it was the theater lights which were my riously going out—all but the footlights. enormous velvet curtain parted, a was sound rolled over the audience and to Nell astonished gaze was revealed a scene of be and of splendor such as she had never imagi

All through the first act she sat on the of her seat scarcely breathing. She did speak, she uttered no sound whatever: neit did she laugh nor applaud. She was b stupefied and enthralled. When the act en and her escort rose to go out for a smok assumed the show was over until he told differently.

The curtain was up when Eddie slipped bac into his seat but he saw tears gleaming on Ne Belle's lashes. She was biting her lower Silently he took her hand and pressed it.

As they were borne out into the street the stream that flowed from the lobby he "We're riding home on rubber, kid. A few moments later, when their to had swung into Seventh Avenue, he spok again, even more gently: "Go ahead and cry Nellie."

Abruptly she hid her face against oulder. "I'll never sing at the Frolic against shoulder. "she sobbed.

"If you do, there'll be a new piano playe to'd her. "I've got me a regular job, l he to'd her. ginning Monday.

"Wh-what a fool I've been!" "Wh-what a fool I've oeen:
Eddie Morgan was facile of speech but
the life of him he could think of nothing s
able to say, so he put his arm around the
and drew her closer to him. For a while t
rode in silence, then he ventured: "We've! rode in silence, then he ventured: "We' time to hunt a flat between now and Mor

Evidently he had said the right thin Nellie lifted her tear-stained face and let kiss her.

